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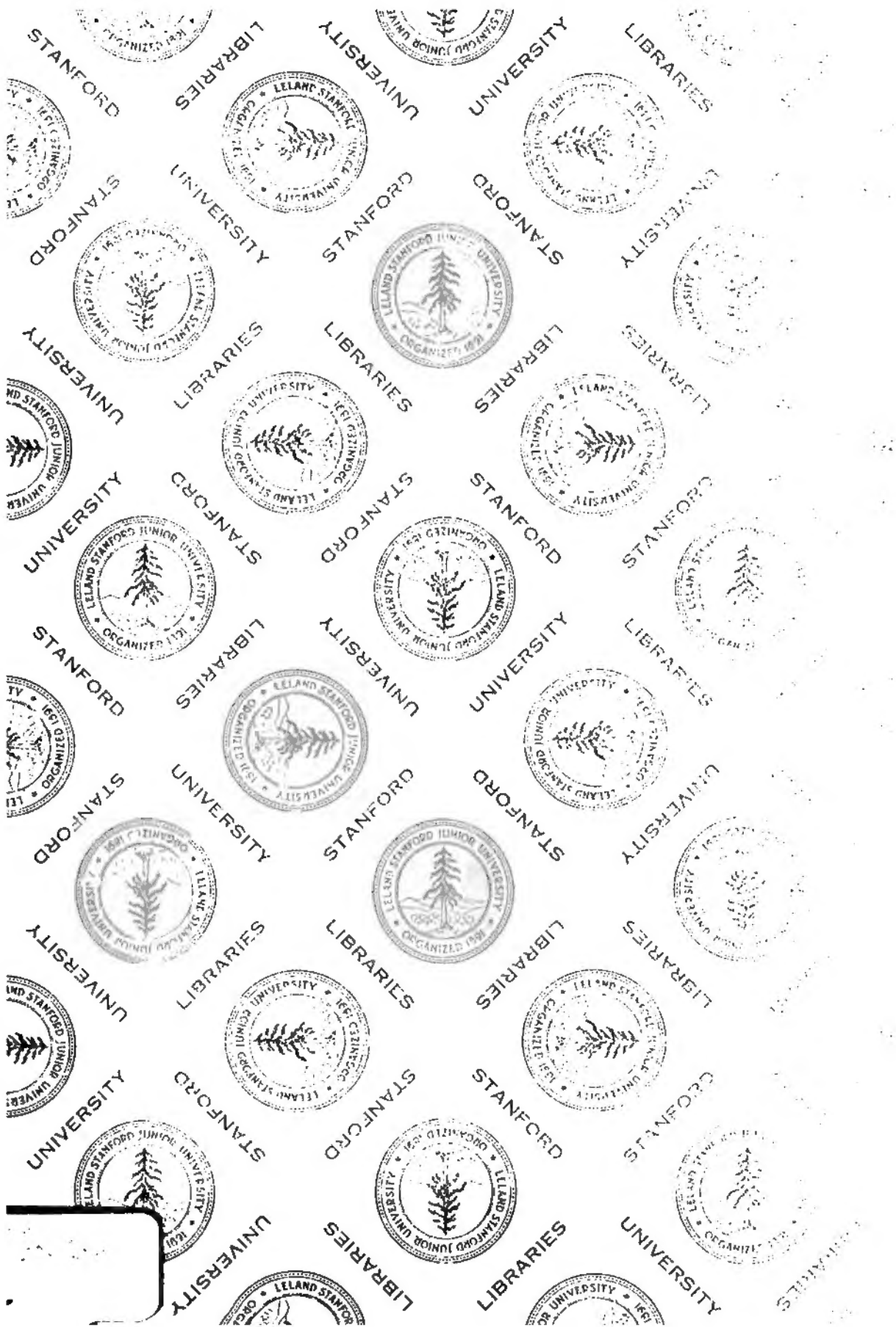
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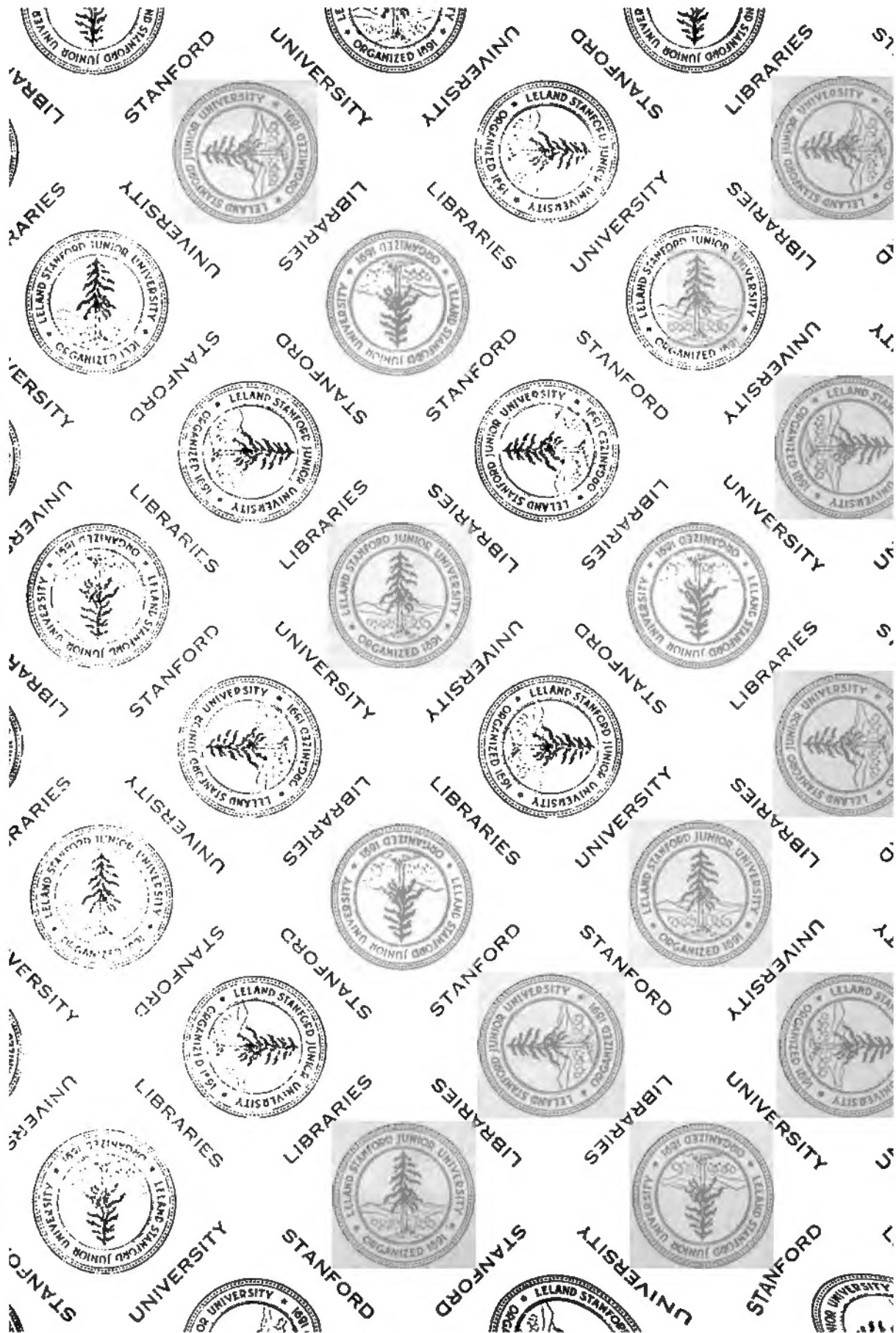
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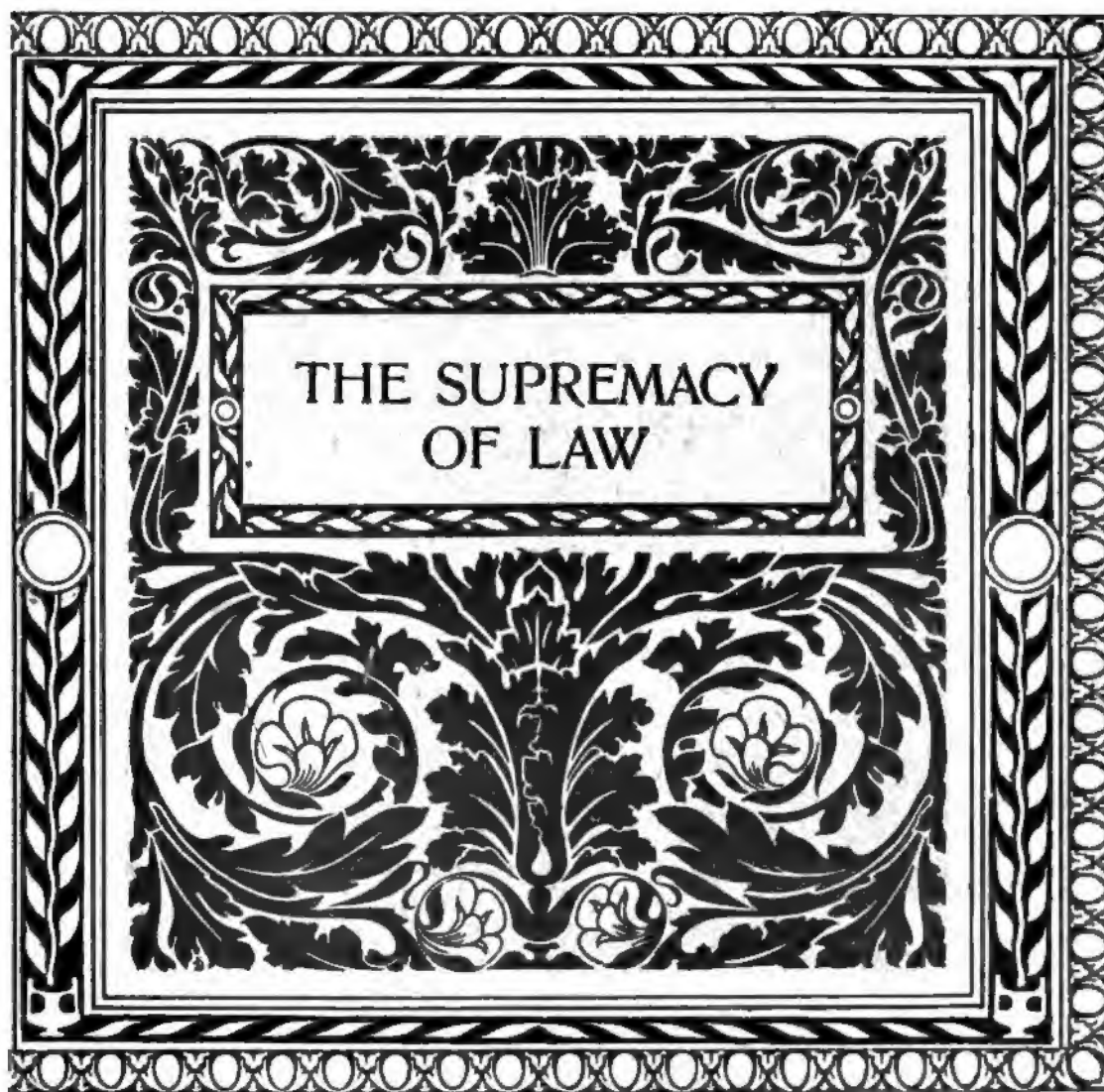
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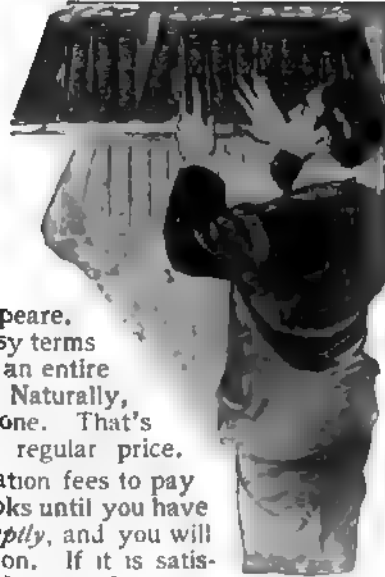
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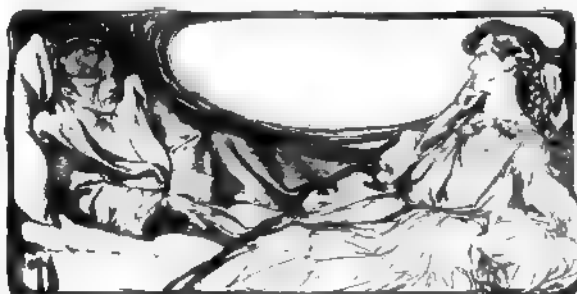
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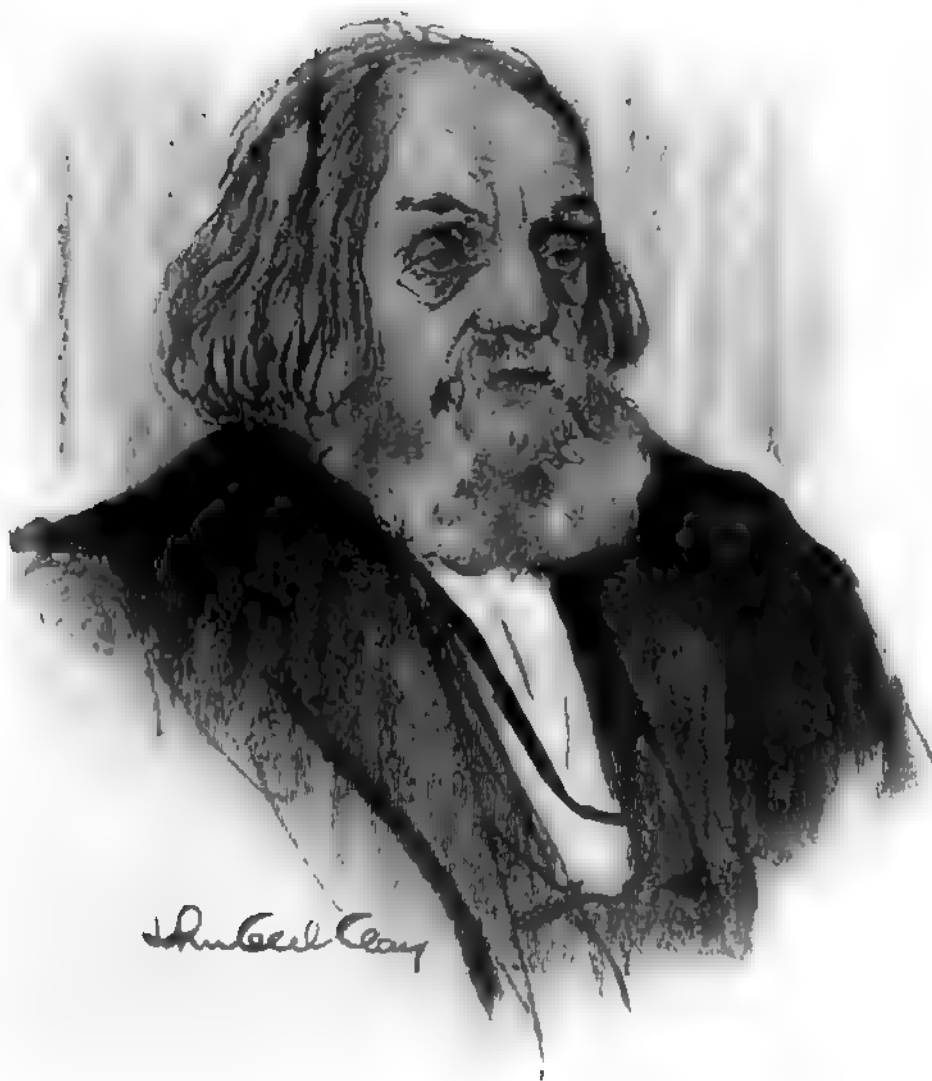
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VOLUME IV

SEPTEMBER, 1904

NUMBER 4

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK

A SURVEY OF THE POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS IN PUERTO RICO

By The Rt. Rev. James H. Van Buren, D.D.

Missionary Bishop of Puerto Rico

CONDITIONS in Puerto Rico, after six years of American occupation, are neither so good nor so bad as they have been represented. Unqualified satisfaction with results attained is possible only to him who does not look beneath the surface. Sweeping criticism comes from the pessimist who reads only the opposition papers. There is reason for apprehension in the political, social and industrial outlook, but there are also counterbalancing considerations, which to some extent dispel the clouds.

Sketching in shadows first, we shall put in the high lights afterward, and if our description shall so modify the somber hues as to display the facts with fidelity, there will need no apology for the effort.

That there is discontent with existing conditions it would be idle to deny. What proportion of the discontent is well-founded, how much is unreasonable, and how much is remediable, we shall try to indicate.

To take up the points as they occur to mind, and without regard to order of importance, let us first consider an instance of discontent and resulting complaint, of the clearly unreasonable type. For five years Americans have had charge of the sanitary administration, and with the best possible results. Recent reductions in the appropriations have caused some of the

Americans to resign their positions on the insular, or as it is called, the Superior Board of Health. Their places have been filled by Puerto Ricans, whose knowledge of sanitation, as it is practised in the United States, can not have reached that degree of perfection that would inspire confidence. It is true that there have been native members of the Board of Health during the past six years, but the management has been in the hands of experienced Americans, under whose administration reforms have been instituted, and sanitary requirements successfully carried into effect, often at the cost of a struggle, generally against opposition, and sometimes by dint of threats. Discontent here is plainly unreasonable, for nothing could well be worse than a return to the unsanitary conditions which existed in all parts of the island at the time of the occupation in 1898.

Political reasons are alleged for the changes, which are introduced under the pretext of economy, and it does not indicate a healthy condition of statesmanship that politics can be allowed to have any influence in such a connection. The native is by habit and training too patient of the unsanitary to be as yet a wise administrator of this department, especially when it must be run on a more economical scale. Future statistics will show whether

the expenditure, which was the alleged ground of complaint, was not, after all, the truest economy.

As an instance of the discontent which may be considered reasonable, we may consider next the complaints of scarcity of employment. Here, in part at least, the American occupation has brought about hardship. By closing some markets to Puerto Rican products, while opening others, the commercial conditions have been disturbed, and business depression has been the result. The suffering, however, has been greatly exaggerated. Nor is the American administration justly chargeable with all the responsibility.

Mr. Gompers, who spent less than a month in a recent investigation of affairs in Puerto Rico, has stated that hundreds of workingmen are dying of starvation every week. This exaggeration might have been avoided, had he taken the trouble to go to such sources of reliable information as were open to him. Anæmia is not always due to starvation, and the anæmic condition which afflicts many people in the island, not all of them poor laboring men by any means, is traceable to a bacillus, which is being successfully treated by the local physicians. But at the time of his visit, all these deaths from anæmia were popularly ascribed to starvation. And besides, poverty in Puerto Rico does not necessarily involve suffering or hunger. The means of subsistence are cheap and easy to obtain, and it is within the limits of possibility that there is as much starvation in the city of New York at any given time as there is in Puerto Rico.

Still there is ground for the complaint that work is scarce and wages low. But here again there is room to reflect that high and low are relative terms, and there has no doubt been exaggeration, as will appear. Among the reasons for the low rate of wages, probably the first and most potent is the low price obtainable

for coffee. The markets of Spain and Cuba, which were formerly wide open to Puerto Rican coffee, are now practically closed by the tariff. The United States market is open, and we have, under free trade, enormously increased the import and export, of some articles, between the United States and Puerto Rico. But this does not compensate for loss on the coffee production. For when the grower who formerly realized thirty cents a pound, now receives but eight cents, it does not pay expenses of production. Puerto Rico grows a grade of coffee that is second to none in the world; but the American consumer does not know that, nor does he know how to prepare it in the Puerto Rican way; hence the coffee of Puerto Rico in the American market has a losing fight with the lower grade coffee of Brazil. Whether Americans owe it to their new possessions to cultivate a taste for this product, and create a demand for it, is an academic question, and belongs to a different department of ethics from that now under review. But the writer is clear in the conviction that it is the duty of American capital to study the conditions in Puerto Rico, and give to that island the preference as a place for investment, wherever and whenever it is possible. Business and charity can not be combined, but Puerto Rico is not an object of charity. It may be made a field for profitable investment. And if it should happen that the business men of Puerto Rico should discover that it was to their commercial advantage for the American sovereignty to continue, there would be a sudden cessation of so much of the complaint, that the silence could almost be felt.

For it is obvious that the lack of American investment is a great cause of low wages, and the consequent discontent. Such capital as has sought investment in the fruit-growing industry, has not only had to wait for the fruit to grow and bring in a dividend, but has also had

much disappointment to contend with. Inexperience and ignorance of the details of fruit-growing, imperfect means of transportation, long and expensive carrying from the tree to the consumer, insects and other foes to vegetation, have dampened the ardor of some, and discouraged others. Time and experience will work improvement, but they are slow, and the need of an industrial improvement is pressing.

Another cause for the conditions which create discontent is to be found in the fact that a very large proportion of the real estate in Puerto Rico is owned by non-resident Spaniards. Absenteeism is as pronounced to-day in Puerto Rico as it has ever been in Ireland. In the same connection it may be mentioned, not as a ground of complaint, but as an interesting circumstance, that every merchant doing business in the island, with the exception of a very few Americans, is a Spaniard, and that he employs no natives, but brings every one of his clerks from Spain. Sometimes it seems as though the United States were in the position of a governmental agent for Spanish owners, and an unwitting partner in systematic oppression of the natives. Real estate is held at a price that does not indicate any desire to part with it; rents have been advanced to a figure unknown before the occupation, or "invasion," as the Spanish residents invariably term it; small estate-owners are burdened in many cases almost to the breaking point with mortgages; and the congested population of the larger cities are compelled to pay exorbitant rents for the miserable quarters where they swarm. Sometimes as many as a hundred persons, young and old, will be found dwelling in the rooms that open into a single *patio*, or court. Rural districts also are impoverished by the system of absenteeism, since the non-resident landlord runs his plantation by the hands of an agent, who pays a lower rate of wages to the *peones*,

or day-laborers, than an American would think of paying, and sends the proceeds to Spain, there to be spent by the *hidalgo*—who still keeps up the ancient custom of exploiting Puerto Rico for his own benefit. The statement was recently made in an American newspaper in San Juan, that sixty per cent. of everything worth owning in the island to-day is owned in Spain.

Complaint at the conditions thus produced is entirely reasonable, but it is not justly made against the United States. The American occupation is no more responsible for the Spanish absentee than it is for the hurricane which devastated the island in 1899. But, under the influence of Spanish sympathizers, in the local press and on the stump, ignorant natives are led to take an indiscriminate view and to lay the blame of all their troubles at the door of the *Americanos*. It may be that such part of the conditions as arises from the absentee, is remediable, along the lines which have been adopted in some of the States, by the enactment of a law, as soon as the Treaty of Paris will admit, requiring all property owners to take the oath of allegiance to the American government, or else sell their holdings in the island within a reasonable and fixed time. It may be that some way can be found for the native to engage in those forms of commercial activity which have hitherto been, and still are, closed to him. There is no reason to think that the native has ever been in a better condition than he is in now, as regards the wage-earning question, excepting that his non-resident landlord has put up the price of rent; but he is being led to think "the former days were better than these," and when he becomes a *laudator temporis acti*, the resulting discontent makes it all the more difficult for American ideas and principles to win their way with him.

There is said to be money in sugar, and the present advance in the price is work-

ing some relief to the general situation. Tobacco has had a hard experience since the occupation, and this is partly due to the tactics of some of the American tobacco-growers and manufacturers in Puerto Rico, who took advantage of the high reputation of the product to flood the American market with an inferior article, insomuch that the Puerto Rican cigar became a stench and a by-word. No surer way of inviting ruin for that industry could have been invented. Americans, but not the administration, have been to blame for this self-inflicted wrong to the industry.

It should be remembered, however, in any study of the industrial situation, that hasty generalizations from imperfect data are unworthy of confidence. When Mr. Gompers published his report, the present writer addressed a series of questions to the most prominent and successful American contractor in San Juan, a gentleman whose high record indicates him to be entirely reliable in the replies he makes. The following are the questions and answers, from which a more trustworthy inference may be drawn than from any general and sweeping statements, unsupported by evidence.

1. What wages are paid to skilled bricklayers in Puerto Rico? Ans. Ranging from \$1.75 to \$2.50.

2. What to skilled carpenters? Ans. From \$1.25 to \$2.50, foreman.

3. What to unskilled laborers? Ans. From 5 cents an hour, government work, to 10 cents best laborers, except around dock; the longshoremen, I believe, demand 20 cents.

4. What to women and children? Ans. About 15 to 25 cents per day and their dinner, stripping tobacco and sorting coffee. Seamstresses get 50 to 75 cents and dinner.

5. How many hours constitute a day's work? Ans. On government work eight hours constitute a day. I always work my men by the hour and not by day, working nine hours a day.

6. What proportion of workingmen are unemployed? Ans. I think that there are about half of the workingmen employed now, during the sugar season.

7. How do present wages compare with those paid before the American occupation? Ans. They get a little more now in American currency than they did then in P. R. currency and work about two hours less. (P. R. currency was worth about 60 cents on the dollar in American money.)

8. What is the general condition of the workingmen and their families, as regards poverty and starvation, intelligence and ignorance? Ans. Are very poor, live from hand to mouth, but I don't think there are but few that really can not get enough of some kind of nourishment. Are very ignorant in regard to knowing how to take advantage of their work.

9. Any other facts that may throw light on the situation? Ans. As to Mr. Gompers, I do not think he accomplished any more than to agitate the people and make them think they had something coming to them. But he didn't give it to them. The working class do not need labor unions, but work. They are anxious and willing to work when they can get it.

There are two labor organizations in Puerto Rico: the *Federación Libre* and the *Federación Regional*. These two are divided, if not hostile, in their counsels. It was Mr. Gompers' aim to unite them in a demand for higher wages and shorter time. He was not successful in his endeavors. It may be that the time was badly chosen for his mission. At all events, laborers are not well advised if they sacrifice the little employment they have, at a time when the supply of labor is so much greater than the demand as to render it certain that the places they vacate will be immediately filled by the unemployed. The workingmen of Puerto Rico seem to be wise enough to perceive this. And besides, there was another obstacle in the way of Mr. Gom-

pers' attempt at reconciliation, in the fact that the two labor organizations are identified with the two great and irreconcilable political parties of the Island, of which more will be said later.

It should be borne in mind further, in any complete analysis of the situation, that wages which would be thought low in the States, are really high in Puerto Rico. And this is not due entirely to the fact that the Puerto Rican lives on a lower scale of enjoyment than his fellow-laborer of the north, although that is doubtless true, but it is also largely due to the greater purchasing power of money there, and to the smaller number of his legitimate desires. He has no coal bill to pay; nature gives him more heat than he knows what to do with; his tailor, milliner, shoemaker and hatter run up no very large bills for him to meet, the clothing problem being reduced to microscopic proportions. In the city, as has been said, his rent is oppressive, but in the country he builds his house of palm leaves, and thatches it with grass, being apparently welcome, in the majority of instances, to choose his building-site where he will, free of rent, and without the formality of a purchase.

It is desirable that he should have more wants, and that a divine discontent with such a life as he leads should be implanted in his breast, that he should become desirous of owning a home, of reading books and newspapers, of educating his children, and correcting his family and social habits. But at present he is not troubled with that kind of discontent, and therefore poverty is not the hardship it is in severer latitudes.

As another counterbalancing consideration, when one is led to think the island wholly unprosperous, it should be remembered that a high price for land is generally regarded as an evidence of a considerable degree of prosperity, and land in Puerto Rico is held, as has been said, at a high valuation, possibly higher

than the actual selling price, but still sufficiently high to cause one to regard the complaints of universal poverty with less confidence than they might otherwise receive.

In order to a clear understanding of the political situation, it is necessary to describe the government which has been framed on the provisions of the Foraker act. At the risk of repeating things familiar, it should be said that the Governor is appointed by the President of the United States, the same being true of the Executive Council, consisting of six Americans and five Puerto Ricans. These six Americans are also heads of departments, as follows: The Secretary, Attorney General, Treasurer, Auditor, Commissioner of the Interior and Commissioner of Education. The eleven members of the Executive Council constitute a house similar to the Senate. There is another house, entitled the House of Delegates, consisting of thirty-five members, chosen by popular vote from the seven districts of the island, five from each. Every town has its mayor, or *alcalde*, and its common council, or *ayuntamiento*, all elective. But the Governor has the power to remove a mayor for cause, and to appoint his successor.

It will be seen that the two methods, of appointment and of election, are combined. The people have a voice in the selection of their rulers. The crux of the situation lies in the circumstance that they want more election and not so much appointment. They would like to have every office filled by Puerto Ricans. This desire is perfectly natural, and, within limits, it is worthy of encouragement. The sight of Americans holding the principal offices can not but be galling. It is a continuance of the Spanish habit. The employment of American young men as government clerks, thus excluding Puerto Rican youths from positions to which, as they think, their birth ought to entitle them, instead of being a bar, naturally

leads to discontent. The writer has been told by those at the head of the department of the Treasury, that one American clerk can do the work of three Puerto Ricans; but it is hard for the native to regard this as anything more than a prejudice, and so the faithful official suffers in his estimation.

In the municipalities, where self-government has been freely accorded, results have been far from reassuring. There are doubtless many gentlemen in Puerto Rico, both capable and honest, but they are not always available for public office. There has been much municipal corruption, and it still exists. The weakest portion of the American system of government is the municipality. This is universally admitted, and the weaknesses of a new form of government are sure to be accentuated in its adaptation to untried emergencies, such as abound in our new possessions. Hence there are evidences of weakness and unworthiness in the municipalities of Puerto Rico, that equal or surpass the corruptions of our home city governments, and while it is true that we are not in a position to hold up our own municipal governments as examples for the imitation of the Puerto Ricans, yet it is unfortunate that, in the very place where there is the greatest weakness of our system, we have found it necessary to concede the right of autonomy. The conception of public office for the good of the people is a conception to which the previous training of the Puerto Rican had made him a stranger. You have only to observe the condition of the streets in any of the towns of the island to see that the revenues are not squandered on public works; you need only to read the record of mayors, three or four of them, removed by the Governor for irregularity or malfeasance in office, to be shaken in your confidence as to the present fitness of the people for self-government. You have only to read the reports of the Legislative Assembly to find

food for the reflection that legislators who *could* introduce such measures as are seriously debated there are not yet sufficiently familiar with the principles of self-government to make it wise to prematurely extend the system beyond its present limits.

The two parties which contend for office, the Federal and the Republican, differ but little in principles. But the former has hitherto been the party of the opposition, while the latter has been in sympathy with the administration. The Federal party claims to have in its ranks all the property and intelligence of the island, but it is in the minority. The Republicans deny the superior claims of the Federals, and vastly outnumber them. The people take their politics very seriously, and between the opposing camps the hostility is so intense and inveterate as to embitter even the social and family relations. The election riots, exaggerated accounts of which have appeared in the northern papers, show the intensity of the nervous strain. But these are likely to be prevented or greatly restrained, now that the police are learning not to join in the disturbance, for the sake of assisting political friends, but to arrest without fear or favor.

Notwithstanding present indications of unfitness for the further extension of the system of self-government, it is the opinion of the writer that a better feeling would pervade the political life of the island, if there were no office, elective or by appointment, to which a qualified Puerto Rican, of proved integrity, might not aspire. Most of the Americans in official position have merited and received the respect of the natives, in the highest degree. It is devoutly to be hoped that future appointments may be as well and wisely made. But dissatisfaction will always exist, under any system which disfranchises, or debars from office, any child of the land by reason of his birth, and places responsibility and authority

in the hands of the stranger. Puerto Rico for the Puerto Ricans, is a saying that needs to be safeguarded, but it should stand for the ultimate reality, and should not be regarded as merely a spell to conjure with.

Were all resident Americans careful to observe their country's laws, there would be less reason for the Puerto Rican to be impatient, but such an affair as that of the smuggling cases of a year ago could not fail to occasion great distrust. Nor has it ceased to rankle in the native breast that after all the scandal the prosecution was stopped. The statement found currency that the accused had settled their cases by payment of the fines and duties. Nevertheless it is openly said that when a poor *peon* is caught smuggling a gallon of rum he is put in jail, but that influential Americans can smuggle seven hundred dollars' worth of contraband goods per month, keep up the practice for the space of three or four years, using a government steamer and government wagons to remove it from the landing place on a government dock, and then,—escape! Probably nothing that has happened in Puerto Rico since the occupation has done so much to shake the popular confidence in American integrity and loyalty and to impede the progress of American ideas as this apparent miscarriage of justice. It would go a long way toward allaying the discontent which proceeds from this and the other causes which have been named, if, besides the opening of new industries, of which more will be said later, there could be inaugurated some extended application of the merit system in the civil service.

Native office-holders who have shown efficiency and integrity should be eligible for promotion, without regard to race or previous condition. The spur of a proper ambition is a great promoter of fidelity. Hope is twin sister to contentment. It will be a great advance if more prominence can be given to merit, and less to

“graft,” in the native conception of public office. But little improvement is to be expected so long as the native office-holder feels that he has nothing to expect beyond his present position. The temptation to make hay while the sun shines, and use his office for what he can make it yield him, is not so likely to be sternly and successfully resisted, men being what they are, while the idea is present that now is the golden opportunity for self-aggrandizement which may not occur again.

Of course, he must demonstrate his fitness for ruling over many things, by proving his faithfulness over the few. But his faithful service should have the hope of recognition and reward. Right action solely for the sake of the right is undoubtedly the highest type of service, but it is a type not always found, even in the latitudes of New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis or Minneapolis. A greater degree of integrity than is found in the home-land may not reasonably be expected as yet, of those who have had less of the light of American principles and Anglo-Saxon civilization. Else Puerto Rico might send missionaries to the United States.

In the eastern part of Cuba, cattle-raising is carried on with every appearance of success. It does not appear that Cuba is better adapted than Puerto Rico for this industry. Cotton raising has already been introduced in a small way. Capitalists might not find it unworthy of their attention to consider the possibilities of Puerto Rican cotton production on a large scale. Fruit-canning and preserve-making seem to be forms of industrial development not yet fully tried there. The raising of certain kinds of flowers for the New York market is said to be attended with profit. Lumber-mills ought to thrive there, with improved roads, for all lumber now is brought from the States, and the price is enormous. Factories of various kinds should be es-

tablished, and in every way the industrial resources of the island should be increased and developed. In some way, without trying to unite business with charity, it seems to the writer that the American capitalist owes it to the new possessions to do what he can to restore the commercial equilibrium which we have, unintentionally, disturbed.

If it be true, as has been represented, that the taxation imposed on "foreign corporations doing business" there is so great as to drive away investors, a little wise intervention on the part of the United States Congress might open the eyes of the local statesmen to the injurious effect of selfishness. On this point, however, the writer does not speak with certainty, owing to lack of full information. But in urging some consideration of the golden rule in commercial relations, it is not forgotten that the rule ought to work both ways.

Another cause of discontent among the natives, of annoyance to the administration, and of hindrance to the advance of American ideas, has been the course pursued by the leading American newspaper. The writer told the editor of that paper, on one occasion, when he had been boasting of having been arrested sixty-four times for libel, that there was not an American on the island who took the paper seriously, but that it was exerting a most injurious influence among the natives, by its anti-administration attitude. It scarcely ever said a good thing for the government, nor failed to say a bad thing. The editor recently sold out the business, and now, under its new management, the paper has lost its opposition character, and changed its "yellow" complexion. There is good reason for the satisfaction felt by resident Americans at this termination of an outrageous abuse of editorial power, resulting as it did in constantly keeping the native public in a state of ferment, and making Americans indignant at such an unworthy specimen of the lower order of

journalism having to be taken as a fair representative of the American press. Too much praise can not be accorded Governor Hunt for the patient and dignified silence with which he disregarded the venomous and insulting personalities to which this paper permitted itself to descend. Such freedom of the press, in attacking an honored official, shocked and literally astonished the natives.

It is a pleasure to turn the attention for a moment to two departments of the government whose constructive work is accomplishing more for the intellectual and physical interests of the island than was ever done before the American occupation. The Department of Education and the Department of the Interior have deserved well of the Republic. Roads that were as the beds of mountain streams have been graded, leveled, straightened, paved, to a quality that makes riding a pleasure where it was next to an impossibility. Much remains to be done; but still, the famous Spanish military road across the island already has many rivals, and will have more, as time and means allow. No busier place can be found than the great offices of the Board of Public Works. The administration is visibly fulfilling its promise of good roads and other improvements, as rapidly as possible, and is doing what it can with the means at its disposal for the opening up of the interior of the island.

The census report for 1900 states that there were some 25,000 children in school at the time of the occupation, and that about half the schools were public and half were private and parochial schools. To-day there are 70,000 children in the public schools alone, while the private, parochial and mission schools would perhaps bring up the total number of children receiving instruction to something like 100,000. Still this represents less than one-third the total number of children of school age, estimated at 350,000 in the island. In every public graded school there is an American teacher, who

gives instruction in English, not only to the children, but sometimes to the Puerto Rican teachers as well. The limits of this article do not permit details of the normal school, the industrial schools, and other features of the really great work that is being done by the Department of Education, but it is pertinent to the subject to say that in this way the American administration is doing all it can toward such reform in the condition of the people as will make possible of fulfillment the wishes of the natives for self-government in larger measure, by the removal of that illiteracy which Spain left there, when eighty per cent. of the people could neither read nor write. He is no true friend of the Puerto Rican who urges him to clamor for self-government before he has the education that will qualify him for its wise exercise. Still less, he who incites him to demand immediate statehood or independence. To bestow either of these gifts upon the island at the present stage of development would be like putting a child in possession and charge of an automobile.

In speaking of the efficiency of the two departments which have been mentioned, the writer does not mean to discriminate against the others. He speaks only of that with which he is most familiar. But he entertains the highest respect for the other departments, for the judiciary, and for the officials in whose hands Puerto Rican affairs seem to him to be as wisely, economically, and efficiently administered as in any State or Territory in the Union. He believes further that whatever may be the discontent which, reasonably or otherwise, exists on account of the conditions he has mentioned, there is no good ground for discontent with the manner in which the American judges, heads of departments and other officials, as a rule, are administering their trusts. Of course, there are criticisms and occasional fault-finders, some of them with good reason, nor does any official, from the Governor down, escape censure, some of it just, but

more of it unreasonable. Yet it is hardly to be expected that a system of government like ours should be introduced into a country like Puerto Rico, and among a people to whose ideas and training it is all strange and untried, without some friction and irritation. The surprise ought to be that there is so little.

There is much in the nature and customs of the people of Puerto Rico that invites admiration, much that enlists the affections and inspires confidence in their future, as American citizens, when once they have qualified themselves for the full gift of citizenship. And if some way could be devised for the relief of the present commercial depression, if employment could be found for the workingman, it is the opinion of the writer that the people would contentedly work and cheerfully wait for all that the future has to bestow.

It is not enough that we require a high standard of fitness for autonomy, it is our duty to cultivate such a standard. The United States should be a school of good government to the new dependencies. With this duty there should be joined a just recognition of all that is excellent in that form of civilization to which the Puerto Rican has been accustomed. Encouragement, along the lines which have been indicated, should be generously given. And, last but by no means least of all that will contribute to the welfare of the people, every resident American should manifest such devotion to his country and his country's laws and principles, as will commend American patriotism far more effectively than the mere waving of flags or the reverent uncovering of the head at the sound of the national anthem. It should be realized at home and in the new possessions that American institutions are on trial before the nations. The question is not only whether Puerto Ricans are capable of receiving those ideas and principles which have made our nation what it is, but also whether the American people can impart them.

the spirit of man, urged delay. September—that was soon enough—quite. She needed more money for her wedding clothes. She would be married in a white silk gown—nothing less; and she would earn the price of it herself.

The summer sped on. The lovers, with countless other lovers, made trolley excursions to the beaches, the parks, to out-of-the-way places dear to the engaged. Mamie was womanly and content; happy with simple plans for their future. In an evil hour Danny took her into Chinatown.

They climbed the narrow stairs that led to a gaudy restaurant crowded with people, eating, smoking, laughing—always laughing—to the accompaniment of tinkling music. The room was hot to suffocation, reeking with a hundred odors. At a nearby table sat a young society girl, with her chaperone and escorts—one of them the artist whom Mamie knew—up from the shore for an evening's frolic. Rubbing elbows with the girl a woman in a red gown, with redder cheeks and gilded hair, leered under discreetly dropped lashes at the newcomers. A fellow clerk jostled Mamie with a loud "Good morning, Carrie!" She was with a floor walker from the store. A quartette of sailors from a private yacht made merry at a window. Cat-footed Chinese waiters hurried in and out of the maze of high tables, bearing dishes of chop-suey, and sweetcakes, and metal pots of steaming tea. There was much staring, and good-natured banter and fun, and no one seemed to mind the smells or the heat.

After supper they loitered at the shop windows, and Mamie, the old child-longing for baubles and brilliant hues still hot within her heart, grew prettily avaricious with delight. Danny should buy that scarf with the golden butterflies for the parlor table—yes, and those beads for her to wear with her new blue gown.

Danny laughingly assented, but urged going home—it was late—she must be

tired—and too many people were looking at her. Even the Chinamen scuttling noiselessly past stared in admiration. Protesting, she followed him. The sights and sounds which filled him with aversion went to her head like wine. She walked in a delirious dream—Some occult force, some mysterious, unseen Thing, with hands of velvet and a grip of steel, stalked at her side. Once at home, she fell into a fit of weeping that lasted for hours. The following evening, with some well-turned excuse to Danny and her mother of an engagement with a mythical friend, she went again to Chinatown. As she turned into Harrison Avenue, her courage failed her for an instant. By early gaslight it was unkempt and repellant. A policeman gazed at her curiously. A dozen chattering Celestials, opium-cured, yellow as herring, blocked her path and set her cheeks to flaming; a slattern Irish girl accosted her with a sneer and a laugh; but she hurried on, purposeless, yet impelled; fearful, yet with no thought of turning back.

Wong Yu Liang, idling at his shop's entrance, gazed at her with an approval frankly returned, for Liang, the Beau Brummel, the Mystery of Chinatown, was that *rara avis* a handsome Chinaman, clean of skin, broad-shouldered, tall. He was in holiday attire of dark blue silk, heavy with self-colored embroidery. He smiled at Mamie, showing beautifully white and even teeth.

"Comin' in?" he inquired genially, standing aside to let her enter.

She flirted her white skirts coquettishly past him, and plunged her hand into a tray of imitation jade bracelets on a teakwood stand.

"Wantee one?" He held out a pale green circlet, which she slipped on her arm, blushing in momentary embarrassment.

The shop was of the better sort: shelves, showcases, tables, filled to overflowing with a heterogeneous collection of

tal handicraft. There was a cabinet rved ivories, another of bronzes and er ware; joss sticks burned in a of censers, mingling their scent with of stuffs and sandalwood. Above rch of a small inner door, incongru-conspicuous against a background innung dragons, hung the American-d photograph of a certain famous ge Gate.

elly nice fan?" A crimson paper , glittering with wide-winged birds, l insinuatingly before Mamie's eyes. ook it, but instantly returned it to utstretched palm. "I guess not. other doesn't allow me to accept ts from—gentlemen."

our mother velly nice lady. She this to chulch." He shut the fan illy into a pictured box.

mie giggled: the Widow Brogan r skimpy mourning carrying a red o ten o'clock mass! But she slipped ay little box into her pocket. This man was dead easy. Danny would id, of course, but she would not tell -yet. Time enough for confessions marriage. There was no wrong in accepting these trifles, which

ow were different from the things it at the Bargain Emporium. Her s itched to touch a gorgeous span-banner on the wall beyond her reach. ose funny pipes were used for a-smoking—just a puff for each ug black pill, and then oblivion to uthly cares—dreams and dreams of iful worlds. Hadn't Danny him-old her? If she dared—

e twinkling joss sticks shed their med ashes over her soul—

ho knows what paynim ancestor, s of generations forgot, transmitted tainted drop, long latent, which now ag into life percolated through all leaner Celtic current of her veins, lored it, fired it with a flame un-hable.

ong Yu Liang was holding out a

wonderful mass of rainbow fringed crêpe.

"Plitty shawl! What you givee me?"

"A kiss, you heathen!" She caught at the shimmering thing and wound it, laughing, about her shoulders.

"You—what you call it—kissee me?"

Liang's limpid black orbs met the mirthful glance of her violet blue ones, with a stare of babe-like questioning. His arms in their voluminous blue sleeves hung limp at his sides. He was the personification of wondering innocence.

"Yes, I kissee you?" She laid her hands lightly upon his shoulders, and saluted him, once, twice, upon an unresponsive mouth. Once, twice—Ah! she felt the tumultuous beating of his heart as he crushed her against his breast. The twinkling pools of those black eyes were burning depths of passion; his lips scorched hers. She struggled, in mingled shame and amusement, from his grasp.

"Where did you learn—Ah Sin?" She adjusted her hat pins with trembling fingers.

"Shunday School," he replied laconically; but the tranquil, dusky eyes were turned full upon the American-framed picture of the College Gate.

Customers strolled in by twos and threes, and Mamie, hugging her treasures beneath her jacket, fled homeward.

Safe in her own room she hid them carefully, with many last pats of the rainbow-fringed shawl, in a box of cherished doll finery; and as content as a child in the possession of a new toy, sought her bed and unbroken slumber.

September passed, but there was no wedding. October, and Danny's mouth grew tense, his eyes anxious. Mamie was irritable and depressed, buoyant, and wildly affectionate by turn. Often she did not return from work until hours after closing time, pleading visits to her shop-mates. Almost imperceptibly her beauty lessened: there was a touch of sallowness about the creamy skin, a lowering of the proud carriage of the head. Her mother,

ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE

By Meredith Nicholson

HE came quickly into the great hall at Mrs. Congdon's and paused a moment at the threshold. This was his first visit to Harbor Point in two years and a serious change had come into his life in the interim. They were all thinking of it; and he was conscious that they were comparing the Bentley Parker whom they remembered with the Reverend Bentley Parker who had reappeared among them.

The rain drove across the veranda and splashed in great drops on the windows. The lake beyond was renewing its youth from the clouds. The people whom Mrs. Congdon had summoned for tea were glad of an excuse for staying indoors. They were chiefly young idlers from the nearby cottages, representing the wealth and fashion of half a dozen cities of the central West. They shunned Mrs. Congdon's functions in fair weather, but her fireplace was the widest at Harbor Point and on stormy days her hearth was a favorite rendezvous. The Ransoms' house was just over the way, and Mary Ransom was in and out familiarly in the easy summer social habit that prevailed at the Point. She was lamenting now that she had come. Two years before she had declined to marry Bentley Parker, and her refusal had seemed final: she had imagined that it blotted him out, and that she should not see him any more.

There had been a good deal of talk about him when he abandoned his clubs, his yacht and the polo grounds to study theology. It seemed inexplicable that a man who had at least a million dollars of his own, and who was, moreover, a good fellow, should elect the ministry, of all things. They said it was because Mary

Ransom had refused to marry him; and this was half true. She had refused to marry him, and he had been a good deal cut up over it, and had immediately gone tramping on a long journey with a friend who was a sociologist. They had stolen rides on freight trains, worked as farm hands and dug in trenches beside Italian laborers, to the end that the sociologist might obtain data for a thesis.

There came a moment when the dreary drudgery of this outing ceased to divert Parker. He lay in a cheap lodging-house at Buffalo one night and thought it all over. He had always been able to get what he wanted by ringing a bell or signing a check, without thinking very seriously about people who worked much harder to get considerably less. His friend, the sociologist, had suffered himself to be locked up in jail in his pursuit of material, and Parker was lonely; and in his loneliness, for the first time in his life, he thought seriously about his fellow men. His lodging for the night cost him twenty-five cents, and up to this time he had looked upon a silver quarter chiefly as a convenient form of *pour boire*, which might suffice as a tip for the boy who cared for your coat at a restaurant. It would have been easy to go. His friend, the sociologist, would not mind. The excursion had been a lark on Bentley's part and he could quit whenever he liked; but he was surprised to find that he had no impulse to give it up. He heard the muttering of a tipsy Swede on one side of him and the lusty snore of an Italian trench digger on the other, and was struck with a new and uncomfortable pity for all of their kind. It would be easy to get identified at a bank and procure money

enough to carry him home in a private car if he liked; or, he could telegraph to Chicago for his yacht to come around to Buffalo for him; but these things did not appeal to him as he thought them over. He had spent a fortnight as laborer on a railroad in which he was a stockholder, under a section boss who swore in a disagreeable way and occasionally knocked a man down for being dull; and he had loaded coal into the bunkers of lake vessels at the Buffalo docks until his back ached and his conscience pricked him as he recalled occasions when he had grumbled over the tedious coaling of his own yacht. He hated violence, and it seemed to him that in this new world with which he had been making acquaintance there was nothing else; and Bentley Parker not only disliked being cursed by employers and bosses, but it hurt him to hear other people profanely abused.

His friend had emerged from jail rejoicing in fresh data, and found Parker wearing a new gravity. He thought that Bentley was tired or sick and urged him to leave, but Parker asked questions that showed his serious interest in the expedition,—an interest that continued after his friend's work had been finished and they had gone home together.

Parker had never been as frivolous as he looked, but he had suffered as simple natures do, from the careless scrutiny of a world that is afraid to accord simplicity its due lest there be some deception in it. There was a good deal of the boy in him,—the gentle, friendly, well-bred boy. His money had not spoiled him; and at his university he had been the most democratic and the most popular student, and by no means the most brilliant.

The people at Mrs. Congdon's tea knew little of the mental processes by which Bentley Parker had resolved to use his substance for the benefit of the poor, or how it came about that he had entered the ministry, which was the thing that staggered them most. They said among

themselves that he had always been erratic, but that there had been a serious side to him: they all knew that nothing in his life made this step unfit; but his money, they said, made it preposterous! So a hush fell upon the company for a moment; then they crowded about him with many exclamations.

"Hello, parson!" called Tom Gardner, one of Parker's old friends. "Is it the bad weather that has driven you in, or did you pine for a sniff of the flesh pots?"

"You don't do me justice, Tom. I wanted to see the old familiar faces."

"And we wanted to see you, too, old man."

Gardner had rested his hand on Parker's shoulder affectionately and he dismissed his friend reluctantly to the others who came crowding up. Parker smiled down upon them with his friendly gray eyes—a little shy, a little more restrained than of old. He was sincerely pleased to see them again. He had once been a hero among them. The things he did he had always done better than any of the rest of them, and no one ever begrudged him his honors. To be sure his performances had been of a somewhat impermanent character; and yet it is something to be able to drive a four-in-hand with distinction; and the cups that a man may win at tennis or golf or by sailing a yacht have a value after all.

He was a big fellow, with an air of vigor and determination about him, and not even remotely suggestive of the tame ascetic type. Those who thought he had been led away by the charm of stained glass windows and choral vespers did not know Bentley Parker.

Mary Ransom was the center of a little group of men who were laughing at some jest as he drew near. When she greeted Bentley he felt the old question and challenge in her brown eyes. It had been her way to lecture him. She could be flip-pant with other people; but with him she had always been severe.

"This is a surprise!" she exclaimed. "I didn't expect to see you here. I thought—"

"Well?"

"I thought you had renounced this sort of thing—the devil and all his works."

"It isn't so easy—giving up things; and I was nearby—at my old bungalow at Arrow Head."

She gave him her teacup to put down, but he was back before she could join one of the groups in the center of the hall.

He brought a chair for her, which she took a little reluctantly; and he sat down in a window seat, so that in talking to him she was conscious of the gray background of rain-splashed lake. He was thinner than when she saw him last. Perhaps it was his black clothes that gave this impression. That clerical waistcoat seemed so absurd; and to think that he was the Reverend Bentley Parker! She had seen his name so given in the newspaper only a few days ago for the first time and it had struck her as funny. She had never thought he would do it. He smiled at her in his frank, eager way. She felt as she had often felt before about him,—that he was infinitely younger than she, and yet hands had been laid upon him and he was ordained to minister to the souls of men!

"I came here for two reasons," he said, "the first being that Gardner asked me, and the other—"

He looked at her intently and in a way that warned her.

"Please don't! That's all a closed book, Bentley."

"But let me say that I was lonely. That I wished to see you very much; that it means a great deal to me to see you, Mary."

"It isn't fair to talk so. You remember how we left all that. And you wouldn't drive me out into the rain! That wouldn't be in keeping with your—office? Is that what I should call it?"

"You may call it whatever you like," he answered; and added, after a pause:

"I hope that my work, what I have undertaken to do, hasn't made any difference,—hasn't made it more impossible!"

"I don't want to talk about it at all," she said, looking past him to the gray lake. "But your work—"

"Yes, my work?" he asked eagerly. He cared greatly for her opinion. It had always been so; and he had brought himself to her now for sympathy, for the support that such men demand of women.

"Your work! To tell you the truth, Bentley, as an old friend, it seems to me very foolish. Slums! Houses of Refuge! Settlements and that kind of thing!" She spread her hands with a mockery of disdain.

"Yes; and that kind of thing," he repeated, slowly. "Why isn't it worth while? We used to talk of these things in the old days, when you were the one that was interested and I was—well, you used to give it to me pretty hard for my frivolity!" He laughed in his eager way and then grew grave. "But I should be sorry if you didn't care—if this work that I have undertaken to do didn't appeal to you. I have hoped so much that it would make a difference,—even that you might aid me in it—"

"Oh Bentley! you must drop me out of it! I'm afraid my views have changed a good deal in the past year or two—since you took to the cloister! It used to seem awfully easy to do nice little things for the poor—the poor in purse! You and I belong to a certain order of people, Bentley: we are of the half that finds life easy. We are not very good—many of us, but we are always doing things for the other half in a pleasantly patronizing way. We feel quite beatific when we have done something that costs us nothing for the poor. We expect them to be humbly grateful for our crumbs."

"Better our crumbs than that they should go hungry."

"I'm not so sure of that." She was wholly serious now, and the note of railery had gone out of her voice. "It seems to me that the poor are altogether too easy for us to exercise our philanthropies upon. Why don't we ever try to do something for our own kind of people? The great scoundrels are not among the poor at all. Look at the political rascals—they're not the poor, but the betrayers of the poor. What we need is a salvation army for the rich—for *us*, for such people as these that are idling away their time here."

"I don't think we are so useless. It's the fashion to sneer at us; but I don't see any reason why those of us who are not rascals shouldn't help where we feel we can."

"There isn't any reason; but we ought to offer better examples to the poor before we preach to them, that's all. I stopped reading the newspapers because I grew tired of the daily chronicle of the fall of the prosperous. The great and good are always going into the ditch. It's monotonous."

"But we have to help those we can reach. I wish there were some way of helping a man before he goes down; but those that sit in high places are not easily helped,—they are wellnigh inaccessible."

"The trouble is"—she hesitated before saying what was in her mind—but he piqued her. He was a man who had undertaken a mission, but he did not appreciate its gravity. He was too sanguine, too cheerful. Her ideals were founded on sacrifice. There had never been a time in Mary Ransom's life when she had denied herself anything, but she was capable of prescribing sacrifices as though they were forfeits in a childish game.

"You are throwing yourself away, Bentley. The time will come when you will want to give it up, and it's not so easy to drop out of the ministry as to cease being an amateur lawyer or doctor or writer. When you get tired of preaching

to the poor and begin collecting german favors again you won't care to be heralded in the newspapers as the Reverend Bentley Parker. You would do injury to the very cause you now have this passing enthusiasm for."

He leaned forward with his arms on his knees. A look of dejection came over his face. Her words stung him. What right had she to judge him in this harsh way, he asked himself. His eyes ceased to meet hers; he was ashamed for the moment of himself. He was conscious of swift self-examination and he wondered for the first time whether he were not ashamed of his cause. He wished that he did not care so much; but he had never been so touched by her before. It had been said of her that she was hard; or that she had been spoiled; but the one thing was false and the other did not matter. He loved her deeply. The fact of his love broke over him with a new strength as he talked. Her charm, her beauty, appealed to him anew.

"Go on," he said.

"I once had my own enthusiasms about the poor," she continued, "but that was before I grew up. I feel like a hypocrite every time I write a check for one of these pretty charities. And here's my father, Arnold Ransom, Esquire, the honorary president of two or three of them! It's a lot cheaper for him to go on paying other people to do the work than to bother himself about it. And father's a good man. He thinks he does his duty;—and he does—according to his light!"

"There's no mistaking your father's service. He does an immense amount of good with his money. And his name and influence have a value. It is easy to underestimate such things when you choose to take the pessimistic view. *Noblesse oblige!* I have no ambition to shine in the ministry. I merely wanted to have a substantial institution behind me. The private soldier, you know, gains some dignity and authority from his uniform. I've

had really flattering calls to do parish work in high places. I know well enough it was not my preaching or my spiritual qualities that they were after; it was the money I have and the notion that has got abroad that I'm a high social luminary that did the business. But these people don't interest me, Mary."

"They probably wanted you to give tone to their weddings," she said, smiling a little. "That kind of thing has its place. You may do worse. Or, you might give away your money and put yourself beyond the temptation."

"Yes, it would be easy to get rid of it. Why can't you help me? If there's any chance—if I dared hope that you would some day change,—that you would look on me—and my work—differently! I care—I care so much, Mary! And once—once I think we meant something to each other."

His voice had sunk very low and there was a tremor in it when he said "my work." She did not know that it was the quaver of strength and not of weakness; but she knew that his mission in the world did not impress or touch her. Yet she was not wholly at ease. She had no confidence in his work, but there was much in his personality that had always appealed to her and this had now been quickened and reinforced in a way that puzzled her. There was no man that she liked better; but this, she knew, was not enough.

"No—not that; we can never talk of that," she said, rising. The rain had ceased. Some of the people were going.

"Look here, parson," said Gardner at Parker's elbow, "if you expect to get back to your jolly beggars before midnight you will have to be moving. I'm going to take you up in that ancient bark of mine. I don't believe in letting a man hide his good works." He turned to the others. "Bentley is using his bungalow at Arrow Head as an asylum for a lot of muckers. We'll never shoot the red, red deer up there any more."

"I'm ready," said Bentley, without smiling. They did not take his work seriously, these people of the world he had quitted. He was eager to escape them now.

"It's like old times to see you," said Mary, as she put out her hand. "I hope you won't forget us quite. I'm sure I haven't said the right things to you;—but I know you will do whatever you try to do well. You always did that, Bentley."

Many of her friends said that Mary Ransom had reared rigid, unplastic ideals for herself, and that they could not be broken. Others declared that she did not know what she wanted; and there was truth in both statements. Her kindness wounded Parker as her open criticism had not. He felt for the first time how remote she was from him. She was the fine flower of their class. She was a beautiful woman—and she was not for him.

"Bentley," said Gardner, "I'm going to take you back to your beggars if I tear you away. It's unbecoming—your hanging on in this place of comfort. Those little brats are probably murdering one another up in the woods to dispel their ennui."

"All right, Tom," and Parker suffered his friend to take him away. They had been in college together and had met as friendly contestants on many fields where Parker had usually been the winner. Gardner called himself Bentley's "runner-up," and was always proud of his friend's successes. When Parker took a million dollars into the ministry, Gardner alone of Parker's friends expressed pleasure and satisfaction.

"If," he said, "anybody can make religion respectable, it's Bentley Parker."

II

Giuseppe, the Dago, had stolen a jack-knife from Sully, the Mick, and there had been trouble all day at the Reverend Bentley Parker's bungalow, which had included

all the races there represented and taxed the patience and strength of the master of the house to the utmost. Another summer he should not entertain Italians and Irish in the same party, Parker said to himself, as he sat on the veranda in the evening, enjoying the starlight and missing his pipe, which he had cut off, to the end that he might with better grace beg his wards of the slums to forswear the cigarette.

A month had passed since Parker's visit to the Point. He had been alone with his colony of slum boys ever since, and to-night he was tired and lonely. He had just read in a church newspaper an appeal from the Bishop of Montana for a missionary and he felt moved to go. The idea of working among the rough men of mining camps attracted him. Mary Ransom had said that his religion had no message for men of their own class. Perhaps she was right; but at any rate he would do his work where he could. He would wire the Bishop to-morrow that he accepted work under him; and the form of a message passed through his mind.

Just then he saw the lights of a yacht in the cove below. Almost instantly a gun boomed and Parker started for the wharf. Gardner landed and was there ahead of him, the point of his cigarette glowing in the dark.

"Sorry to bring you down, Bentley. I might have waited till morning."

"Not if I know myself. I'm almost homesick to-night. I saw your lights coming in and started before your ordinance sounded. Of course you'll come up to my shanty for the night. The kids are good while they're asleep, and they don't show signs of life till six A. M."

"Sorry, but I've got to pull out again in an hour or so. I'm on duty. Come aboard and I'll tell you about it."

The two men soon faced each other in Gardner's cabin.

"Cigar? No. Pipe? No. I won't mention the other things that are, as

usual, in the locker at your right. Well, it's a joy to be out of town. Things are mighty squally. I wish to thunder I could cut it all out—business and the rest of it. You're in luck, old man. This watching the ticker is ghastly business. If you want an assistant—"

"I wish I had you. Stay a week with me. I want to get you interested in what I'm doing."

"I wish I could, Bentley; but I'm up here on an errand. That's what I came to tell you about."

Gardner lighted a cigar, and Parker thrust his hands into his pockets and listened.

"It's about Ransom."

Parker nodded.

"Mary Ransom's father."

Gardner eyed his friend carefully, as though this were something that might make a particular difference; but Parker merely nodded again. He picked up Gardner's match-case from the little table and turned it over slowly in his hands.

"Mr. Ransom's in trouble; is that it?" he asked, as Gardner seemed to expect something.

"Yes, and incidentally so are we—the bank. You know my governor and Ransom have been thick for years. He's borrowed heavily from us. There was never any question of credit. He was one of the really solid ones,—not so big as some others, but solid."

"I know," said Parker. "I hope—"

"It's beyond hope, I'm afraid. He's not merely busted; he's gone crooked. Lord! it's awful. We've got a bunch of his paper with forged indorsements. I don't know what the old fool means."

"Maybe you're mistaken. You must be mistaken. A man of his age and position—"

"Yes, certainly; it seems like a nightmare. I shouldn't believe it myself if we hadn't made sure of it,—all very quietly,—but there's no room for doubt. And I've got the notes right here."

He drew a tin box from a panel and took from it a packet wrapped in oil-skin.

"I brought these things up with me to use in an emergency. The governor gave Ransom five days in which to make good, and he at once bolted for his place at the Point. I came up in the yacht to keep an eye on him. It isn't very far, you know, to the Canadian border, and I've got to see to it that he doesn't give us the slip. His time's up to-morrow noon. I must say I don't like my job—doing a detective stunt on a gentleman whose dinners I've eaten scores of times. And then there's Mary. Bah!"

Parker turned over the oblong slips of paper slowly, and when he had examined them he put them down on his side of the table and smoothed them with his hands.

"He chose good indorsers. I suppose it was just as easy as to take doubtful ones."

"I should say they *were* good. They're his best friends and they don't know yet what he's done. Father has acted very decently about it. Ransom never speculated until lately, and the tarantula bit him good and hard. He went at the wheat-pit like a country boy at the slot-machine. If he had a chance he might square up in time, as far as his own business is concerned. But a forger! The idea isn't pretty."

"Does Mary know?" Parker asked presently, while Gardner smoked and watched him.

"I don't know, Bentley. Probably not. She's all Ransom has, and it will go hard with her. I wish he could be saved—for her sake."

"For both their sakes," said Parker, quietly; and Gardner, who knew Bentley Parker better than any other man, looked at him closely but did not understand. There was silence in the cabin for a moment.

"I'm going back to the Point with you, Tom; and I don't want you to ask any

questions until I'm ready to answer them."

"Certainly. I shall be glad to have you, old man. And now let me put these unpleasant reminders out of the way."

He reached for the notes; but Parker gathered them up and put them into his pocket.

"You've known me a long time, Tom, and I want you to let me keep these a little while. I give you my word of honor that I'll return them or an equivalent before breakfast to-morrow morning. And now let's go up on deck and get this rotten old tub of yours under way. It never was much good, but we'll make the best of it. And I hope your bunkers are full. You always were careless about your coal. I've got to be back at the bungalow before breakfast. Those boys need all the morning prayers I can say for them; and there's nothing like starting a day right!"

III.

In the wide hall of a house at Harbor Point a young woman pleaded with an old man, who sat shrunken in a chair before a fire of birch logs. A top-coat lay across his knees and a suit-case stood beside him.

"You must not; you must not," she pleaded. "Better anything, father, than this. You must stay, and we can face it together—meet it—do the best that can be done with it."

Arnold Ransom twisted his gloves in his hands and avoided his daughter's eyes. He had told her the whole story of his wrong-doing and announced his program of flight. He had been a proud man and she was a proud girl, and his task had not been an easy one. She had rallied from the shock of the disclosure and was trying to plan for him. There were only the two of them in the world, and she would not desert him.

"It's easier to go—you can come to me at once, if you will. But I can't stay! I

can't face it! There's no reparation I can make. All I have is gone—this house—the house in town—everything. I had better be a fugitive than a convict."

She shrank suddenly away from him. There was no harder lot for him than this—to see this instinctive loathing in his own child. He raised his eyes to hers with a piteous appeal that wrung her heart.

"They shouldn't press you so—they are taking advantage of you,—these men that were your friends. They have no right to drive you away. With a little time—"

"Yes, with a little time," he repeated, greedily, lifting himself so that she saw his eyes flash at the thought of a new opportunity. "In a year I could make it all back." But he sank back drearily. "It's no use. I can't face them. Let me go! I must go; I must go," he kept repeating, while she stroked his white hair and sought to comfort him.

"I am going with you, of course, father," she said. "I shall get ready at once." She spoke as though it were a commonplace journey that they had been discussing, and turned and left the room.

Ransom walked the floor nervously, hearing the girl's quick steps overhead. A party of young people passed the cottage and he walked to the French door of the hall and peered out at them. Their laughter smote harshly upon his overwrought nerves. They were his daughter's friends, —the children of his old neighbors on this pine-covered peninsula where years ago he had helped to found the summer colony of Harbor Point.

He was again pacing the floor when a knock startled him. He pushed the suitcase under the table and threw his coat behind a chair. Then he opened the door guardedly. He had imagined that they would watch him; perhaps they had come for him.

"Good evening, Mr. Ransom," said Parker, pushing past him into the room.

"Oh, it's you—Parker! I hadn't expected you—why—"

Ransom's relief was so great that he laughed a little hysterically.

"I saw a light and didn't ring because I hoped to see you alone," said Parker. "If it isn't inconvenient we'll sit here."

"Certainly, Bentley. We've missed you of late. You struck off into a path that was strange to most of us."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Parker, smiling. "I've met a good many friends on the road since I took it."

"Very likely," said the older man, absentmindedly. He wondered what Bentley Parker's visit meant. Once he had thought that Mary and Bentley might some time— Perhaps Parker had come now to speak to him of this! The thought of the girl hurt him. He remembered that he was a criminal and that she was even now preparing for flight with him.

"I have just learned that you are in trouble, Mr. Ransom, and I hope you won't mind my coming to talk to you about it."

"Why—I don't know—I can't imagine— It's kind of you, but there's a mistake." Ransom felt assured by the easy confidence of his own voice. "But I'm glad to see you on any account," he concluded, settling back in his chair.

"Thank you," said Parker; "but you will pardon me if I insist on discussing your trouble. I want you to know that I feel very deeply about it—"

"This is going too far! Who has dared to talk of my private affairs?" Ransom demanded stormily, rising from his chair. He felt sure now that Parker was an emissary of the enemy.

"Please sit down," said Parker, very quietly. "You ought to know that I haven't come here to annoy you. I have come to help you."

"If you were a gentleman—as I used to think you were—you would not intrude here at this hour to harass me. I am going away, if you must know, and I want

to be let alone. Now go and tell them—Gardner and those other friends of mine—if you will. Tell them I'm a fugitive. Tell them I've run for it."

"If I were you I shouldn't run for it," said Parker.

"My affairs are my own, Bentley Parker! I suppose you are here in this new priestly masquerade of yours to tell me it's my Christian duty to wait for the sheriff and go to jail. But it won't work. Mary and I are going together. She won't be left here to receive your whimpering sympathy."

"You are wholly mistaken, Mr. Ransom. I didn't come to tell you to go to jail. The fact is,"—and Parker smiled in spite of himself,—“I advise you strongly against it.”

"I tell you I'm in a hole and I want to be let alone. There's some trick in this. I suppose Gardner and his constable are outside. But they'll never take me," he concluded, doggedly.

"Very likely not," said Parker, dryly; and the smile left his face. "Now, I want you to listen to me," he began, sharply.

Bentley Parker, as coach at his university, had spoken thus to racing crews when they had proved dull in picking up the stroke, but he was not in the habit of using this tone in addressing men of sixty. He rose and stood looking down at Arnold Ransom, who regarded him with sullen defiance. Ransom was a handsome old man, with clean-cut features and snowy hair and mustache.

"You twit me with being a Christian minister, and I am that, in my poor way; but I'm a man first, and I'm going to talk to you as one man may to another. I know your difficulty. You have laid yourself open to prosecution and imprisonment just as though you were not a gentleman—just as though you had associated all your life with rascals and thieves."

Ransom blinked, but Parker's eyes held him with a kind of fascination.

"Now, like any other ordinary criminal you are preparing to sneak away, and you say that you are going to take your daughter with you, which is a far manlier thing than I should expect you to do. But I don't intend that you shall go; and I'll tell you why. The fall of a man in your position, who has always stood as a model of propriety and virtue, does a woeful injury to every good cause in the world. I know what the men in the cheap lodging-houses say when such a thing happens and they read of it at the free reading-rooms—every line they can find, and gloat over it. Men like you maintain the lodging-houses and the reading-rooms, and when you fall you block the path of the poor devils under you, who have got to stay behind or crawl over you. So I'm going to save you, just as I would save a boy in the slums who had tumbled off a dock where I could fish him out with a boat-hook. Now you're not going to run and you're not going to jail; but you're going down to Chicago to-morrow to square yourself. I want you to be a man. It's a good deal easier to be a Christian as you have understood it than to be a man; but maybe you can be both, and I'm going to give you the chance."

He drew the oil-skin packet from his pocket, and opened it with fingers that were perfectly steady, while the old man followed him in stupid wonder. Parker sat down at a little table—it was Mary's table, and her pen lay where she had dropped it an hour before in the midst of a letter to a friend. He scratched and blotted the forged names of the indorsers on the notes so that they were undecipherable; and underneath he wrote on all of them his own name; then he made a memorandum of the amounts and dates on a piece of paper which he thrust into his pocket. He was wiping out his whole fortune; he was ceasing to be the wealthy young clergyman that the papers had talked so much about. He had planned other uses for his money; a scheme for



Drawn by Seymour M. Stone

**"BUT THE HELP—THE HELP MUST BE FOR ALL—" SHE BEGAN, THE TEARS
FLOODING HER EYES. PAGE 394**

King a model treatment had been near his heart: but he turned to Ransom—*ly*—even with the deference of youth.

"I have put my name here in place of others," he said, holding up the notes Ransom to see. "I shall arrange with Gardners for any extension you want. Gardners are old friends of yours. I can talk to them yourself. Good at."

He took the old man's limp hand in own and smiled at him in the cheery that was Bentley Parker's. It was Parker smile, which had taken away sting of his severity as a coach at the versity: and the boys in the slums r and loved it.

IV.

Two years had passed and the Reverend Bentley Parker was in Chicago for the time since his departure, under circumstances that were not clear to his aids, for work as a missionary in the west. He was promptly drafted for r by a clergyman of his acquaintance. "I'm not a preacher. That's not my mess," said Parker to the old min-: "I've been trying to help the sort : sermons don't reach."

Then tell us about that, Bentley."

and Bentley told them, looking very e in his surplice as he described to a and fashionable congregation a life : was as alien to them as Afghanistan. told his story well, with a flash of or now and then that was like Bent—so his friends said to themselves; it had the ring of truth, and when he ceased and a very expensive boy choir g the offertory, there were people in pews whose thoughts lingered over r brothers of the mines and ranges, who questioned for the first time ther the music was worth all it cost.

Many friends greeted him at the end, n he had put aside his vestments and

come back into the church. He had made an impression, and several men told him that they wished to aid the work he had described, and this pleased him more than their praise.

Mary Ransom waited until the last. She had not known that he was to be there. His simple recital had brought a new ache and longing in her heart. He praised other people: it was only the suppressed note of passion in his story that told how much of himself had gone into the deeds and hardships he described.

She had known sorrow and the cruel marks of it were on her face. He wished to make this meeting easy for her.

"It wasn't fair, was it?—to catch you all napping and make you listen to me. But it isn't my fault. The good old doctor insisted."

The organ ceased and the organist closed the instrument and passed them on his way out.

"Don't go," she said. "I must speak to you here. It is right that I should."

He would not have had it so; but he waited, and she went on hurriedly.

"I must tell you how I have suffered—how hard it has been for me—these years! I wounded you: I *tried* to wound you, by making light of your work,—the things you had undertaken to do. I told you that it was idle: that there was nothing in your—work—for men—for the men we knew—"

She swayed a little and rested her hand upon the pew by which they stood. He hardly heeded what she said in his joy at seeing her again. She owed him no debt for what he had done for her father. He loved her to-day as he had always loved her; but he had not come back to take advantage of her contrition, her gratitude.

"But that was long ago, Mary: and it never made any difference."

He smiled and turned to go; but she did not heed him.

"And then—my own father! He told me—everything. I can't talk of it! I

"This is a surprise!" she exclaimed. "I didn't expect to see you here. I thought—"

"Well?"

"I thought you had renounced this sort of thing—the devil and all his works."

"It isn't so easy—giving up things; and I was nearby—at my old bungalow at Arrow Head."

She gave him her teacup to put down, but he was back before she could join one of the groups in the center of the hall.

He brought a chair for her, which she took a little reluctantly; and he sat down in a window seat, so that in talking to him she was conscious of the gray background of rain-splashed lake. He was thinner than when she saw him last. Perhaps it was his black clothes that gave this impression. That clerical waistcoat seemed so absurd; and to think that he was the Reverend Bentley Parker! She had seen his name so given in the newspaper only a few days ago for the first time and it had struck her as funny. She had never thought he would do it. He smiled at her in his frank, eager way. She felt as she had often felt before about him,—that he was infinitely younger than she, and yet hands had been laid upon him and he was ordained to minister to the souls of men!

"I came here for two reasons," he said, "the first being that Gardner asked me, and the other—"

He looked at her intently and in a way that warned her.

"Please don't! That's all a closed book, Bentley."

"But let me say that I was lonely. That I wished to see you very much; that it means a great deal to me to see you, Mary."

"It isn't fair to talk so. You remember how we left all that. And you wouldn't drive me out into the rain! That wouldn't be in keeping with your—office? Is that what I should call it?"

"You may call it whatever you like," he answered; and added, after a pause:

"I hope that my work, what I have undertaken to do, hasn't made any difference,—hasn't made it more impossible!"

"I don't want to talk about it at all," she said, looking past him to the gray lake. "But your work—"

"Yes, my work?" he asked eagerly. He cared greatly for her opinion. It had always been so; and he had brought himself to her now for sympathy, for the support that such men demand of women.

"Your work! To tell you the truth, Bentley, as an old friend, it seems to me very foolish. Slums! Houses of Refuge! Settlements and that kind of thing!" She spread her hands with a mockery of disdain.

"Yes; and that kind of thing," he repeated, slowly. "Why isn't it worth while? We used to talk of these things in the old days, when you were the one that was interested and I was—well, you used to give it to me pretty hard for my frivolity!" He laughed in his eager way and then grew grave. "But I should be sorry if you didn't care—if this work that I have undertaken to do didn't appeal to you. I have hoped so much that it would make a difference,—even that you might aid me in it—"

"Oh Bentley! you must drop me out of it! I'm afraid my views have changed a good deal in the past year or two—since you took to the cloister! It used to seem awfully easy to do nice little things for the poor—the poor in purse! You and I belong to a certain order of people, Bentley: we are of the half that finds life easy. We are not very good—many of us, but we are always doing things for the other half in a pleasantly patronizing way. We feel quite beatific when we have done something that costs us nothing for the poor. We expect them to be humbly grateful for our crumbs."

"Better our crumbs than that they should go hungry."

"I'm not so sure of that." She was wholly serious now, and the note of railery had gone out of her voice. "It seems to me that the poor are altogether too easy for us to exercise our philanthropies upon. Why don't we ever try to do something for our own kind of people? The great scoundrels are not among the poor at all. Look at the political rascals—they're not the poor, but the betrayers of the poor. What we need is a salvation army for the rich—for *us*, for such people as these that are idling away their time here."

"I don't think we are so useless. It's the fashion to sneer at us; but I don't see any reason why those of us who are not rascals shouldn't help where we feel we can."

"There isn't any reason; but we ought to offer better examples to the poor before we preach to them, that's all. I stopped reading the newspapers because I grew tired of the daily chronicle of the fall of the prosperous. The great and good are always going into the ditch. It's monotonous."

"But we have to help those we can reach. I wish there were some way of helping a man before he goes down; but those that sit in high places are not easily helped,—they are wellnigh inaccessible."

"The trouble is"—she hesitated before saying what was in her mind—but he piqued her. He was a man who had undertaken a mission, but he did not appreciate its gravity. He was too sanguine, too cheerful. Her ideals were founded on sacrifice. There had never been a time in Mary Ransom's life when she had denied herself anything, but she was capable of prescribing sacrifices as though they were forfeits in a childish game.

"You are throwing yourself away, Bentley. The time will come when you will want to give it up, and it's not so easy to drop out of the ministry as to cease being an amateur lawyer or doctor or writer. When you get tired of preaching

to the poor and begin collecting german favors again you won't care to be heralded in the newspapers as the Reverend Bentley Parker. You would do injury to the very cause you now have this passing enthusiasm for."

He leaned forward with his arms on his knees. A look of dejection came over his face. Her words stung him. What right had she to judge him in this harsh way, he asked himself. His eyes ceased to meet hers; he was ashamed for the moment of himself. He was conscious of swift self-examination and he wondered for the first time whether he were not ashamed of his cause. He wished that he did not care so much; but he had never been so touched by her before. It had been said of her that she was hard; or that she had been spoiled; but the one thing was false and the other did not matter. He loved her deeply. The fact of his love broke over him with a new strength as he talked. Her charm, her beauty, appealed to him anew.

"Go on," he said.

"I once had my own enthusiasms about the poor," she continued, "but that was before I grew up. I feel like a hypocrite every time I write a check for one of these pretty charities. And here's my father, Arnold Ransom, Esquire, the honorary president of two or three of them! It's a lot cheaper for him to go on paying other people to do the work than to bother himself about it. And father's a good man. He thinks he does his duty;—and he does—according to his light!"

"There's no mistaking your father's service. He does an immense amount of good with his money. And his name and influence have a value. It is easy to underestimate such things when you choose to take the pessimistic view. *Noblesse oblige!* I have no ambition to shine in the ministry. I merely wanted to have a substantial institution behind me. The private soldier, you know, gains some dignity and authority from his uniform. I've

had really flattering calls to do parish work in high places. I know well enough it was not my preaching or my spiritual qualities that they were after; it was the money I have and the notion that has got abroad that I'm a high social luminary that did the business. But these people don't interest me, Mary."

"They probably wanted you to give tone to their weddings," she said, smiling a little. "That kind of thing has its place. You may do worse. Or, you might give away your money and put yourself beyond the temptation."

"Yes, it would be easy to get rid of it. Why can't you help me? If there's any chance—If I dared hope that you would some day change,—that you would look on me—and my work—differently! I care—I care so much, Mary! And once—once I think we meant something to each other."

His voice had sunk very low and there was a tremor in it when he said "my work." She did not know that it was the quaver of strength and not of weakness; but she knew that his mission in the world did not impress or touch her. Yet she was not wholly at ease. She had no confidence in his work, but there was much in his personality that had always appealed to her and this had now been quickened and reinforced in a way that puzzled her. There was no man that she liked better; but this, she knew, was not enough.

"No—not that; we can never talk of that," she said, rising. The rain had ceased. Some of the people were going.

"Look here, parson," said Gardner at Parker's elbow, "if you expect to get back to your jolly beggars before midnight you will have to be moving. I'm going to take you up in that ancient bark of mine. I don't believe in letting a man hide his good works." He turned to the others. "Bentley is using his bungalow at Arrow Head as an asylum for a lot of muckers. We'll never shoot the red, red deer up there any more."

"I'm ready," said Bentley, without smiling. They did not take his work seriously, these people of the world he had quitted. He was eager to escape them now.

"It's like old times to see you," said Mary, as she put out her hand. "I hope you won't forget us quite. I'm sure I haven't said the right things to you;—but I know you will do whatever you try to do well. You always did that, Bentley."

Many of her friends said that Mary Ransom had reared rigid, unplastic ideals for herself, and that they could not be broken. Others declared that she did not know what she wanted; and there was truth in both statements. Her kindness wounded Parker as her open criticism had not. He felt for the first time how remote she was from him. She was the fine flower of their class. She was a beautiful woman—and she was not for him.

"Bentley," said Gardner, "I'm going to take you back to your beggars if I tear you away. It's unbecoming—your hanging on in this place of comfort. Those little brats are probably murdering one another up in the woods to dispel their ennui."

"All right, Tom," and Parker suffered his friend to take him away. They had been in college together and had met as friendly contestants on many fields where Parker had usually been the winner. Gardner called himself Bentley's "runner-up," and was always proud of his friend's successes. When Parker took a million dollars into the ministry, Gardner alone of Parker's friends expressed pleasure and satisfaction.

"If," he said, "anybody can make religion respectable, it's Bentley Parker."

II

Giuseppe, the Dago, had stolen a jack-knife from Sully, the Mick, and there had been trouble all day at the Reverend Bentley Parker's bungalow, which had included

all the races there represented and taxed the patience and strength of the master of the house to the utmost. Another summer he should not entertain Italians and Irish in the same party, Parker said to himself, as he sat on the veranda in the evening, enjoying the starlight and missing his pipe, which he had cut off, to the end that he might with better grace beg his wards of the slums to forswear the cigarette.

A month had passed since Parker's visit to the Point. He had been alone with his colony of slum boys ever since, and to-night he was tired and lonely. He had just read in a church newspaper an appeal from the Bishop of Montana for a missionary and he felt moved to go. The idea of working among the rough men of mining camps attracted him. Mary Ransom had said that his religion had no message for men of their own class. Perhaps she was right; but at any rate he would do his work where he could. He would wire the Bishop to-morrow that he accepted work under him; and the form of a message passed through his mind.

Just then he saw the lights of a yacht in the cove below. Almost instantly a gun boomed and Parker started for the wharf. Gardner landed and was there ahead of him, the point of his cigarette glowing in the dark.

"Sorry to bring you down, Bentley. I might have waited till morning."

"Not if I know myself. I'm almost homesick to-night. I saw your lights coming in and started before your ordinance sounded. Of course you'll come up to my shanty for the night. The kids are good while they're asleep, and they don't show signs of life till six A. M."

"Sorry, but I've got to pull out again in an hour or so. I'm on duty. Come aboard and I'll tell you about it."

The two men soon faced each other in Gardner's cabin.

"Cigar? No. Pipe? No. I won't mention the other things that are, as

usual, in the locker at your right. Well, it's a joy to be out of town. Things are mighty squally. I wish to thunder I could cut it all out—business and the rest of it. You're in luck, old man. This watching the ticker is ghastly business. If you want an assistant—"

"I wish I had you. Stay a week with me. I want to get you interested in what I'm doing."

"I wish I could, Bentley; but I'm up here on an errand. That's what I came to tell you about."

Gardner lighted a cigar, and Parker thrust his hands into his pockets and listened.

"It's about Ransom."

Parker nodded.

"Mary Ransom's father."

Gardner eyed his friend carefully, as though this were something that might make a particular difference; but Parker merely nodded again. He picked up Gardner's match-case from the little table and turned it over slowly in his hands.

"Mr. Ransom's in trouble; is that it?" he asked, as Gardner seemed to expect something.

"Yes, and incidentally so are we—the bank. You know my governor and Ransom have been thick for years. He's borrowed heavily from us. There was never any question of credit. He was one of the really solid ones,—not so big as some others, but solid."

"I know," said Parker. "I hope—"

"It's beyond hope, I'm afraid. He's not merely busted; he's gone crooked. Lord! it's awful. We've got a bunch of his paper with forged indorsements. I don't know what the old fool means."

"Maybe you're mistaken. You must be mistaken. A man of his age and position—"

"Yes, certainly; it seems like a nightmare. I shouldn't believe it myself if we hadn't made sure of it,—all very quietly,—but there's no room for doubt. And I've got the notes right here."

He drew a tin box from a panel and took from it a packet wrapped in oil-skin.

"I brought these things up with me to use in an emergency. The governor gave Ransom five days in which to make good, and he at once bolted for his place at the Point. I came up in the yacht to keep an eye on him. It isn't very far, you know, to the Canadian border, and I've got to see to it that he doesn't give us the slip. His time's up to-morrow noon. I must say I don't like my job—doing a detective stunt on a gentleman whose dinners I've eaten scores of times. And then there's Mary. Bah!"

Parker turned over the oblong slips of paper slowly, and when he had examined them he put them down on his side of the table and smoothed them with his hands.

"He chose good indorsers. I suppose it was just as easy as to take doubtful ones."

"I should say they *were* good. They're his best friends and they don't know yet what he's done. Father has acted very decently about it. Ransom never speculated until lately, and the tarantula bit him good and hard. He went at the wheat-pit like a country boy at the slot-machine. If he had a chance he might square up in time, as far as his own business is concerned. But a forger! The idea isn't pretty."

"Does Mary know?" Parker asked presently, while Gardner smoked and watched him.

"I don't know, Bentley. Probably not. She's all Ransom has, and it will go hard with her. I wish he could be saved—for her sake."

"For both their sakes," said Parker, quietly; and Gardner, who knew Bentley Parker better than any other man, looked at him closely but did not understand. There was silence in the cabin for a moment.

"I'm going back to the Point with you, Tom; and I don't want you to ask any

questions until I'm ready to answer them."

"Certainly. I shall be glad to have you, old man. And now let me put these unpleasant reminders out of the way."

He reached for the notes; but Parker gathered them up and put them into his pocket.

"You've known me a long time, Tom, and I want you to let me keep these a little while. I give you my word of honor that I'll return them or an equivalent before breakfast to-morrow morning. And now let's go up on deck and get this rotten old tub of yours under way. It never was much good, but we'll make the best of it. And I hope your bunkers are full. You always were careless about your coal. I've got to be back at the bungalow before breakfast. Those boys need all the morning prayers I can say for them; and there's nothing like starting a day right!"

III.

In the wide hall of a house at Harbor Point a young woman pleaded with an old man, who sat shrunken in a chair before a fire of birch logs. A top-coat lay across his knees and a suit-case stood beside him.

"You must not; you must not," she pleaded. "Better anything, father, than this. You must stay, and we can face it together—meet it—do the best that can be done with it."

Arnold Ransom twisted his gloves in his hands and avoided his daughter's eyes. He had told her the whole story of his wrong-doing and announced his program of flight. He had been a proud man and she was a proud girl, and his task had not been an easy one. She had rallied from the shock of the disclosure and was trying to plan for him. There were only the two of them in the world, and she would not desert him.

"It's easier to go—you can come to me at once, if you will. But I can't stay! I

can't face it! There's no reparation I can make. All I have is gone—this house—the house in town—everything. I had better be a fugitive than a convict."

She shrank suddenly away from him. There was no harder lot for him than this—to see this instinctive loathing in his own child. He raised his eyes to hers with a piteous appeal that wrung her heart.

"They shouldn't press you so—they are taking advantage of you,—these men that were your friends. They have no right to drive you away. With a little time—"

"Yes, with a little time," he repeated, greedily, lifting himself so that she saw his eyes flash at the thought of a new opportunity. "In a year I could make it all back." But he sank back drearily. "It's no use. I can't face them. Let me go! I must go; I must go," he kept repeating, while she stroked his white hair and sought to comfort him.

"I am going with you, of course, father," she said. "I shall get ready at once." She spoke as though it were a commonplace journey that they had been discussing, and turned and left the room.

Ransom walked the floor nervously, hearing the girl's quick steps overhead. A party of young people passed the cottage and he walked to the French door of the hall and peered out at them. Their laughter smote harshly upon his overwrought nerves. They were his daughter's friends,—the children of his old neighbors on this pine-covered peninsula where years ago he had helped to found the summer colony of Harbor Point.

He was again pacing the floor when a knock startled him. He pushed the suitcase under the table and threw his coat behind a chair. Then he opened the door guardedly. He had imagined that they would watch him; perhaps they had come for him.

"Good evening, Mr. Ransom," said Parker, pushing past him into the room.

"Oh, it's you—Parker! I hadn't expected you—why—"

Ransom's relief was so great that he laughed a little hysterically.

"I saw a light and didn't ring because I hoped to see you alone," said Parker. "If it isn't inconvenient we'll sit here."

"Certainly, Bentley. We've missed you of late. You struck off into a path that was strange to most of us."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Parker, smiling. "I've met a good many friends on the road since I took it."

"Very likely," said the older man, absentmindedly. He wondered what Bentley Parker's visit meant. Once he had thought that Mary and Bentley might some time— Perhaps Parker had come now to speak to him of this! The thought of the girl hurt him. He remembered that he was a criminal and that she was even now preparing for flight with him.

"I have just learned that you are in trouble, Mr. Ransom, and I hope you won't mind my coming to talk to you about it."

"Why—I don't know—I can't imagine— It's kind of you, but there's a mistake." Ransom felt assured by the easy confidence of his own voice. "But I'm glad to see you on any account," he concluded, settling back in his chair.

"Thank you," said Parker; "but you will pardon me if I insist on discussing your trouble. I want you to know that I feel very deeply about it—"

"This is going too far! Who has dared to talk of my private affairs?" Ransom demanded stormily, rising from his chair. He felt sure now that Parker was an emissary of the enemy.

"Please sit down," said Parker, very quietly. "You ought to know that I haven't come here to annoy you. I have come to help you."

"If you were a gentleman—as I used to think you were—you would not intrude here at this hour to harass me. I am going away, if you must know, and I want

to be let alone. Now go and tell them—Gardner and those other friends of mine—if you will. Tell them I'm a fugitive. Tell them I've run for it."

"If I were you I shouldn't run for it," said Parker.

"My affairs are my own, Bentley Parker! I suppose you are here in this new priestly masquerade of yours to tell me it's my Christian duty to wait for the sheriff and go to jail. But it won't work. Mary and I are going together. She won't be left here to receive your whimpering sympathy."

"You are wholly mistaken, Mr. Ransom. I didn't come to tell you to go to jail. The fact is,"—and Parker smiled in spite of himself,—“I advise you strongly against it.”

"I tell you I'm in a hole and I want to be let alone. There's some trick in this. I suppose Gardner and his constable are outside. But they'll never take me," he concluded, doggedly.

"Very likely not," said Parker, dryly; and the smile left his face. "Now, I want you to listen to me," he began, sharply.

Bentley Parker, as coach at his university, had spoken thus to racing crews when they had proved dull in picking up the stroke, but he was not in the habit of using this tone in addressing men of sixty. He rose and stood looking down at Arnold Ransom, who regarded him with sullen defiance. Ransom was a handsome old man, with clean-cut features and snowy hair and mustache.

"You twit me with being a Christian minister, and I am that, in my poor way; but I'm a man first, and I'm going to talk to you as one man may to another. I know your difficulty. You have laid yourself open to prosecution and imprisonment just as though you were not a gentleman—just as though you had associated all your life with rascals and thieves."

Ransom blinked, but Parker's eyes held him with a kind of fascination.

"Now, like any other ordinary criminal you are preparing to sneak away, and you say that you are going to take your daughter with you, which is a far madder thing than I should expect you to do. But I don't intend that you shall go; and I'll tell you why. The fall of a man in your position, who has always stood as a model of propriety and virtue, does a woeful injury to every good cause in the world. I know what the men in the cheap lodging-houses say when such a thing happens and they read of it at the free reading-rooms—every line they can find, and gloat over it. Men like you maintain the lodging-houses and the reading-rooms, and when you fall you block the path of the poor devils under you, who have got to stay behind or crawl over you. So I'm going to save you, just as I would save a boy in the slums who had tumbled off a dock where I could fish him out with a boat-hook. Now you're not going to run and you're not going to jail; but you're going down to Chicago to-morrow to square yourself. I want you to be a man. It's a good deal easier to be a Christian as you have understood it than to be a man; but maybe you can be both, and I'm going to give you the chance."

He drew the oil-skin packet from his pocket, and opened it with fingers that were perfectly steady, while the old man followed him in stupid wonder. Parker sat down at a little table—it was Mary's table, and her pen lay where she had dropped it an hour before in the midst of a letter to a friend. He scratched and blotted the forged names of the indorsers on the notes so that they were undecipherable; and underneath he wrote on all of them his own name; then he made a memorandum of the amounts and dates on a piece of paper which he thrust into his pocket. He was wiping out his whole fortune; he was ceasing to be the wealthy young clergyman that the papers had talked so much about. He had planned other uses for his money; a scheme for



Drawn by Seymour M. Stone

"BUT THE HELP—THE HELP MUST BE FOR ALL—" SHE BEGAN, THE TEARS
FLOODING HER EYES. PAGE 384

building a model tenement had been near to his heart; but he turned to Ransom kindly—even with the deference of youth to age.

"I have put my name here in place of the others," he said, holding up the notes for Ransom to see. "I shall arrange with the Gardners for any extension you want. The Gardners are old friends of yours. You can talk to them yourself. Good night!"

He took the old man's limp hand in his own and smiled at him in the cheery way that was Bentley Parker's. It was the Parker smile, which had taken away the sting of his severity as a coach at the university; and the boys in the slums knew and loved it.

IV.

Two years had passed and the Reverend Bentley Parker was in Chicago for the first time since his departure, under circumstances that were not clear to his friends, for work as a missionary in the far west. He was promptly drafted for duty by a clergyman of his acquaintance.

"I'm not a preacher. That's not my business," said Parker to the old minister. "I've been trying to help the sort that sermons don't reach."

"Then tell us about that, Bentley."

And Bentley told them, looking very large in his surplice as he described to a rich and fashionable congregation a life that was as alien to them as Afghanistan. He told his story well, with a flash of humor now and then that was like Bentley,—so his friends said to themselves; but it had the ring of truth, and when he had ceased and a very expensive boy choir sang the offertory, there were people in the pews whose thoughts lingered over their brothers of the mines and ranges, and who questioned for the first time whether the music was worth all it cost.

Many friends greeted him at the end, when he had put aside his vestments and

come back into the church. He had made an impression, and several men told him that they wished to aid the work he had described, and this pleased him more than their praise.

Mary Ransom waited until the last. She had not known that he was to be there. His simple recital had brought a new ache and longing in her heart. He praised other people; it was only the suppressed note of passion in his story that told how much of himself had gone into the deeds and hardships he described.

She had known sorrow and the cruel marks of it were on her face. He wished to make this meeting easy for her.

"It wasn't fair, was it?—to catch you all napping and make you listen to me. But it isn't my fault. The good old doctor insisted."

The organ ceased and the organist closed the instrument and passed them on his way out.

"Don't go," she said. "I must speak to you here. It is right that I should."

He would not have had it so; but he waited, and she went on hurriedly.

"I must tell you how I have suffered—how hard it has been for me—these years! I wounded you; I *tried* to wound you, by making light of your work,—the things you had undertaken to do. I told you that it was idle; that there was nothing in your—work—for men—for the men we knew—"

She swayed a little and rested her hand upon the pew by which they stood. He hardly heeded what she said in his joy at seeing her again. She owed him no debt for what he had done for her father. He loved her to-day as he had always loved her; but he had not come back to take advantage of her contrition, her gratitude.

"But that was long ago, Mary; and it never made any difference."

He smiled and turned to go; but she did not heed him.

"And then—my own father! He told me—everything. I can't talk of it! I

only want you to know what it meant—to father and me. I can't thank you."

"Your father did that, Mary. He owes me nothing—absolutely nothing. Very likely he exaggerated the whole matter. It was very simple. I lent him some money and he has paid it back, every cent.

"It isn't that. It's not what you *lent* him—it's what you *gave* him; it's his honor—his character—oh, everything!"

Her voice stole through the still church like a cry.

"Yes; that is it, to help, to save!"

"But the help—the help must be for all—" she began, the tears flooding her eyes.

"To the least of these'; to the very least," he said, gently, with a far look in his eyes. "And there really isn't any end to count from," he added, smiling.

He picked up his coat and hat and walked to the door and out into the street, and she followed him. It was a bright day in early November and the wind swept in sharply from the lake. The people that turned to look at them wondered who the young man in clerical dress and the handsome girl beside him could be. And a few remembered Bentley Parker as the fellow with a lot of money who had turned preacher a few years ago and failed at it.

CONSTANCY

By Marguerite Merington

STRETCHES my hand to yours across the tide;
Nor stormy sweep, nor barren spans divide
Our clasp, while steadfast, like the stars that guide,
Your eyes shine back to me.

Darkness and day between, daylight and dark;
Seasons whose flower and fading only mark
My soul's great longing, as I strain and hark
To your soul's cry for me.

Over the path of winds from east to west
That cleave the shadows, out of depths unguessed,
"God's law, life's bread and wine is love expressed,"
Cometh your word to me.

Ever a white flame on my hearth I tend,
Knowing the road that took you back must bend,
Grief the faring, joy for the journey's end,
When you return to me.

My heart your home-light in the window-pane,
Come to my arms, then, from the mirk and rain,
Never by time, or space, or life again
To part yourself from me!

DEATH AND THE DRUMMING WHEELS

By Francis Lynde

V

CHAOS, CRIME, AND THE PUBLIC ACCESSORY

The Fifth of a Series of Articles on the Loss of Life by Railway Accidents in America

NO army, however well-recruited and efficient in its rank-and-file units, can approve itself on the field of battle under incompetent officers; and what is true of the man behind the gun is also true of the man at the throttle, in charge of a train, at the telegraph table, in all subordinate positions in the railway service.

Let it be made manifest that the operative staff of a railroad is all that it ought to be in technical efficiency, in sheer manliness and in a masterful grasp of the complicated machine whose every vibration it must control and direct, and every part of the machine will respond harmoniously. But if this condition be reversed; if the men know that their division superintendent holds his position by virtue of his being the nephew of the vice-president, or their train-master has his name on the pay-roll because he is the relative of one of the principal stockholders, chaos is likely to supervene.

Nepotism in the railway service is not now as prevalent as it used to be. Time was, and that not so many years since, when promotion to the higher operative ranks went very much like appointments to the presidential post-offices. A man became an operating or a traffic officer not always because of his peculiar fitness for the place, but too often because he had the necessary "pull" with the higher controlling powers.

It is only a few years ago that one of the greater Western systems was made to afford a very striking example of this de-

moralizing practice. Young men, whose chief recommendations were that they came of good families, had academic educations, and were personally known to some member of the administrative board of control in the East, were injected into the service, promoted with a celerity as brain-turning for the neophyte as it was disastrous to discipline, and the usual consequences followed. Where the young man was really a man, with ability in the rough and a desire to learn, his chief clerk stood in the breach and the rank and file helped him out. But where he showed that he was a mere place-holder, things happened.

One time during the reign of the god-favored ones it was this present essayist's hap to pass over the main line of the system. On one division, the superintendent of which was a gentleman, a scholar, and everything else save a well-qualified railroad operative officer, the writer counted nine engines in the ditch, and the westward-faring train had the narrowest possible escape from a frightful rear collision. The rank and file on this division was above the average in intelligence and technical ability; but the dry rot at the top had become an epidemic of demoralization a little lower down. As a conductor making one at the eating-house table phrased it: "This ——— division has got so it has to have a man for breakfast every morning."

But incompetence in operating officers need not soar to this height to make work for the surgeon and the grave-digger. In

the railroad service, as elsewhere, it is "like master, like man;" and when *laissez faire* gains a foothold in the general office, good discipline flies out at the window—at all the windows on the line.

The results are sometimes slow in maturing, but when they begin to crystallize into happenings, death and disaster stalk abroad, and many curious and interesting things come to light.

One winter night, something over a year ago, a telegraph operator sat at his table in a line station on the Western plains. Everything was late, and it was well along in the small hours; so it may be admitted, as the single extenuating circumstance, that the night man was sleepy and tired. A few miles west of him two trains, a freight and a passenger, were rumbling eastward; and out upon the plain in the opposite direction he could see the headlight of the incoming westbound passenger.

While he looked, the sounder on the table began to click out orders for the approaching westbound. There were two of them; one fixing the meeting point with the opposing passenger, and the other with the freight.

When the orders were written out, this man did a thing forbidden. The rules required that before an operator should send his "complete" to a train order—the notice to the despatcher that his instructions have been carried out, and that all is fully understood—the conductor of the train to which the order applied should be present to sign his name. We can figure this night man weighing the chances. When the westbound should arrive there would be mail, express and baggage to handle, and time would be at a premium. What harm could come if he should anticipate the train's arrival, sign the conductor's name, send the "complete," place the orders where they could be readily found, and be out on the platform at the incoming of the train to attend to his other duties? None, he decided; and the thing was done.

What happened in the office after he left it will never be precisely known. But when the conductor—breaking another rule which required that he should sign the order in the presence of the operator—entered to look for his orders, he found only one; that making his meeting point with the freight opposing.

As a matter of course, the inevitable came to pass. A short distance beyond the siding where the opposing passenger trains should have met, two engine crews looked each into the other's headlight for some blinding, soul-freezing instant; and on the heels of the sight came the crash, the moment of awful silence, and then the crackling of flames and the cries and groans.

At first sight one would say that two men only, the rule-breaking operator and conductor, were responsible. But we are seeking the cause of the cause. Are we to take it for granted that the operator's lapse was one which even the carefullest of men may make once in a lifetime? Rather are we not driven to conclude that it was nothing of the sort; that his recklessness and the conductor's indifference point to a condition disciplinary affecting the entire service of the line?

That such a condition exists on some, even of the greater systems is a fact well known to those whose point of view is not altogether cursory. Recklessness in train employes, so long as it does not culminate in disaster, goes unpunished. Stolen sidings are winked at by train-masters and despatchers; time-saving breaches of the book of rules bring down no reprimand unless there are consequences; nothing is said about the many little laxities and ease-takings, though all these are well known in the headquarters' offices. The excuse for such a state of affairs is a poor one at best, and it should never be allowed pleading room. It lies in the fact that some operative officers are not unwilling that their subordinates should take a tentative risk in the forwarding of traffic. They will by no means authorize the

breaches of discipline, but they do not punish the rule-breaker unless his chance-taking results in disaster.

False mercy has also somewhat to answer for in this field. Not long ago an old train-despatcher read me this out of the book of his own experience. One night he had instructed the operator at a certain way station to flag a westbound train. About the time when the train should have reached the station, he tapped the wire and asked if the order had been obeyed. The answer was that it had not; that it had been forgotten, and the train had passed; then the man began to beg.

The despatcher was a man of intelligence, and he knew his duty. Also, there were no disastrous consequences impending to make him righteously severe. Also, again, he remembered that the operator was a young man with a family dependent upon his meager salary for its bread and meat, and that discharge in disgrace might easily spell desperation for the effaced one. So he did what other despatchers have done, and are doing every day in the year: let the suppliant off with a stiff wire-wiggling, and by just so much he relaxed the tension of true discipline. For the man who forgets facilely has no place in train handling, and if suffered to remain he will one day add his quota to the eighty-five hundred killings and the sixty-four thousand woundings.

So we may say that bad discipline in some of its multifarious forms accounts for many of the minor disasters, and for some of the greater ones. As has been intimated, it begins at the top. The first requisite in an operative officer must necessarily be a thorough theoretical and practical knowledge of his trade; but treading closely upon the heels of this should come the priceless gift of manhandling. Some officers who are technically well qualified are yet without the ability to get the most and the best out of the human part of the railroad machine, and such men have missed their calling as certainly as the book-worm who goes into politics.

One final charge against the railroad companies as contributors to the results shown by the mortality tables remains to be considered before the counsel for the prosecution may rest his case. It lies in corporate disregard of the law of the land, in corporate contempt for the law where the statute conflicts with what the railroad company is pleased to call its rights.

In most states there is a law requiring all trains to come to a full stop at grade crossings with other railways. In many of these states this reasonable enactment is little better than a dead letter. In many cities there are ordinances requiring the flagging of street crossings: they are honored only when an aroused public sentiment threatens mandatory things like viaducts or subways. In most cities of any considerable size there is an ordinance fixing the speed at which trains may move within the municipal limits—four miles an hour, or perhaps eight, or possibly ten miles an hour. Hold your watch in your hand the next time you are traveling and note the speed of your incoming train, allowing say twelve city blocks to the mile.

The Federal Safety Appliance Law, referred to in a former paper, has dragged its way through the preparatory period of ten years, and the Interstate Commerce Commission Inspection Bureau reports a fairly ready compliance with its provisions. But in its report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, we read that the commission has lodged information with the proper district attorneys of violations of the act by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company; the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Company; the Wabash Railroad Company; the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway Company; the Southern Railway Company; the Wisconsin Central Railway Company; the Texas and New Orleans Railroad Company; the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company; the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis; the Wiggins Ferry Company, and

the Illinois Central Railroad Company. And also that the commission has requested the proper district attorneys to proceed against the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific; the Wabash; the Chicago Great Western, and the Lehigh Valley for failure to comply with the law relating to reports of accidents.

In another and more restricted field the railway company is contemptuous of the law and indifferent to human life. Crossing and right-of-way fights are not yet the anachronisms they should be; and while they are tolerated, the law will be set at naught, and the lives of employés, and sometimes of innocent non-combatants, will be sacrificed.

Of all the sharp business competitions of modern commercialism, these territorial struggles are the most puerile. The rival road always secures its crossing; the parallel line invariably gets its right of way. The show of force is never intended, perhaps, to be anything more than a vigorous bluff; but there have been instances in which the contending corporations have gone to the length of usurping the prerogative of congress; of declaring war in effect, and arming large bodies of their workmen. All this may mean nothing more to the executive staff of the railroad company than an exhibition of a proper spirit of determination in the business struggle; but human passions once set ablaze are not so easily extinguished. In the heat of the battle which becomes very real to the participating employés, some hotheaded one is very likely to pull the life-taking trigger or to dynamite the blockading engine; whereupon a war, *not* altogether of the corporations, is due to arrive.

A certain Western city once furnished an example of what the effect of such a struggle for commercial supremacy may be upon an over-zealous partizan. The city in question has a union passenger terminal, and the stock of the terminal company is held in varying proportions

by the different railways using the station.

A new line, in competition with one of the minority stockholding companies, applied for entrance privileges, and the application was granted against the vote of the minority company. Thereupon war was declared upon the new-comer. An injunction was obtained restraining it from extending its tracks into the terminal. A higher court set the injunction aside, and not to be caught twice in the same trap, the new line put a huge construction force into commission late one Saturday night, and by the dawn of Sunday was hard at work laying its tracks into the station.

During the day the hotheaded zealot on the other side had his inning. While the construction train, black with laborers, and surrounded by a crowd of curious onlookers, stood in the station, the sustained shriek of a locomotive whistle was heard in the lower yard. Somebody saw a masterless fire-vomiting engine rushing up the track toward the standing train and gave the alarm. There was an instantaneous *saute qui peut* and a rush to gain distance. Two seconds of delay would have made a shambles of the train shed. The men on the construction flat-cars had barely time to fling themselves into the receding wave of spectators when the crash came and the two engines and the half-dozen material cars were piled in ruin.

Investigation by the proper authorities revealed nothing more than the fact that an engineman in the service of the protesting road had tied his whistle open, aimed his huge projectile at the train of his company's commercial enemy, fired it with a sudden jerk of the throttle-bar, and jumped off to disappear. We never heard that the officers of the militant company were charged—elsewhere than in the gossip of the street—with instigating the outlaw deed of the engineer, who, by the way, was never apprehended. But there is certainly an indirect responsibility rest-

ing upon such officers when the policy and the attitude of the corporation are distinctly belligerent. In addition, there is this to be said: if a corporation, chartered under the law and protected by it, openly sets the law at defiance, the man in the service of such a corporation is not likely to be a law-abiding citizen at a crisis when he conceives the interest of his employer to be in conflict with the larger equities.

Instances of this nature point to a single conclusion: that the railway company, like some other aggregations of capital which might be named, does, without setting it forth in so many words, hold itself superior to the law of the land: an accusation which many railway officers would substantiate, in general terms, at least, if they could be induced to testify in the public behalf.

Whose fault is it that the railway companies are thus contemptuous of the law? The time has come when we must unlimber the battery and point the guns in the opposite direction. The blame for the lack of many needed reforms in railway construction, management and operation rests upon the American public. The law in this country is operative only as its enforcement is demanded by public sentiment, as thousands of dead-letter enactments on the statute books go to prove. And the deadeast of these laws at the present time are those designed by their framers to direct, control and limit the acts of corporations.

Where the corporate contempt for the law touches only the pocket-book, there may be some excuse for public apathy. This is a wealthy land, and we all pay taxes, seen and unseen, with apparent cheerfulness. But where the infractions of the law jeopardize human life, there should be another story to tell.

It is public sentiment that makes it next to impossible for a prosecuting attorney to secure a grand jury indictment against the man responsible for the rail-

way disaster. It is public sentiment again which leaves a prosecuting officer wholly without support when he seeks to bring a railway company to book for violating the crossing laws and the slow-speed ordinances.

It is public apathy and indifference which accepts the oft-repeated assertion of the railway official that such and such accidents are unpreventable. It is the lack of public concern in this most vital question of safety to life and limb which makes the editor of the newspaper shy about giving his editorial space to comment on the daily disaster, and which has made the accident story in the news columns a thing to be glanced at and forgotten.

This is the passive side of the public accountability; but there is also an active side. Within the past few years the call for high-speed trains has grown into an imperative demand. Ways and means—the railway ways and means—are utterly ignored. If the fast train is late, there will be scores of questioners at the railroad office to ask why the X. Y. & Z. can not make as good time as its competitors; why it does not buy bigger engines; why it does not hire men who can run a train on time; why the management will persist in conducting the business of the road in the methods of twenty years ago.

These questions are all idle enough; but they mean business, or rather the loss of it, to the harassed railroad manager. He knows that under present conditions he can not go out and buy heavier motive power for to-morrow's delivery: he knows that if he had the big engines his sixty-five or seventy-pound rails would ill support their sixty-mile-an-hour hammering. He knows, what the public does not know, that big engines and a faster service mean heavier bridges, better ballasting, endless track rebuilding, and that the alternative is a tremendous factor of risk. He can not whip these adverse conditions into line while the questioner waits, and so he

tries as best he may to comply with the public demand with the means available.

That this spells disaster now and then is no matter for wonder, and it is a fact of which we are only too well assured by the mortality record. But where lies the heavier blame? on the management which tries with inadequate means to save itself from loss? or upon the public with its blind insistence upon greater speed?

In quite another field than this the railroad company goes scot free. Individual carelessness, which is common enough to be called public carelessness, contributes many names to the annual casualty list. This is a barren acre for any but the most philanthropic plowman. As a fool-killer, the railway train in action is a marked success; and the man who from bravado or fancied necessity uses a live railroad track for a promenade, or tries to emulate the adeptness of the train service employé in boarding or jumping from moving trains, takes his life in his own hands and is his own sincerest mourner at his funeral.

This individual carelessness and recklessness, examples of which are seen by railroad men every day, is also a public responsibility, and one for which the best managed railway can not devise safeguards. It accounts for a goodly number of the deaths and injuries in the unclassified list, and in most cases it is an outgrowth of a contempt for reasonable rules and regulations. Wherefore, when we, the people, go about trying to make the corporations respect the law, it might be as well for us, as individuals, to set the good example.

The indifference of the public to its own welfare and safety manifests itself also in the insufficiency of the laws designed to make the railway disaster less commonplace. The sprouting ground of any restrictive enactment is the expressed desire of a constituency, and the lawframer will seldom go beyond his instructions. Here the average citizen is merely indifferently uninformed. For example:

it may be generally known that there is such an act of Congress as the Safety Appliance law; but it is not generally known that it is to a considerable extent rendered inactive or at least inoperative by a huge disproportion of the means to the end. Fifteen inspectors comprise the entire policing force of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and these fifteen men are supposed to report on something over a million and a half cars, to say nothing of the engines.

We are a numerous people, with over 200,000 miles of railway lines spiderwebbing the entire United States. How much of this immense mileage and tremendous area can be policed effectively during the year by fifteen of the most diligent inspectors?

Again, the laws at present on the statute books are insufficient on the penal side, and severe penalties can never be secured or made effective without a strong public demand. Here public indifference is most culpably manifest. We seldom know, and apparently we do not care, whether the penalties in this particular field fit the crime, or whether they are enforced at all.

Two days since, as I was riding the trolley from my suburb to the city, the conductor put his face in at the door to call out "Transfer!" The stoppage was at a railroad crossing. In the thick of a curious crowd lay an overturned trolley car, and a railroad wrecking crew was busy clearing the track. I do not know how it happened, or if any of the passengers involved were killed or injured. But I do know there was little or no righteous indignation in the crowd of onlookers. And if the guilty man or men are properly prosecuted and punished, it will not be because I or my fellow citizens demand it.

In still another way—and this, too, is at present a public responsibility—the laws for life-saving are rendered inoperative. It is everybody's business to become the plaintiff in the case against the

railway company whose employés violate the State crossing or other restrictive laws. But who ever thinks of making a complaint to the proper officer?

Herein, perhaps, the law is in itself deficient, since it does not provide regularly-appointed inspectors to see that it is obeyed. But at the end of the ends the public is responsible. For when the demand for better and more specific laws, and a more rigid enforcement of those already in effect shall make itself felt, the totals in the accident mortality tables will shrink to less appalling magnitudes.

But the pointing out of the public's part in the decreasing of the disaster death rate belongs more properly to the chapter on preventives. We have at length arrived at the last link in the long chain of causes, active and latent: we have seen how a few accidents are due to the perversity of inanimate things, and how the vast majority is chargeable to factors which we may justly require to be eliminated. Remains now the suggestion remedial; and upon this ground, sacred hitherto to corporate claims, we may enter in the concluding paper.

THE LITTLE TUNE

By Carolyn Wells

OH, once there was a little tune that wanted to be sung,
But no one ever thought of it, so no one gave it tongue.

It hovered round musicians' souls, it quivered in the air,
But nobody discovered it or dreamed that it was there.

'Twas such a merry little tune, so blithe and gay and glad,
But after waiting weary years the little tune grew sad.

And though it didn't understand its nameless longing pain,
Its merry melody became a wailing, haunting strain.

One summer night, all aimlessly, it idly floated near
A wonderful musician, who bent his soul to hear;

He caught the sad, sweet melody, then with consummate art,
He sang the little tune to typify a broken heart.

AUNT CYNTHIA'S PERSIAN CAT

By L. M. Montgomery

MAX always blesses the animal when it is referred to; and I don't deny that things have worked together for good after all. But when I think of the agonies Ismay and I underwent on account of that abominable cat it is not a blessing which rises uppermost in my thoughts.

I never was fond of cats, although I admit they are well enough in their place, and I can worry along comfortably with a nice matronly old Tabby that can take care of herself and be of some use in the world. As for Ismay, she hates cats and always did. But Aunt Cynthia, who adored them, never could bring herself to understand that any one else could possibly dislike them. She firmly believed that Ismay and I really liked cats deep down in our hearts, but that, owing to some perverse twist in our moral natures, we would not own up to it, but wilfully persisted in declaring we didn't.

Of all cats, I loathed that white Persian cat of Aunt Cynthia's. And indeed, as we always suspected and afterward proved, Aunt herself looked upon the creature with more pride than affection. She would have taken ten times the comfort in a good, common puss that she did in that spoiled beauty. But a Persian cat with a recorded pedigree and a market value of seventy-five dollars tickled Aunt Cynthia's pride to such an extent that she deluded herself into believing that the animal was really the apple of her eye. It had been presented to her by a missionary nephew who had brought it all the way home from Persia; and for the next two years Aunt Cynthia's household existed to wait on that cat, hand and foot. It was snow-white, with a bluish-gray spot on the tip of its tail; and it was

blue-eyed and deaf and delicate. Aunt Cynthia was always in agonies lest it take cold and die. Ismay and I used to wish that it would, we were so tired of hearing about it and its whims. But we did not say so to Aunt Cynthia; she would probably never have spoken to us again and there was no wisdom in offending Aunt Cynthia. When you have an unencumbered aunt with a fat bank account it is just as well to keep on good terms with her if you can.

So we listened meekly when she discoursed on Fatima—the cat's name was Fatima—and if it were wicked of us to wish for the latter's decease we were well punished for it later on.

One day in November Aunt Cynthia came sailing over to The Pinery. That was a Jonah day for us all through. Everything had gone wrong. Ismay had spilled grease on her velvet coat, and the fit of the new blouse I was making was hopelessly askew, and the kitchen stove smoked, and the bread was sour. Moreover, Huldah Jane, our tried and trusty old family nurse and cook and general "boss," had what she called the "realagy" in her shoulder; and though Huldah Jane is as good an old creature as ever lived, when she has the "realagy" other people who are in the house want to get out and, if they can't, feel about as comfortable as St. Lawrence on his gridiron.

And on the top of all this came Aunt Cynthia's call and request!

"Dear me," said Aunt Cynthia, sniffing, "don't I smell smoke? You girls must manage your range very badly. Mine never smokes. But it is no more than one might expect when two girls try to keep house without a man about the place."

"We get along very well without a man about the place," I said sulkily. Max hadn't been in for two whole days and though nobody wanted to see him particularly I couldn't help wondering why. "Men are nuisances."

"I daresay you like to pretend you think so," said Aunt Cynthia aggravatingly. "But no woman ever does really think so, you know. I imagine that pretty Miss Barrett, who is visiting at the Smalls, doesn't. I saw her and Max Irving out walking this afternoon, looking very well satisfied with themselves. If you dilly-dally much longer, Sue, you will let Max slip through your fingers yet."

That was a tactful thing to say to me, who had refused Max Irving so often that I had lost count. I was furious, and so I stopped scowling and smiled sweetly on my maddening aunt.

"Dear Aunt, how amusing of you," I said smoothly. "You talk as if I wanted Max."

"So you do," said Aunt Cynthia.

"It's no secret that I've refused him time and again," I cried, for well Aunt Cynthia knew it. Max always told her.

"You may do it once too often," said Aunt Cynthia, "and find yourself taken at your word. And this Barrett girl is very pretty."

"Lovely," I assented. "She has the most charming complexion and eyes I ever saw. She would be just the wife for Max and I hope he will marry her."

"Humph!" said Aunt Cynthia. "Well, I won't entice you into telling any more fibs. They may be charged up to me. And I didn't walk over here to-day in all this wind to talk sense into you concerning Max. I am going to Montreal for two months and I want you to take charge of Fatima for me while I am away."

"Fatima!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I don't dare trust her to the care of the servants and taking her with me is out of the question. Mind you always warm her milk before you give it to

her and don't on any account let her run out of doors."

I looked at Ismay and Ismay looked at me. We knew we were in for it. To refuse would mortally offend Aunt Cynthia and that would never do. Besides, if I betrayed my unwillingness, Aunt Cynthia would be sure to put it down to grumpiness over what she had said about Max and rub it in for years. But I ventured to ask:

"What if anything happens to her while you are away?"

"It is to prevent that I'm leaving her with you," said Aunt Cynthia. "You simply must not let anything happen to her. It will do you good to have a little responsibility; and you will have a chance to find out what a really adorable creature Fatima is. Well, that is all settled. I'll send her up to-morrow. I am going on the afternoon train."

"You can take care of that horrid Fatima-thing yourself!" cried Ismay when the door closed behind Aunt Cynthia. "I won't touch her with a yardstick. You had no business to say we would take her!"

"Did I say we would take her?" I demanded crossly. "Aunt Cynthia took our consent for granted. And you know as well as I do we couldn't have refused. So what is the use of being grouchy?"

"If anything happens to her Aunt Cynthia will hold us responsible," said Ismay darkly.

"Do you think Patty Barrett bleaches her hair?" I asked curiously.

"I daresay. Does she eat anything but milk? Will it do to give her mice?"

"Oh, I guess so. But do you suppose Max is really in love with her?"

"I daresay what a relief it would be for you if he is."

"Oh, of course," I said frostily. "Only I don't know that I want to see Max throw himself away on a peroxide-of-hydrogen girl, that's all. Ismay Meade, if that stove doesn't stop smoking I shall

fly into bits. This is a detestable day. I hate that thing!"

"Oh, she isn't too bad a girl," protested Ismay. "She may bleach her hair, of course—but—"

"I was talking about Fatima," I cried in a rage.

"Oh," said Ismay.

Ismay is stupid at times. I thought the way she said "Oh" was inexcusably stupid.

Fatima arrived the next day. Max brought her over in a covered basket, lined with padded crimson satin. Max likes cats and Aunt Cynthia. He explained how we were to treat Fatima and when Ismay had gone out of the room,—Ismay always went out of the room when she knew I particularly wanted her to remain,—he proposed to me again. Of course I said no as usual, but I was rather pleased. Max had been proposing to me about every two months for two years. Sometimes, as in this case, he went three months, and then I always wondered why. I concluded that he could not be really interested in Patty Barrett and I was relieved. I didn't want to marry Max but it was pleasant and convenient to have him around and we would miss him dreadfully if any other girl snapped him up. He was so useful and always willing to do anything for us—nail a shingle on the roof, drive us to town, put down carpets—in short, a very present help in all our troubles.

So I just beamed on him when I said no. Max began counting on his fingers. When he got as far as eight he shook his head and began over again.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I'm trying to count up how many times I've proposed to you," he said. "But I can't remember whether I asked you to marry me that day we dug up the garden or not. If I did it makes—"

"No, you didn't," I interrupted.

"Well, that makes it eleven," said Max reflectively. "Pretty near the limit, isn't

it? My manly pride will not allow me to propose to any one girl more than twelve times. So the next time will be the last, Sue darling."

"Oh," I said. I forgot to resent his calling me darling. I wondered if things wouldn't be rather flat when Max gave up proposing to me. It was the only excitement I had. But of course it would be best—and he couldn't go on at it for ever; so, by way of gracefully dismissing the subject, I asked him what Miss Barrett was like.

"Nice little girl," said Max. "I always liked blondes, you know."

I am dark, with brown eyes. Just then I detested Max. I got up and said I was going to get some milk for Fatima. I found Ismay in a rage in the kitchen. She had been up in the garret and a mouse had run across her foot. Mice always get on Ismay's nerves.

"We need a cat badly enough," she fumed, "but not a useless, pampered thing like Fatima. That garret is literally swarming with mice. You'll not catch me going up there again."

Fatima did not prove such a nuisance as we had feared. Huldah Jane liked her, and Ismay, in spite of her declaration that she would have nothing to do with her, looked after her comfort scrupulously. She even used to get up in the middle of the night and go out to see if Fatima were warm. Max came in every day and hung around and gave us good advice.

Then one day, about three weeks after Aunt Cynthia's departure, Fatima disappeared—just simply disappeared, as if she had dissolved into thin air. We left her one afternoon, curled up asleep in her basket by the fire, under Huldah Jane's eye, while we went out to make calls. When we came home Fatima was gone!

Huldah Jane wept and was as one distracted. She vowed that she had never let Fatima out of her sight the whole

once for three minutes when she to the garret for some summer. When she came back the kitchen was blown open and Fatima had

and I were frantic. We ran in the garden and through the pines and creatures, calling Fatima—but

Then Ismay sat down on the porch-steps and cried.

She has got out—and she'll catch her cold—and Aunt Cynthia will give us," she sobbed.

"I'm going over for Max," I declared. I ran through the pines and over the grass as fast as my feet could carry me, saying to myself that there was a Max in such a predicament.

She came over and we had another look but we did not find Fatima. Days went by and we did not find Fatima. I am certain I have gone crazy had it not been for Max. He was worth his weight in gold during the awful week that

We did not dare advertise lest Aunt Cynthia should see it; but we inquired far and wide for a white Persian cat with a blue spot on its tail and offered a reward for it; but nobody had seen it, and people kept coming to the house every day with every kind of cat in wanting to know if it was the one we sought.

"I shall never see Fatima again," I said welessly to Max and Ismay one day. I had just turned away from a man with a big yellow tommy who insisted must be ours, "because it's our place, mem, a-yowling fearfully, and it don't belong to nobody but our way, mem."

"I'm afraid you won't," said Max. "The cat has perished of exposure long

Aunt Cynthia will never forgive us," I said dismayed. "I had a presentiment the moment that cat came into my life."

I had never heard of this presenti-

ment before, but Ismay is good at having presentiments—after things happen.

"What will we do?" I demanded helplessly. "Max, you must find some way out of this scrape for us."

"Advertise in the city papers for a white Persian cat," suggested Max. "Somebody may have one for sale. If so, you must buy it and palm it off on your good aunt as Fatima."

"But Fatima had a blue spot on her tail," I said.

"You must advertise for a cat with a blue spot on its tail," said Max.

"It will cost a pretty penny," said Ismay. "Fatima was valued at seventy-five."

"We must take the money we have been saving for our new furs," I said sorrowfully. "There is no other way out of it. It will cost us a good deal more if we lose Aunt Cynthia's favor. She is quite capable of believing that we have made away with Fatima deliberately and with malice aforethought."

So we advertised. Max went to town and had the notice inserted in the biggest daily. We asked any one who had a white Persian cat, with a blue spot on the tip of its tail, to dispose of it to communicate with M. I., care of the *Chronicle*.

We really did not have much hope that anything would come of it; so we were delighted and surprised over the letter Max brought home from town four days later. It was a typewritten screed from Montreal stating that the writer had a white Persian cat answering our description for sale. The price was eighty dollars and if M. I. cared to go to Montreal and inspect the animal it would be found at 310 St. Sulpice Street, by inquiring for "Persian."

"Temper your joy, my friends," said Ismay gloomily. "The cat may not suit. The blue spot may not be in the right place or it may be too big. I consistently refuse to believe that any good thing can come out of this deplorable affair."

Just at this moment the door bell rang and I hurried out. A boy was there with a telegram. I tore it open, glanced at it, and dashed back into the room.

"What is it now?" cried Ismay, beholding my face.

I held out the telegram. It was from Aunt Cynthia; she had wired us to send Fatima to Montreal by express immediately.

For the first time in our lives Max did not seem ready to rush into the breach with a suggestion. It was I who spoke first.

"Max," I said imploringly, "you'll see us through this, won't you? Neither Ismay nor I can rush off to Montreal at once. You must go—to-day. Go right to 310 St. Sulpice Street, and ask for 'Persian.' If the cat looks enough like Fatima buy it and take it to Aunt Cynthia. If it doesn't—but it *must*! You'll go, won't you?"

"That depends," said Max.

I stared at him. This was so unlike Max.

"You are sending me on a nasty errand," he said coolly. "How do I know that Aunt Cynthia will be deceived, even if this unseen cat should be a match for Fatima. Buying a cat in a poke is a huge risk. And if she should see through the scheme I will be in a pretty mess. Besides, there will be the wear and tear on my conscience, even if the plot is successful. I shall have to tell or imply some fibs."

"Oh Max," I said, on the verge of tears.

"Of course," said Max, looking meditatively at the fire, "if I were really one of the family or had any reasonable prospect of being I would not mind so much. It would be all in the day's work then. But as it is—"

Ismay got up and went out of the room.

"Oh, Max, *please*," I said.

"Will you marry me, Sue?" demanded

Max sternly. "If you will agree I'll go to Montreal and beard the lion in his den unflinchingly. If necessary I will take a black street cat to Aunt Cynthia and swear that it is Fatima. I will get you out of the scrape if I have to prove that you never had Fatima, that she is safe in your possession at the present time, and that there never was such an animal as Fatima, anyhow. I'll do anything—say anything—but it must be for my future wife."

"Will nothing else do you?" I asked helplessly.

"Nothing."

I thought hard. Of course Max was acting abominably, but—but—he was really a dear fellow—and there was Patty Barrett—and this was the twelfth time! All at once I saw that life would be a dreadfully dismal thing if Max were not around somewhere.

"Very well," I said crossly.

Max took the evening train to Montreal. Next day we got a wire saying that it was all right. Forty-eight hours after his departure he was back at The Pinery. Ismay and I put him in a chair and glared at him impatiently.

Max began to laugh and laughed until he turned blue.

"I'm glad it is so amusing," said Ismay severely. "If Sue and I could see the joke it might be more so."

"Dear little girls, have patience with me," implored Max. "If you knew what it cost me to keep a straight face in Montreal you would forgive me for breaking out now."

"We forgive you—but for pity's sake tell us about it," I cried.

"Well, as soon as I arrived in Montreal I hurried to 310 St. Sulpice Street. But see here—didn't you tell me that your aunt's address was 48 Cartier Street?"

"So it is."

"Tisn't. You look at the address on a telegram the next time you get one.

She went a week ago to visit another friend who lives at 310 St. Sulpice."

"Max!"

"Sure. I rang the bell and was just going to ask the maid for 'Persian' when your Aunt Cynthia herself came through the hall and pounced on me. 'Max,' she said, 'have you brought Fatima?' 'No,' I answered, trying to adjust my wits to this new development as she towed me into the reception room. 'No—I—I—just came to Montreal on a little matter of business.' 'Dear me,' said Aunt Cynthia crossly, 'I don't know what those girls mean. I wired them yesterday to send Fatima at once. And she has not come yet and I'm expecting a call at any time from somebody who wants to buy her.' 'Oh,' I murmured, miring deeper every minute. 'Yes,' went on your aunt, 'there is an advertisement in the *Bridgeport Chronicle* for a Persian cat and I answered it. Fatima is really quite a charge, you know—and so apt to die and be a dead loss'—did your aunt mean a pun, girls?—and so, although I am considerably attached to her, I have decided to part with her.' By this time I had got my second wind and I promptly decided that a judicious alloy of the truth was the thing required. 'Well, of all the curious coincidences!' I exclaimed. 'Why, Miss Ridley, it was I who advertised for a Persian cat—on Sue's behalf. She and Ismay have become so fond of Fatima that they wanted one like her for themselves.'

"You should have seen how she beamed. Said she always knew you really liked cats only you would never own up to it. We clinched the dicker then and there. I passed her over your eighty dollars—she took it without turning a hair—and now you are the joint owners of Fatima. Good luck to your bargain!"

"Mean old thing!" sniffed Ismay. She meant Aunt Cynthia, and, remembering our shabby furs, I didn't disagree with her.

"But there is no Fatima," I said dubiously. "How shall we account for her when Aunt Cynthia comes home?"

"Why, you will have to tell her that the cat is lost—but you needn't say *when* it happened. And as for the rest, Fatima pertains solely to you, so Aunt Cynthia can't grumble. But she will have a poorer opinion than ever of your fitness to run a house alone."

When Max left I went to the window to watch him down the path. He was really a handsome fellow and I was proud of him. At the gate he turned to wave me good-by and as he did so he glanced upward. Even at that distance I saw the look of amazement on his face. Then he came bolting back.

"Ismay, the house is on fire," I shrieked as I flew to the door.

"Sue," cried Max, "I saw Fatima or her ghost at the garret window a moment ago!"

"Nonsense!" I cried. But Ismay was already half way upstairs and we followed. Straight to the garret we rushed. There sat Fatima, sleek and complacent, sunning herself in the window.

Max laughed until the rafters rang.

"She can't have been up here all this time," I protested half tearfully. "We would have heard her meowing."

"But you didn't," said Max.

"She would have died of the cold," declared Ismay.

"But she hasn't," said Max.

"Or starved," I cried.

"The place is alive with mice," said Max. "No, girls, there is no doubt that the cat has been here the whole fortnight. She must have followed Huldah Jane up that day unobserved. It is a wonder you didn't hear her crying—if she did cry—but perhaps she didn't—and, of course, you sleep downstairs. To think you never thought of looking here for her!"

"It has cost us eighty dollars," said Ismay with a malevolent glance at the sleek Fatima.

"It has cost me more than that," I said, as I turned to the stairway. Max held me back for an instant while Ismay and Fatima pattered down.

"Do you think it has cost you too much, Sue?" he whispered.

I looked at him sideways. He was really a dear.

"No," I said, "but when we are married you will have to take care of Fatima. I won't."

"Dear Fatima," said Max gratefully.

THE OLDEN WAY

By Clinton Scollard

WHEN by the ingle-side I sit,—
 However it may be by day,—
 And shades are drawn, and lights are lit,
 My heart goes back the olden way;
 Goes back along the paths I trod
 In that far, fair, unfettered time
 When my young feet were ardor-shod,
 And the sun rose and set to rhyme.
 The hill-crests call to me; I mount
 Through open beach and maple aisles,
 Where a pellucid forest fount
 Slips dimpling down with lyric smiles.
 A pasture reach where mandrake-moons
 Are half leaf-hid I cross, and there
 I chase the tiny seed-balloons
 The dandelions toss in air.
 Then I plunge thicket-ward, and win
 Through many a briary dip and turn,
 Drinking the hale aromas in
 From bruised bark and trampled fern.
 On and yet on with vernal thews
 I swing, nor do I pause, forsooth!
 Why should I, when I have to use
 The brimmed, immortal cruse of Youth!
 And not until I cap the height,
 With my hewn staff of hickory,
 Do I drain all the deep delight
 The sweet Earth-Mother willed to me.
 The height!—Ah, immemorial hills,
 Fresh with the dawn-wind and the dew,
 My heart, when day's loud turmoil stills,
 Yearns ever, ever back to you!
 Spire after golden sunset spire
 Crumbles, or fades to somber gray—
 O hills, from out the ingle-fire
 Beckon me still the olden way!

THE SUPREMACY OF LAW

HOW GOVERNOR PEABODY MET THE INTOLERABLE SITUATION IN COLORADO AND RESTORED PEACE AND ORDER TO THE IMPERILED COMMONWEALTH

By William Mac Leod Raine

FOR nearly a year Colorado has been a focal point of observation to all interested in the evolution of democratic and constitutional government. A state of insurrection has existed, the culmination of many years of violent lawlessness, and the drastic remedy of the chief executive of the state has been heroic and in part unprecedented.

The accusers of Governor Peabody bring a formidable indictment against him. It is contended that he has met lawlessness with an equal disregard for law; that he has abridged the privileges and immunities of republican citizenship; that he has usurped the functions of the judiciary and the legislature; that he has set up a military monarchy, absolute and unfettered, in the storm centers, and has attempted to establish a citizenship which shall exclude certain economic and political organizations. Specifically, he is charged with having suspended the writ of habeas corpus, contrary to legal precedent and the spirit of the federal and the state constitutions; with denying legal counsel and a trial by jury to citizens criminally accused; with deporting miners to other states in violation of rights and privileges granted by the federal constitution, and with setting the military under his command in contempt of court. These are very serious offenses. If guilty of such despotism Governor Peabody is not fit to fill the executive chair of a great state. But it may be conceded that extraordinary conditions demand sometimes extraordinary treatment. The history of our government has shown this time and again.

It will be remembered that George Washington endured much this same storm of obloquy more than a hundred years ago. When, in 1794, he promptly exerted the authority of the federal government to stamp out the Whisky Riots, suspending the writ of habeas corpus till order was restored, editors and politicians were not slow to impugn his judgment and his motives. "He was misled into unpopular course, and introduced absolute power under pretext of giving energy to the government," charged Randolph. The clamor against the president had the weighty names of Burr and Jefferson behind it. None the less Alexander Hamilton was right when he aligned himself with his chief in the declaration that "Proof at last has been given of the capacity of the government to sustain itself." It is that same proof that Colorado had been vitally in need of for some years when James H. Peabody took the reins.

The question of the executive authority has been in controversy ever since the formation of the government. Jackson solved it to his satisfaction in Nullification days, Lincoln decided it when the menace of Secession confronted him, Cleveland found no room for doubt when insurrection stalked over the land at the time of the Chicago strike in '94; and an enlightened public sentiment has sustained them against the lawbreakers, despite the Constitutional literalists who feared unduly such a forceful expression of law.

The theory of government is that to protect the commonwealth power must be lodged somewhere. By the wisdom of the

founders of this nation that power was distributed through three departments, none of which is to exercise any function properly belonging to another. There are, however, certain exceptions to this provision, all in favor of the executive department. The right to pardon a criminal condemned by the judiciary, the suspension of the action of courts under certain contingencies, the power of veto, of calling legislative bodies into special session and of limiting the subjects of their discussion, of ordering an adjournment in the case of a tie vote, are all examples of these exceptions which extend the power of the executive at the expense of the other branches of the government.

As a people we are rightfully so jealous of any possible abuse of power infringing on democracy that undue importance is often attached in the public mind to any seeming stretch of authority. Yet in time of emergency power is necessarily vested in the executive to act without waiting for or being hampered by the slower coordinate branches of government. When the State is menaced by a great evil, it has been found the part of wisdom to allow the Chief Executive to protect it by whatever adequate defense is necessary. Let the facts show whether Colorado has been threatened by such a calamity.

For some years the most potent organization of union labor in the Rocky Mountain states has been the Western Federation of Miners. It has for long been the dominating political and industrial factor of Montana, which position it achieved only after a strenuous career, dark with intimidation, violence, and bloodshed. Attempting to establish itself in Idaho, the Western Federation found its high-handed methods checked in the Cœur d'Alene district by the advent of United States troops. It then turned its attention to Colorado, moving its headquarters to Denver, in which city are the offices of its president, Charles H. Moyer, and its secretary, W. D. Haywood. It would be unfair to judge other labor or-

ganizations by the Western Federation, which "out-Herods Herod" in all the excesses to which the worst of these are prone in time of stress. The Federation is avowedly socialistic. On each membership card is the motto: "Labor produces all wealth; wealth belongs to the producer thereof." The logical application of this motto has been driven home to the ignorant miners by their leaders both in speeches and in private talk. Messrs. Moyer and Haywood have little in common with sane and conservative labor leaders like Mitchell and Gompers, with whom it is a cardinal principle to meet capital in a friendly and conciliatory spirit. Believing that the capitalist is necessarily a robber, every concession made by him becomes inevitably a pretext for demanding more. To the wilder socialist labor leader property rights hold no respect, since their acquisition has been made "unjustly" at the expense of labor. The notorious "Mother" Jones, whose nauseous private record was recently exposed in print, is a firebrand. What may be expected to ensue from speeches like that of Father Haggerty, the unfrocked priest who addressed an ignorant mob of foreigners on July 3, 1902? The occasion was the dedication of a monument erected out of union funds to commemorate the death of an Italian unionist who lost his life in a dastardly attack on non-union miners as they were quitting work at the Smuggler-Union mine.

"That railroad is yours; the trains are yours; those large business blocks and office buildings down town are yours; the mercantile stocks of goods are yours; the bank and the moneys there on deposit are yours; if you want them go and take them."

And he added a recommendation to kill anybody that interfered with them while they were taking possession. The ignorant miners went home and pondered these things. The result of their chaotic thoughts has been evidenced by a long record of violence and bloodshed.



JAMES H. PEABODY, GOVERNOR OF COLORADO

Early in 1901 Vincent St. John was elected to the presidency of the Telluride Miners' Union, which position he held till June of 1903, when he fled the camp to escape arrest upon warrants charging him with riot and murder. He is now a fugitive from justice. St. John had worked in the mines about Telluride for two or three years prior to the time he was elected, but he never held a job beyond the first pay-day. He was lazy, incompetent, and an inveterate agitator. Yet he had much of that eloquent magnetism so dangerous in inflaming ignorant men.

The Smuggler-Union mine, employing about six hundred men, is a corporation which has spent more than \$3,000,000 in developing its property and equipping its mills. The mine was, in 1901, operating under the contract system, though it was optional with the men to work by the day at \$3 for eight hours, if they so desired. Most of the miners, however, elected to work by the contract, receiving so much per fathom of ground broken up and removed from the slopes to the ore shutes. This offered a chance to earn more money by greater activity, and held the further inducement of allowing each man to be his own "boss." St. John held such a contract, but failed to make it pay on account of his innate antipathy to work. He earned only \$1.50 a day and soon threw up his contract. Another man took it up at precisely the point where he dropped it, and under exactly the same conditions averaged \$4.65 per day.

Restless and irresponsible as he was, St. John was eager to stir up trouble. He chose the contract system as the point of attack. At a packed meeting it was voted by his following that it be abandoned, for it is part of the policy of the incompetents to hold the more able workmen down to their own level of work and wages. Manager Arthur Collins, of the Smuggler-Union mines, replied to the demands of St. John that it was optional with the men themselves to work either by the day

or by the contract, and that he would continue the system that then obtained. On May 1 a strike was called. During that month no attempt was made to work the mine, but in June there was a resumption of work, a number of the employes having requested the management to reopen.

As the night shift emerged from the mine at daybreak of July 3 the men were met by a scathing fire from the surrounding hilltops. Several of them were killed and others were seriously injured. Among those badly wounded were Charles Becker, the brother-in-law of Manager Collins, George Nicholson, and William Jordan. The force at the mine attempted a defense and killed at least one of the attackers, the Italian to whom the monument was subsequently raised. But they were forced eventually to run up the white flag, since they had only a few old weapons to oppose two hundred and fifty Krag-Jorgensons. St. John negotiated for the attackers, and possession of the mine was turned over to the strikers. Down from the hills poured the anarchists—most of them Finns, Poles, Italians, and Austrians—all well equipped with long-distance, heavy-caliber rifles, which had been ordered, with fifty thousand rounds of ammunition, by St. John on Miners' Union stationery from a Denver firm. Both this letter and the check paying for the goods were signed by St. John, later developments showed.

The rioters took possession of the few weapons of the "scabs," and proceeded to treat them with the greatest inhumanity. They were robbed and beaten. Their clothes and boots were torn from some of them and they were driven up the icy, rocky trail toward the summit of the range. The rioters followed them, beating the laggards with their rifles or firing into the fleeing victims. Thomas Ballard, a quiet, steady pioneer, was shot through both arms from behind. Barefooted and faint, he dragged himself into Silverton next day. For many weeks he lay in a hospital between life and death. Edwin

Thomas, small and slight, was beaten and left for dead. He crawled down the mountain side to a deserted cabin, was found there in the night by two men and beaten again. He had incurred the enmity of his attackers by running the air compressor that he might send money to his wife and children in Cornwall.

It was at this time, while the mine was still in the possession of the lawless rioters, that a state senator who had been elected by union votes wired to the governor: "No occasion for troops; mine in peaceful possession of miners." An evidence of the strength of the Federation leaders is shown in the fact that they have controlled public officials, electing those who were friendly to them and holding the whip of political disaster over those who attempted to force them to modify their lawlessness. The Federation controlled the labor vote, and was thus enabled to elect sheriffs and legislators, pack juries, and ignore the penalty of the law which would otherwise have followed its offenses.

Before the attack on the Smuggler one J. W. Barney, a non-union shift boss employed in that mine, went to Telluride and started to return late at night. He went to the livery stable to get his horse, and while waiting for the attendant to bring it, was set upon by four armed men. He was heard to cry, "Don't murder me!" as they pushed him through the back door into the alley. A moment later several shots rang out. Barney was never seen again. For more than a year there was a standing reward of \$6,000 offered for any information leading to his discovery dead or alive. The reward was never claimed. It is probable that the body was thrown in some abandoned shaft. The boy who was in charge of the stables disappeared before he could be subjected to a rigid examination. He has not been heard of since.

On October 10, 1901, John Mahoney, a non-union employé of the Smuggler, started back to the mine from town in the

evening. He never reached there. His pay check, like Barney's, still remains uncalled for at the company offices.

Wesley J. Smith, non-union shift boss at the Liberty Bell, started to visit his invalid wife at La Junta, Colo. He went to Telluride, drew his check and bought ticket and sleeper berth to leave that night. He was seen in the course of the evening with some rabid union men, but apparently all was friendly between them. He never returned to the hotel for his valise, nor did he call at the depot for his tickets. A reward of \$6,000 was offered for information leading to his discovery. No one doubted that he had been murdered, and some bold persons began to search abandoned shafts to find the body, but they desisted when the word was passed to drop it.

Arthur Collins was warned that his life was in danger after the strike had been settled, but he laughed at such warnings, declaring that nobody had now any grudge against him; that everything was running smoothly. He was murdered as he sat in his house playing cards with friends, shot through the window by an assassin who crawled up in the darkness.

The list of disappearances grew long. Man after man vanished. To be on the "scab list" was to be in danger of one's life. It was a common story for non-unionists to be set upon and beaten. Any man who opposed the unions walked to and fro about his business under the shadow of fear, remembering how brave Arthur Collins had paid forfeit with his life, not knowing whether the time might not be at hand for his "removal." Obnoxious merchants were put under a boycott because they were too big to wink at crime and justify it by silence.

St. John was nominated for sheriff on the democratic ticket. He was defeated by a very few votes and attributed his defeat to the opposition of the Telluride *Journal*, which opposed him on the ground that the election of such a man

to the sheriff's office would be a grave danger to the community. A boycott was established against the *Journal* and continues to this day. Under pressure from the union every advertisement but five was withdrawn from the paper. It does not pay to be a stalwart or a red-blooded American where the Western Federation holds sway.

This intolerable situation had come to a climax in the year 1903. It happened that then, too, there came to the gubernatorial chair a new executive. He was a self-made man, one who had worked his way forward steadily from small things until he had acquired large business interests. It soon became apparent that James H. Peabody meant to govern the state in fact as well as in name. He is not opposed to labor organizations as such, but he has denied them the right to abridge the rights of others. He has stood for the "open shop," for the right of employers to manage their own business and of workmen to labor where they please without menace from any organization, for the supremacy of law and order at all cost.

It was about the time of Governor Peabody's election that a provision was inserted in the constitution of the Western Federation which materially centralized the power of the organization. Before that time a strike could not be called without taking a referendum vote of the men to be involved, but then the power to call strikes was taken out of the hands of the members and lodged with a committee of thirteen, which committee is dominated by W. D. Haywood, a strong, forceful zealot of the type that believes the end justifies the means.

The logical result followed. Haywood cast his eyes toward Telluride and saw that lawless labor ruled the roost. The non-union workmen had been driven out. What had been done at Telluride should find a parallel at Cripple Creek, for, though that camp was pretty thoroughly

unionized, there were a few mines which still employed "scab" labor. The policy of the Federation is to control the ore from the time it leaves the mine until it becomes bullion. Messrs. Haywood and Moyer argued that if the workmen at the mills and smelters refused to handle ore from "unfair" mines the mine-owners would be forced to fall into line and employ only union labor. An attempt was made to organize the smeltermen, but the result was not satisfactory. Demands were made upon the smelter operators and strikes developed. The Federation faced defeat, and to save itself resolved to cut off the ore supply of the offending mills. This was possible by ordering the union miners at Cripple Creek not to work in any mine which shipped ore to the "unfair" smelters. It must be remembered that in the Creek district the miners had no grievance. They had enjoyed for ten years an eight-hour day and their wages were as high as any obtainable in the labor market. If the referendum had still been in force ninety per cent. of the miners would have voted to stay at work. But the strike committee arbitrarily ordered them "out" without consulting them. The men and their employers, working harmoniously together, were suddenly thrown into opposite camps to satisfy the vanity and hostility of the Federation officials. The strike was called against the better judgment of the more level-headed miners. It was then inevitable that in conducting it the worst and most fanatical socialists would be in control. In attempting to manage the metalliferous production of Colorado one strike had led to another and another until now thousands of men in no way involved in the original trouble were thrown out of employment. Within a year sixteen strikes, involving each from three hundred to twenty-one thousand men, were called in the state, due in every case more or less to the pernicious activity of the Western Federation.

Disorders began to occur at Colorado City and later at Cripple Creek. The old familiar story was enacted again of threats, intimidations, arson, beatings, violence of different kinds. The state militia was ordered to Colorado City by Governor Peabody. When trouble began in the Cripple Creek district troops were promptly put in the field despite the protest of the local authorities, who maintained that they were competent to handle the situation. But neither the Governor nor the mine operators had any faith in the local authorities. They believed that they were either intimidated by the strikers or were acting in their interests. Since they had been elected by union votes and were in some cases themselves members of unions the county officials might be expected to sympathize with the strikers. They did more. They connived at lawlessness in the official discharge of their duty. It became thoroughly understood that assaults made on non-union men would not be punished. One workman who had been assaulted had the temerity to carry his case to court. To make an example of such flagrant impudence he was fined \$25 and

costs. Justice Hawkins was knocked down and beaten because he discharged some non-union miners haled before him on the charge of carrying concealed weapons. The theory of the Western Federation leaders appears to be that only lawbreakers should carry weapons. Sheriff Robertson released an alleged criminal while the papers were being made out against him, knowing that they would be ready in half an hour. The Sheriff is a member of Miners' Union No. 40.

In short, disregard of law by union men was not a crime. The legal machinery was put in motion to free instead of to convict criminals. It was matter of common gossip that the strike leaders encouraged excesses; and there is evidence to show that they are the direct instigators of riot and murder at Cripple Creek just as at Telluride and



SHERMAN BELL.
ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF COLORADO

Idaho Springs. Since they controlled the local authorities peace was not likely soon to be restored.

Under these conditions General Sherman Bell, adjutant-general of the state guard, was found it necessary to super-
vide rather than assist the local authorities. Incendiary strike leaders and un-

pected criminals were arrested and thrown into the "bullpen." They appealed to the civil courts, and their release was finally ordered by Judge Seeds. The military officials did not, however, recognize the order of the court until Governor Peabody sanctioned their release. Nor did the opinion of the courts agree in the matter of jurisdiction. Judge Hallett of the United States district court supported the executive view. After quoting precedents and giving his reasons, the judge took occasion to indorse Governor Peabody:

"The people of this state are to be congratulated upon having a governor who will enforce the law. This court will not interfere with him in the execution of his duties."

The supreme court of the state has also put itself on record as holding the view that the executive is not to be interfered with by the courts while suppressing an insurrection. President Moyer of the Western Federation had been arrested at Telluride, and a test case was made of the right of the military to hold him against an order of the court. The decision of the supreme court of the state of Colorado in the Moyer habeas corpus case completely sustained the contention of Governor Peabody. Realizing that the case involved the fundamental relations of the various departments of the government, the supreme court had invited seven of the most eminent lawyers of Colorado to assist the tribunal in arriving at a sound conclusion. As it happened, six out of these seven advisers were chosen from the political party opposed to the governor. This court in its findings rules that the power of determining whether a state of insurrection exists resides solely in the chief executive of the state, and sustains him in employing whatever means may in his opinion be necessary to enforce law and restore order.

"The power and authority of the militia in such circumstances are not unlike that of the police of a city, or the sheriff

of a county. . . . Certainly such officials would be justified in arresting the rioters and placing them in jail without warrant, and detaining them there until the riot was suppressed. If, as contended by petitioner, the military, as soon as a rioter or insurrectionist is arrested, must turn him over to the civil authorities of the county, the arrest might, and in many cases would, amount to a mere farce. He could be released on bail and left free to again join the rioters. . . .

"Nor do these views conflict with section 22 of the Bill of Rights, which provides that the military shall always be in strict subordination to the civil power.

"The governor, in employing the militia to suppress an insurrection, is merely acting in his capacity as the chief civil magistrate of the state . . . In other words, he is exercising the civil power vested in him by law through a particular means which the state has provided for the protection of its citizens."

These quotations from the decision of the state's supreme court set at rest effectually the charge that the governor met lawlessness with lawlessness. In his opinion, and in that of most good and well-informed citizens, a state of insurrection existed which the local authorities were not able or else not willing to suppress, nor were the courts able to meet the emergencies that had arisen. It became necessary then for the chief executive to exercise those extraordinary powers delegated him to defend the commonwealth in time of peril. Nor does anybody doubt if the militia had not been called out, or if the governor and General Bell had not faced the situation squarely and taken hold of it with both hands, that there would have been a very carnival of bloodshed in the affected districts.

And even with the military on the spot more than a score of men have been murdered during the past year. An explosion of dynamite occurred in the Vindicator mine which killed two non-union em-

ployes, a superintendent and a shift boss. The evidence shows conclusively that the explosion was the deliberate work of men opposed to the working of the mines with non-union labor. An attempt to wreck a trainload of workmen was fortunately frustrated, but the anarchistic firebrands of the Western Federation, believing that it was necessary to make signal proof of its vengeance if the reign of terror was to continue, blew up early on the morning of June 6 the Independence station of the Florence and Cripple Creek railway. Some twenty-five or thirty men, who had just left work at the Findley mine and were on their way home, had gathered on the platform to take the train. Thirteen men were killed, and eight others severely, if not mortally, wounded. Two hundred pounds of dynamite had been placed under the platform and had been fired by a wire which ran back from the station to a mine dump one hundred yards away.

This was the last murderous protest of the anarchist miners to maintain their stand in Colorado. The method of rule by intimidation had been ended by Sherman Bell's heavy hand at Telluride; it had been terminated at Idaho Springs by an unlawful uprising of the citizens after the cowardly attempt to kill non-union workers in the Sun and Moon plant explosion; it was to end in the Cripple Creek district by the organization of a "committee of safety" composed of leading citizens. The resignation of city and county officials was promptly demanded. Sheriff, coroner, marshals, police magistrates, and others were forced to tender their resignations from the offices to which the unions had elected them.

The strike leaders became alarmed. A mass meeting was called for that evening by the citizens' committee. C. C. Hamlin, secretary of the Mine Owners' Association, was speaking when the union miners opened fire. They killed two men and wounded several others, then barricaded themselves one hundred and twenty-five

strong in the union hall. The Victor company of the National Guards was ordered out, and after a sharp fusillade the union men surrendered. Relieved from the weight of fear that had so long oppressed them, the citizens of Cripple Creek and the surrounding district lost their heads. A turn of the tide had suddenly swept them into power, and the revulsion was great.

So, too, was the provocation. They had seen crime shelter itself behind the bulwark of official partiality, had seen courts made inoperative by biased juries, and their respect for law, as it was administered in the disaffected district, was under eclipse.

The civil authorities had failed and the military had succeeded. In the mines were working contentedly three thousand men, and the troops were withdrawn. Then came the wholesale assassination at the railroad station, followed by the wilful and deliberate murder of two men at Victor and the wounding of very many others. The fear of assassination had been daily with the residents of Teller County. The history of the Cœur d'Alene, of Leadville and of Idaho Springs, had taught them that peace would rule if the Federation criminals were deported.

With the people of Cripple Creek it was not a constitutional question, but one of security for life and property. It is not sufficient for critics to condemn Teller County for sending away its criminals and crime writers. The pertinent question is what else could they have done? Self-preservation is the first law of nature. If this is applicable to an individual, why not a community? And if a city may force dangerous characters to leave as the police do in nearly every municipality in America, why may not a county do so for the public good? So Teller County reasons with some show of right.

Taking the administration of affairs into their own hands, the citizens in effect established a temporary vigilance committee. Evidence was discovered among the

personal belongings of some of the unionists at Victor which seemed to show further murderous intent on the part of some of the strikers. Group photographs of miners were found, with some of the faces numbered. For example, the Vindicator mine employes were shown in one picture, and on the back of the photograph names of non-union miners were written to correspond with the numbers. Two of these names were scored through by a pen, with the added information, "attend to November 23." The men indicated had been blown up in the Vindicator explosion of that date. It is a fair presumption that the others were to be "attended to" later.

General Bell hurried at once to Victor and took command of the situation. He rounded up in a drag-net of militia every suspect in the district. The names of the men were gone over carefully one by one. They were judged on their records, and those whose past showed them to be friends of disorder were promptly deported.

It may be safely added that most of them were very glad to be removed.

The conditions in Colorado are so different from those in a thickly settled community like Pennsylvania that a different treatment must necessarily be taken. During all this struggle of law and order against the Western Federation and kindred organizations but three counties were involved most of the time, and only a part of those. But the topography of the country is such, the reservoirs so inaccessible and the mines themselves often so remote, that it would be impossible to patrol all the places which might lend themselves to the dynamiter and the assassin. President J. C. Craig, of the state citizens' alliance, points out that a stick of dynamite under a pipe line or a power plant might endanger the lives of a hundred men underground, nor could ten thousand soldiers guarantee safety if the district were filled with hundreds of disaffected persons. It became then an imperative necessity to deport such persons as were evilly disposed

in order that peace might be secured and in order to defend from chance of harm those who were peaceably at work. Nor need any sympathy be wasted on those who were deported. Most of them did not want work, nor could they have obtained it if they had desired it. Many of them were in the employ of the Western Federation, the policy of which has been to keep a certain number of trouble-breeders at storm centers, moving them from place to place, as occasion seemed to demand. It was this class, loud in complaint about the forfeiture of their constitutional rights and very plausible in talk for publication, that Governor Peabody and General Bell assisted over the state line for Colorado's good and their own safety. Only those whose presence would be likely to foment trouble were removed. The mining population of Cripple Creek is normally a peaceful and law abiding one, but professional agitators had produced a condition which made it unsafe for the community that those preaching sedition should stay there. Therefore Sherman Bell's drag-net went out, and in the interests of law and order gathered up such men as put themselves in opposition to the established government.

It has been charged that the military have acted harshly and in violation of the rights of private citizens. Well, one can not kill a rattlesnake gently. The temporary seizure of private property, the censorship of a press which was giving encouragement to the forces in rebellion, the detention and deportation of men "without trial or due process of law," find their justification in the emergency. There come times of danger when a private citizen may not wisely insist upon his full rights. In case of mutiny the captain of a ship is an autocrat. The police are empowered to make a crowd "move on" when the situation is such that its presence is a danger. This is exactly what Governor Peabody has done. He has required certain disaffected persons who might and

surely would interfere with the establishment of peace to move on from the scene of disturbance. That this has been done as gently as possible can hardly be disputed when one bears in mind that during the year while the militia have been in the field but one striker has suffered death (resisting arrest) at the hands of the soldiers, while in the same period more than a score of innocent people have fallen victims to secret or open murder on the part of anarchists. The acts of the military find their justification in "military necessity." The restraint and deportation of suspects is an executive, not a judicial act. It should be judged only upon a knowledge of the exceptional circumstances that seemed to necessitate drastic measures.

There is certainly far more danger of a state government failing to protect its citizens than of using its authority in arbitrary manner; far more danger of its being too lenient to those abusing liberty than too harsh. Governor Peabody has emphasized again the great truth that no body of citizens, however large in number, is superior to the state, and that lawlessness is not the less criminal because hundreds of persons are engaged in it instead of one. He has rendered a service to the country in distinguishing sharply between organized labor that seeks legal redress for grievances and that which attempts to force what it desires by thugery and dynamite and intimidation. The present governor did not create the conditions which he has had to meet. He was not responsible for the failure of a corrupt legislature to pass the eight-hour bill that had been pledged by both parties. It was unfortunate that the labor troubles that

had been brewing for years grew acute just at this time and that revolutionary labor leaders turned to Colorado as their Mecca of disorder. But these things were conditions, and the new governor accepted them as such. He has stood firmly for law and order. He has insisted on the maintenance of the "open shop," on the right of an American citizen to work where he pleased or to hire whomever he pleased, and he has guaranteed protection against interference to vested property rights and to the men with the dinner pail.

Much has been written of the contempt for law of the citizens of Colorado. In point of fact, the resident of that state has not changed his nature because he lives under the blue sky of the Rockies. He is like the inhabitant of any other state—a plain, honest, law-abiding American citizen, slow to realize an evil, patient to endure it, prone to error but desirous always of finding an equitable settlement of any difficulty.

That settlement has been found. The mills and smelters are running under a full force, the mines are again in operation. The forces that make for anarchy have been met and defeated. Business men feel that the air has been clarified and that the very great resources of the state will continue in the development which was interrupted by the labor wars of the past year or two. The day of intimidation is past, thanks to Governor Peabody's fearless energy. Telluride, Victor, and Idaho Springs are once more in America, and weak-kneed officials will no longer find it profitable to administer the law subject to the approval of the central committee of the Western Federation of Miners.

HOW HE WON—AND PAID

AN INCIDENT IN THE INTERESTING CAREER OF MR. DECK MELTON

By Wood Levette Wilson

TEN days earlier, the Samoset Inn was not one-third full, and half the cottages on the heights that overlooked the beach were still masked with drawn curtains and closed doors. But now the former modest and unimportant fishing village, which had, in the native eagerness for the dollar, degenerated into a summer resort, in imminent danger of becoming fashionable, felt the near approach of July with the increasing throbs of its summer life. The Inn buzzed with guests, the doors and windows of all the cottages were open to the tempered breezes of the Atlantic, the narrow, sandy streets were trod by many people in the brightly picturesque costumes that tell of city dwellers on an outing, and from morning until late—sometimes, indeed, very late—at night the air of quiet Samoset vibrated with the careless talk and laughter of the people who live to live.

"If there gets to be much more of a crowd here I'll have to skip back to Broadway for peace and quiet," thought Deck Melton, as he stepped out of his bath house ready for his morning plunge.

Samoset was still primitive in regard to its bath houses. These were a cluster of mere shacks down on the beach, which was reached by several stairways from the heights. A very modest sum paid each week to the enterprising old fisherman who controlled the shanties entitled you to the use of one of them and the possession of a key to its door, which could have been unlocked with a button-hook.

Midday was the usual bathing time, and there was no one in sight when Deck waded through the loose sand down to where the heavy surf was pounding

against the sharply shelving beach. The surf was always heavy at Samoset, and those who went into it had to do something more than dabble.

Deck waded into the water up to his knees, and, as the next big roller approached, plunged through it and came up half a dozen yards out. Then, in the lazy enjoyment of the mere luxury of the thing, swam slowly seaward, occasionally turning on his back to float while he gazed at the unbroken blue above. Presently he dropped his feet and began to tread water as he looked about to see where he was.

"Why, this isn't very far," he thought, as he glanced toward the shore. "I'll go out farther. Hello!" he exclaimed, as a swell lifted him up, and he turned his eyes seaward. "There's some fellow out there now. He must be the real thing. I'll go out and see who he is."

He turned on his side, and with a reaching overhand stroke swam briskly outward. When he raised his head again to locate the swimmer, he caught his breath.

"By George!" he gasped. "It's a woman!" He glanced back at the shore and saw that he was much farther out than he had ever been before. "Well, the nerve of her!" he muttered.

She was swimming shoreward, and as he made his way slowly toward her he saw that her face bore the tense expression of one who is making a great effort. Her lips were closely compressed, but she had all the signs of being almost out of breath.

"Tired?" he asked, as he drew near her.

"Yes!" she gasped, then closed her lips.

Half a dozen vigorous strokes put him along side of her.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," he said, unceremoniously.

She did not answer, but she obeyed, and as the hand settled firmly in place, Deck Melton felt something go through him that he had never felt before in all the thirty-five years of his life. He did not stop to analyze the sensation; he did not care to understand it; it was there, and he was satisfied. Without a word he swam steadily shoreward with his charge, who still assisted herself weakly with her free arm.

"We can touch bottom here," he said, finally, as he quit swimming and let his feet down.

She let go of his shoulder, and found a footing, but in another moment would have been thrown on her face by the waves if he had not caught her by the arm. He steadied her as she climbed weakly up the beach beyond the reach of the water.

"I think I'll rest here a moment," she panted, as she dropped down on the warm sand. "I'm rather out of breath."

She lay back on the beach, her breast heaving and her eyes closed, while Deck watched her with some wonder and more embarrassment. This was a tableau that he had never composed even in his day dreams, and he was at a loss to know what to do or to say; so he stood silent and waited. As she lay there it occurred to him that she was a remarkably pretty woman. After a while she took a long breath and opened her eyes. Deck noted that they were dark brown and very large.

"If there is anything I can do," he began, hesitatingly, "or any one I can go after for you—"

"Oh, no, nothing, no one," she answered with a slight smile, as she sat up. "I'm all right now, I think."

She started to rise, and he stepped quickly forward to help her, his embarrassment forgotten.

"It sounds almost foolish to thank you, Mr.—" She hesitated.

"Melton."

"After what you have done for me. If you hadn't been there I don't believe I could have held out." The barest perceptible shudder passed over her at the thought.

"Oh, yes, you could!" protested Deck, deprecatingly. "You were getting along fine. I just gave you a little lift—that was all. But I'm mighty glad I was on hand to do it, just the same!"

This last was so far removed from the perfunctory, was in such a tone of hearty sincerity, that it made her raise her eyes to his. He met them fairly and honestly, but she dropped her glance quickly, almost with a flush.

"I think I'll go now," she said, a little nervously. "Good—good morning."

As she walked briskly away toward her bathhouse, Deck dropped down on the sand and lay staring out over the broad Atlantic. He thought he was thinking, but he was not; he was merely seeing in the rolling waves, in the spray of the tossing breakers, in the distant fleecy white clouds, an oval face, warmly tinted from the breath of the sun and the ocean; large brown eyes, a coil of tightly wound brown hair surmounting a shapely head; bare, round, but strong-looking arms, and a dark blue bathing suit with more or less indefinite touches of white trimming about it. Taken altogether the picture was that of a woman about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, with a slender but well rounded figure.

"I wonder who she is," he mused, half-aloud, as he absent-mindedly felt for the pocket where he carried his cigars. Then he realized where he was, and went back to his bathhouse.

After breakfast Deck sought the corner of the veranda farthest removed from the restless traffic of the hotel people, and sat down to smoke and think—again to see the picture in the rolling waves, now

far below him, in the spray of the tossing breakers, in the distant fleecy white clouds. The firm footsteps of an energetic man aroused him, and he turned his head toward them with some annoyance at the interruption. Tom Bannister was approaching with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Melton," he exclaimed, as he wrung Deck's hand in a way that left no doubt of his earnestness, "a man can't very well say all he feels in a case like this, but I think you'll understand."

Deck had risen, and was looking at him in a puzzled manner.

"I pass," he said, finally.

"My sister, you know."

"Oh!" He was more interested now. "Is she all right, and—and rested?"

"Oh, yes, of course, she's all right now, but when I think of what might have happened if you hadn't been there, I—"

"Suppose we forget that, if you don't mind. I didn't do anything but swim in, just as I'd have had to do if I hadn't—hadn't met your sister out there. But I thought you were alone here?" He was turning the talk unconsciously from himself to Miss Bannister as a more interesting subject. "I didn't know your people were with you."

"Mother and Agatha were later than usual in coming down this year, and didn't get here until yesterday afternoon. That's the reason why you haven't met them; but I want you to come right along with me and meet them now."

Deck had sat down again. He pushed his hat back on his head, and took several long puffs at his cigar. Finally he turned and looked Bannister full in the eyes.

"Are you right sure you want me to meet them?" he asked, slowly.

Bannister stared at him in amazement.

"Why not?" he asked.

"What do you know about me?"

"Know about you? Why—well, I don't know. I know I've known you for about a week here as a good fellow who plays a good game of billiards and can take a

drink like a gentleman, and—and—" He hesitated.

"And that's all."

"Well, suppose it is?"

"You know my name?"

"I've understood it was Melton."

"Yes, that's right, Melton—Decker Melton. Maybe you have heard it before."

"It does seem as if I had, but I can't just—I suppose I ought to remember, but—I ask your pardon, but I can't just identify it."

"Well, then, maybe you've heard the name of the man who used to be my partner before Mr. Jerome put us out of business." Deck had a good deal the feeling that he thought a man must have when he is committing suicide slowly. "His name is Archie Corrigan."

Bannister straightened up in his chair. He needed no further identification. He had even in his quiet turns about town visited the gambling house of Corrigan & Melton, and amused himself in a dilettante way with the roulette wheel.

"Yes," he said, half to himself, "I remember now."

Both men sat silent for a time, and looked down at the restless water—Deck seeing the picture drift farther and farther away from him; Bannister measuring the social gulf with his mind's eye.

"Melton," he said, suddenly, "I'm no cad, and I know you well enough, at any rate, to know that you're not one. I know what you mean, and I take it that you know what I mean. We've been a good deal together this last week, and, if you're willing, I assume that we shall see still more of each other; at least I hope so. As to my mother and sister—well, I propose to tell them what I know about you—which is fair—and I'm sure they'll— Now you understand how I mean it all, don't you?" And Bannister held out his hand.

"Sure," replied Deck, gravely, as he took it. "That's square all around."

Then, as Deck sat there alone seeing

the picture in the rolling waves, in the spray of the tossing breakers, in the distant fleecy clouds, it did not seem to be drifting away quite so rapidly. Presently he got up and tossed his cigar over the railing.

"I still seem to be a good deal of a damn fool, considering my age and experience," he muttered.

The morning went by slowly; he watched the more timid bathers dabble in the edge of the surf at midday; luncheon passed, and the afternoon dragged on, and still he saw nothing more of Bannister. Then he bowed to the inevitable in sorrow rather than in resentment, and took a long walk down the beach. From far-off headland, where he sat by the lighthouse, watching the picture fade into the unattainable, he heard the whistle of the four o'clock boat, and soon after saw her making her way, with almost empty decks, back toward the heat-burdened throng of the city, to bring another cargo of the seekers of pleasure and comfort the next day.

"I ought to be on her," he muttered, "and I will be to-morrow. This is no place for me. The crowd's getting too thick."

At dinner he scanned the big room furiously, yet eagerly, for the Bannisters, but they were not to be seen. Then he sought a shadowy corner of the moonlit veranda, and smoked through the evening with a steadily falling opinion of his place in the world.

The beach was deserted when he went to take his early plunge the next morning, and though he swam far out and back again, he saw in the waves no bobbing head surmounted with a tightly coiled crown of brown hair.

At two o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Decker Melton paid his bill and notified the clerk of the hotel that his trunk was ready to be sent down to the pier. At three o'clock he was sitting on the veranda with his handbag at his feet, smoking grimly,

while he waited for the four o'clock boat. The veranda was so completely deserted that presently when he heard light footsteps near him he looked up in spite of himself. And then—

As he afterward described it to himself, he had the feeling a man has when he is fool enough to stay in a big jackpot on an ace and a king, and catches the other three kings in the draw. Miss Agatha Bannister stood before him.

"Why, good afternoon, Mr. Melton," she said, cordially, as she stopped near his chair.

He was on his feet, hat in hand, in an instant, with a thousand thoughts rushing through his head and leaving him not words enough to form an appropriately commonplace sentence. He merely bowed and mumbled in an unintelligible way that seemed to serve as a greeting.

"Are you going away?" she asked, in some surprise, as she glanced at the satchel.

"Yes," he answered, pulling himself together with considerable effort, "I'm going back on the four o'clock boat."

"I'm sorry," she said, frankly, "and I'm sure my brother will be disappointed when he returns."

"When he returns?"

"Why, yes, didn't you know? I supposed he saw you before he went away. He got a telegram calling him back to the city yesterday, and left on the afternoon boat."

Deck took a long breath, and for a moment his eyes grew dreamy. So this was the reason that— The picture grew nearer and clearer than ever before until his eyes slowly turned to the original. Then he aroused himself with a start.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "won't you sit down—please?"

She smiled a little at the "please," but sat down. Deck leaned against a post, looking down at her as much as he dared, and, perhaps, more than he should.

"I didn't know your brother had gone

away," he said, after a little pause. "I thought—" Then he stopped, and for a moment the color showed a little deeper beneath the tan of his cheeks.

"Yes!"

The four o'clock boat at the pier was now taking aboard the few passengers who were bound cityward.

"Is your brother coming back—soon?"

"Oh, yes; we look for him to-morrow."

With the thousand thoughts still rushing through his head, but bringing their words now, and with the most eager desire to talk, Deck was oppressed by a feeling that perhaps his present position was a transgression of the confidence that had been tacitly placed in him. There was another perceptible pause.

"Did your brother tell you—" He hesitated. The under voice that keeps up its running comment on our most serious utterances was repeating insistently: "Fool! Fool! Fool!" Still it was a matter of common honesty and fair dealing, so he braced himself and began again.

"Did your brother tell you—"

"My brother told mother and me just before he left"—she rather emphasized the last four words—"that he wanted us to meet his friend, Mr. Decker Melton, of New York, and we told him that we should be very glad to do so."

Faintly to Deck's otherwise absorbed consciousness sounded the hoarse whistle of the four o'clock boat as she drew away from the Samoset pier. It did not occur to him that he was concerned in the departure.

"There," she exclaimed, "you've missed your boat, and it is my fault!"

"Oh, well," he responded in a tone of comfortable satisfaction peculiarly unlike his former efforts at conversation, "it doesn't really make any difference, you know. I believe I'd rather stay over and—and see your brother, anyhow."

Early morning plunges in the surf, dreamy afternoons under a beach awning when the coolness of the salt breeze tem-

pered the heat of the sun, quiet evenings on the hotel veranda removed from the hurly-burly of the tireless merry-makers—and Deck passed a week that he felt to be the best, yet one of the most anxious of his life. Carefully he steered the course of his conversation around the rocks of his experience, for his life voyage had been in different waters from hers. He was now in channels that he knew only vaguely, and he was in constant fear of making a wrong turn that would leave him wrecked and derelict. Careful and conventional as he strove to be for the sake of safety, he was almost a revelation to Agatha Bannister. From him she got a view of the world that she had never known before; and it was a very real, practical world, with its struggles, its disappointments, its rare triumphs and not a few hardships. With her increasing knowledge of the side of life that was so far removed from her, she felt herself growing larger, broader, more catholic in her views, more tolerant in her attitude toward those not born to comfortable possibilities. Of course, this growing friendship between Mr. Melton and Miss Bannister was—

"Shall we say rather informal, my dear?" suggested Mrs. Bannister, a little anxiously.

"Why, yes, mother, we might as well say that," her daughter replied, with the calm assurance of one who feels she is quite able to maintain the position she has assumed. Agatha Bannister's twenty-eight years and naturally self-reliant disposition endowed her with a good deal of independence. "Yes," she repeated, "informal is a very good word, because the way Mr. Melton found me out there, farther than I should have ever gone alone, was also informal, and the way he helped me in when I was so exhausted I could scarcely keep afloat was informal, too. And, indeed, mother dear, if it had not been for Mr. Melton's informality you would have had your summer's outing

spoiled by seeing me washed up on the beach by the next tide."

Mrs. Bannister gave a sigh which only half-masked a slight shudder. It had been several years since she had been able to argue with her daughter effectively, and she took a good deal of comfort in the thought that it was not necessary anyhow, as Tom was quite capable of managing. The sublime maternal confidence in the son failed not even where the delicate affairs of a daughter's heart are involved, and where, if she only knew it, he was the far more helpless and blundering.

And Deck? He had been gradually losing his perspective of existing conditions and prejudices—drifting dreamily on the sea of the ideal, without chart, without compass and without port—when the awakening came.

A stiff wind during the night had left an unusually heavy surf, and they were still laughing as they made their way back to the hotel over the manner in which Agatha had been swept off her feet by a big roller just as she was coming out. The morning boat, which was then landing her passengers, had only attracted their passing attention. Their affairs had reached the stage where extraneous affairs had scant interest for them.

Suddenly Agatha's laugh collapsed into a gasping "Oh!"

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Deck, turning to her with quick anxiety. Her face was pale, and she was staring past him at the pier along which the boat's passengers were making their way toward the hotel.

"Oh—Oh, nothing," she replied, with an effort that was shown in the twitching of her lips. Then the color surged back to her face again, and she turned her eyes in another direction as if to relieve them of something she did not want to see.

Deck glanced toward the pier. Long training at the card table had taught him to suppress his emotions, and he gave no sign of what he felt; otherwise he might

have said more than Agatha did. Tom Bannister had been down to meet the morning boat, and from it was now escorting to the hotel the beautiful Mademoiselle Celeste, première danseuse of the Gaiety Theater, with every evidence of feeling the greatest pleasure in this privilege.

Deck asked no further explanation, and Agatha volunteered none. They walked silently to the hotel far behind Mr. Bannister and Mademoiselle Celeste, and parted, both striving not to appear conscious of anything unusual, with the most perfunctory commonplaces.

Then Deck went straight to his room and ordered his breakfast sent up to him. The dream had been interrupted—painfully interrupted—and he wanted to do a little thinking before he met Mademoiselle Celeste in the presence of the Bannisters—if he ever did so.

He had forgotten, in his dream of the last week, that Tom Bannister was engaged to marry Mademoiselle Celeste—rumor said in the coming autumn; he had forgotten his own acquaintance with Mademoiselle Celeste, something that Tom Bannister had evidently not heard of, and was not likely to hear of—now. Agatha's gasping "Oh!" told Deck plainly enough that she not only did not approve of her future sister-in-law, but that her whole nature—was it intuition, Deck wondered—protested against her. And he—he rebelled against such a connection even more than she. He pushed away his half-eaten breakfast, and lighted a cigar.

"It won't do," he growled, puffing vigorously, almost viciously. "It won't do, and it's got to be stopped. The idea of such a woman being daily associated with—in fact, almost living with—"

He got up and paced the room. Stopped? Aye, but how? This is a subject which the code of men forbids even friends to discuss. No man can go to another and say:

"Old chap, you must pardon me, but really your fiancée—"

Manifestly such a course was impossible, especially when one was involved. There must be some other way, and—

"It's up to me to find it," he muttered, with the steely glint of determination in his gray eyes.

He could do no good where he was, and he was somewhat afraid that he might do harm to his own cause without benefiting those he sought to protect.

"Best pull out and wait for a better opening," he thought.

With a feeling that he did not want to meet any one, he went down a little used stairway and out a side door of the corridor—and met Mademoiselle Celeste face to face on the veranda. She flushed, stiffened, and then recovered herself.

"Why, hello, Decker, old chap!" she exclaimed, with assumed goodfellowship. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, just getting sunburned," he replied, without an echo of her imitation cordiality. "What are you doing here?"

"I came down to visit Mr. Bannister's family," she answered, with a considerable accession of dignity.

"Where is Mr. Bannister now?" asked Deck, as he glanced around. He would prefer not to be seen talking so familiarly to Mademoiselle Celeste.

"Oh, he has gone down to see about one of my trunks that missed the boat."

"I see," he said, as he turned to leave.

"And, Deck," she said, almost timidly, as she touched his arm to detain him, "don't you think it will be better if we—if we don't know each other while we are here?"

"A whole lot better!" he declared, with brusque heartiness, as he walked down the steps and made his way to the telegraph office.

An hour later Mr. Archie Corrigan, in New York, received the following telegram:

"Telegraph me quick to come back at once.
DECK."

Just after luncheon Deck was jarrred by this response:

"Yours received. Come back at once, as requested.
A. CORRIGAN."

"Archie's a bit thick about some things," he sighed. "I can't show more than the envelope of this."

There was a sorry-to-have-you-leave good-by from Tom, the suspicion of a feeling of relief in the politely expressed regrets of Mrs. Bannister, and an almost silent farewell with Agatha; and the four o'clock boat carried Deck back to the city.

At his rooms Deck found a note from Archie Corrigan saying that he would drop in that evening to talk business. The expected knock came at about the expected time after dinner, and Archie entered.

"Hello, Deck, old man!" he exclaimed, as they shook hands. "I'm mighty glad to see you back. You're brown as a club sandwich and look as fit as a sure winner. Have a good time?"

"Yes; pretty good."

"Well, I fixed you all right with the telegram, didn't I?" Archie chuckled.

"You surely did."

"What did you want it for, anyhow?"

"Oh, just for a bluff." There was a tone of finality in Deck's voice that left Archie unconsciously convinced that this was a bluff which it would be unwise to call. He changed the subject:

"Things are quieting down here a whole lot," he said.

"So?" Deck did not seem to be particularly interested.

"Yes; there are some good games running."

"So I've heard."

"Seems to me as if we might start up again."

"Yes—we might."

Archie wondered at his former partner's indifference to a good thing.

"Then don't you think we'd better get

a move on us?" he asked, a little impatiently.

"Um-m-m, well, I don't know."

After a stare of a full minute, Archie broke out:

"Why, what the— Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"How?"

"Well, here we've been on thin ice for a year, out of business and not making a cent, and now when we've got a good opening to get in the game again you don't know whether we better had or not. You're not losin' your nerve, are you?"

"No, I guess not."

"Well, you needn't! I tell you everything's all right. It can be fixed without costing any more than it used to, and Easy Street's right around the corner for us if we get wise quick."

"Well—"

"Yes," Archie interrupted, eager to convince, "and we've got all the stuff; all the furniture and pictures in storage, and we can start without burning up a whole lot of dough on the outfit."

He paused expectantly. Deck smoked on in silence with his forehead slightly drawn as if he were thinking deeply. Archie's impatience was growing.

"Well?" he said, finally.

Deck answered slowly, choosing his words with care, as if he wanted to reach an understanding with the least possible explanation.

"The fact is, Archie," he said, "I'm not right sure that I want to start a game."

Archie sat up straight and stared. He instinctively knew the tone as one which meant that argument was useless. But the protest that arose in him against Deck's folly forced him to speak.

"Why?" he demanded.

"I've been figuring on getting into some other business."

"Say!" Archie's sarcasm was explosive. "When you make a million out of some other kind of business, put me next, will you?"

"That's what I'll do, Archie," replied Deck, with a good-natured smile. "Sure! And now I'll tell you what you do. You take our stuff out of storage and use it any way you want to, and good luck to you!"

When the door had closed behind Archie Corrigan, and he stood alone in the hall, he turned and addressed the panels.

"There's a woman in this!" he muttered.

In some things Archie Corrigan was not so thick.

The next afternoon Deck called at the Tuileries apartment house. Marie, maid and invaluable factotum, opened the door for him with a smile of greeting. She was very sorry, but Mademoiselle Celeste was absent. She was at Samoset-sur-mer, and the date of her return was indefinite.

Deck duly expressed his regrets, and told Marie to ask her mistress to let him know when she returned, as he wished to see her on a matter of importance. Then he went away prepared to await patiently the time of an unpleasant necessity. He did not think he would have to wait long.

A week later he called again. As he entered the building he met Elias Harter coming out. Deck knew him by sight, as most people did. A few years before he had come from the far West, where he owned valuable mines that were his personal discoveries. Having taken kindly to New York ways, he was now engaged in the pleasing occupation of spending his ample income, which he also used with more or less success in concealing the ravages of his advancing years. Incidentally it may be noted that Mrs. Harter had succumbed to the hardships that must be borne by a prospector's wife before she had an opportunity to enjoy the benefits that accrue from a prospector's success. Thus Mr. Harter had no incumbrances to interfere with his persistent career as a young man about town.

When Marie opened the door, the first thing Deck noticed was a pervading odor

of roses, and a glance showed him that the rooms were embowered with them.

Marie had the pleasure to inform Monsieur Meltonne that Mademoiselle would return that night, and that she would have the further pleasure of informing Mademoiselle at once of Monsieur's request.

As Deck rode down in the elevator, he thought with a smile of old Harter and of the wealth of roses in Mademoiselle's apartments.

"I suppose the old chap just dropped in to see if they had been delivered all right," he thought. "And—um—with his roll he ought to be a very desirable old party."

The mail the next morning brought what he expected. The note read:

"Home again. Drop in about three o'clock.
CELESTE."

Mademoiselle Celeste was enjoying that tranquillity of mind which comes with freedom from the burden of suppressing bad temper. The relief she felt on her departure from Samoset fully compensated her for the brevity of her outing with her fiancé—and his family. Consequently she was looking forward to Deck's call not without satisfaction, for Deck had really acted very reasonably about everything. What the important matter was, about which he wanted to see her, she had not even tried to guess, for she had entirely forgotten that there was an important matter; in her satisfaction at being with some one to whom she could talk without restraint and whose very presence did not make her feel as if she were an intruder. The scent of the roses was still heavy in the atmosphere about her, but the roses themselves had all been removed except one liberal bunch of long-stemmed American Beauties in a tall, slender glass vase. She felt that a more lavish display would excite needless comment, and possibly provoke innocently embarrassing

questions which it were really better to avoid.

The foolish little French clock on the onyx pedestal chimed five golden notes. Mademoiselle looked at her watch. The hands indicated fifteen minutes of two.

"Just three o'clock," she said. "He should be here right now, for he is always on time."

The bell of the hall door corroborated her opinion, and a moment after Deck entered the room.

If Mademoiselle Celeste had been a close observer, or even if she had felt that the occasion was one worthy of an attempt at close observation, she might have noticed in expression about her caller's eyes that she had never seen before. Those who had watched him closely when the remarkable run of fortune of some player had driven the game hard against the house, even to the point where the closing of the bank was threatened, had seen the look; but then, as now, it was accompanied by no symptom of nervousness; it merely meant that he would see the game through to a finish, be the end what it might. But Mademoiselle, who was not observant, only stepped forward with the smile of greeting that people wear for those who break the shackles of their ennui.

"Why, Deck," she exclaimed, with a laugh, "I'm as glad to see you as I was to get home!"

"Didn't you have a good time?" he asked.

Mademoiselle was disentangling the lace edge of her handkerchief from her filigree bracelet, so she did not look up.

"Oh, yes, of course," she replied.

"But not—"

"Well, to tell the truth, Deck"—she now looked up and smiled with rueful frankness—"I—I didn't have as good a time as I ought to have had. There was something about it all, don't you know—" She hesitated.

"Yes?"

"Of course, Mrs. Bannister and

Agatha"—Deck winced a little at this name so familiarly spoken—"were very nice and all that sort of thing"—she was putting the best face possible on the situation—"but— Well, the whole truth is that I'm not used to that sort of people. They're—they're different, don't you know."

"Yes, I see," responded Deck, drily.

"They didn't seem to—to thaw out, don't you know, and somehow I never felt that we were getting along—quite.

"Of course," she resumed, quickly, as Deck was about to speak, "it will be all right when we get better acquainted."

"Do you feel right sure about that?"

"Why, yes, of course; why not?" Mademoiselle was crushing her very apparent misgivings in order to maintain her position.

"Well, you played the game for a week without getting any further along than you were when you sat in."

"Oh, everything will be all right when—"

"Um-m-m, well, suppose it isn't?"

"How do you mean?" she asked, suspiciously.

"Look here, Celeste, it's always a bad scheme for a fellow to get out of his class, and that's what you are—"

"I'm as good as they are!" she flashed, as the anger that was aroused by her own doubts as much as by Deck's words shone defiantly in her eyes.

"Oh, tut, tut; take it easy. Anybody is as good as anybody else, and everybody knows it. But that's not it. It doesn't make any difference how good people are, they can get out of their class. Now, if I'd sit in an uptown game of bridge, it's a sure thing I'd come out to the bad, because I'd be out of my class."

"I don't see that that's got anything to do with it," she declared, shortly. The handkerchief, which had again caught in her bracelet, was jerked loose this time regardless of the damage to the lace.

Deck looked at her a moment in silence,

trying to discern how great the difficulties were before him. He feared that he had underestimated them, if anything, but he did not hesitate to go on with his game.

"Yes, you do, Celeste," he said. "You see it, all right, and now that it's beginning to dawn on you what it means, it makes you a little nervous, too."

"Oh, well, what of it?" she cried, impatiently, as she got up and crossed the room and sat down on a divan in a nest made of half a dozen brightly colored pillows. "Let's talk about something else."

"I know," Deck went on, ignoring her last words, "that a fellow never gets anything but kicks for offering advice in a case of this kind, but the more I think of it, the more I think you had better not."

"What is it to you what I do?" she demanded sharply. Then she paused and eyed him queerly. "I thought we had agreed," she went on in a softened tone, "that it was all over between us, Deck."

"We did," he replied in a manner that left no doubt of his sincerity, "and I'm standing pat."

The glow of vanity that she had momentarily felt from her misconstruction of his attitude was extinguished by his answer, and anger surged up in her breast again with a new suspicion.

"Ah, yes," she said; her tone was cold and cutting now. "I think I'm beginning to understand what's the matter. Miss Agatha Bannister does not approve"—she hesitated, and then as if to emphasize the expression of her scorn in the phrase, repeated—"does not approve of me."

Deck allowed himself to be betrayed into a slight frown at the repetition of Agatha's name, but the next instant it was gone, and the flashing eyes of Mademoiselle were looking into the unreadable gambler's mask.

"Miss Agatha Bannister does not approve of my marriage to her brother," she went on, "so Mr. Decker Melton takes it upon himself to mix in. I can see plain

enough how it is now. I heard a great deal about Mr. Decker Melton in Samoset."

"Well," replied Deck, in the quiet tone of a man who realizes the importance of patience. "I'm sorry I can't return the compliment, but I didn't hear your name mentioned while I was there. As to the attitude of Mr. Bannister's family, which you yourself have told me about, I think you will admit that you are the one that is most concerned."

"Indeed!" Mademoiselle's scorn raised her voice. "I am, am I? Perhaps it has not occurred to you that Miss Agatha Bannister has a maid and that I have a maid, and that I sometimes hear things that people would rather I shouldn't. But let me tell you this, Deck Melton, and you may tell it to Agatha Bannister, too: In spite of anything you can do or she can do I will marry Tom Bannister next October, and don't you forget it!"

Mademoiselle's voice rang with defiance and her eyes blazed with a brilliancy that would certainly have added to her income if it could be simulated at will.

Deck leaned back in his chair and sighed slightly. The time had come for him to play his big cards. It was not a pleasant game, but it was a game that he had to win.

Mademoiselle was bending her filigree bracelet until it almost cut into the flesh of her arm, and as she shifted it nervously, the red marks were cruelly plain on the white skin. She was breathing a little more heavily than usual from her anger and defiance. Deck waited a moment, and then spoke in his quietest manner.

"How much does Tom Bannister know about you?" he asked.

Mademoiselle jerked her head upward and caught her breath. The sudden twist she gave the fragile bracelet broke it and tore it from her arm. She flung it viciously into a corner.

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded, tensely.

"Just what I said," answered Deck, steadily. "There are some things that he ought to know, and it will be a good deal better for him to be told before than to find them out somehow afterward."

"And I suppose you will tell him, you—you coward!" she almost hissed.

Again Deck waited a moment before speaking. It was better to go slowly—and carefully.

"Don't do that," he said quietly. "Don't call names. There's nothing in it. We're trying to figure out what's best to do for all concerned. Keep cool and we'll make more points. Suppose you go ahead with this blind, and he finds out afterward—some kind-hearted cad will be sure to manage to let him know somehow when it's too late—then how will you be fixed?"

"You'll tell him!" she repeated; but she spoke more in fear than anger now. Her eyes had grown brighter with the luster of imminent tears, and her lip trembled a little. She was beginning to realize an alarming possibility which had not occurred to her before. "You'll *not* tell him?" Her tone changed almost to a plea.

"No; it won't be up to me."

"Why?" she asked with alarm and suspicion.

"Because you'll tell him yourself—before you marry him."

"I'll never—I'll nev—" Then her voice caught, the tears overflowed, and flinging herself face downward on the pillows at her side, she sobbed till her whole form shook.

Deck took a long breath and set his teeth hard together. Every sob was racking him as hard as it was her. Sympathy? Aye, sympathy, not because Mademoiselle Celeste wept, but because a woman wept. He was playing the hardest game he ever played in his life, but—he must win. So he compressed his lips to shut in the words of comfort and reassurance which those tears almost wrung from him, and sat silent.

The sobs gradually grew less, and finally ceased. Presently she raised her head and looked at him, red-eyed and with rumpled hair. Her anger was spent, and in its place was apprehension and uncertainty. She could not read his face: it still wore the gambler's mask.

"Deck," she said, almost in a whisper, "are you treating me square?"

"I think so," he replied, in a low tone. "I'm only asking that you treat some one else—and yourself, too—square."

"You are as much to blame—" She hesitated.

"I'm not defending myself. I've no doubt I'll pay and pay big for all I've done that I should not have done."

"If it hadn't been for you—" Again she hesitated.

"Did I ever ask any questions about what you did between the time you sent poor Kent Marston to the Klondike and the time I met you?"

Mademoiselle went red to the neck, and bit her lips in silence.

"Not a question," he went on, "but if people wait long enough they always find out things they don't need to know, and I found out without any questions."

Mademoiselle sat with downcast eyes, twisting her handkerchief in her lap.

"Deck," she said tremulously, "why can't I have this chance?"

"Because it's taking too much of a chance."

"But don't you see what it means to me?" Her voice grew stronger with her eagerness. "Don't you see? It means Italy and Paris; it means a house of my own, a fine house, and carriages and servants, and to know people, and—and to be somebody—be something more than a—a lithograph."

"Is that all it means?"

She caught the suggestion of his question, and dropped her eyes again.

"If it is," he went on, "it's a more dangerous game than I thought, because it won't last, and then—" He did not finish.

"Tom Bannister is the best man I ever knew."

"And too good a man, isn't he, for you to fool. It may sound like a brutal thing to say, but you know that if Tom Bannister knew everything he has a right to know—well, he'd at least do a whole lot of thinking before anything happened. Tom Bannister is my friend, and if you go ahead with this I will find out on the day before the wedding if he knows all he should know, and if he doesn't, hard as it will be and whatever the price, I'll tell him—all I know. Give it up, Celeste. Good advice is always hard to follow, but it wins in the long run. Good-by."

Mademoiselle again buried her face in the pillows, and Deck took up his hat. As he passed out of the door the foolish little French clock on the onyx pedestal chimed seven golden notes. He looked at his watch. It was five o'clock. Two hours of the hardest work he ever did in his life had passed.

"Yes," he thought, as he stood in the street and took a deep breath of the late afternoon air that was blowing in from the sea, "I've no doubt that I'll pay and pay big for all I've done that I should not have done. But it couldn't go; it was too plain that she couldn't stand for it."

The lady last referred to, however, was not Mademoiselle Celeste. He was again seeing the picture that he saw in the rolling waves, in the spray of the tossing breakers, in the distant fleecy clouds above Samoset, and it was still drifting.

July ended, August passed and the haze of September was tempering the heat that had gripped and choked the city for so many weeks, and Deck went his quiet way, dreaming the dreams of hope rather than of expectation. Archie Corrigan had started up again independently, but Deck had not been near the rooms.

"He's out of the push somehow," Archie explained to certain curious friends, "but I don't know what's eatin' him."

Archie still suspected, but he was too loyal to make his suspicions the subject of gambling room gossip.

Deck was out of the push—for good, he told himself, if he had any kind of luck and did not lose his nerve. Certain curious friendships formed during the time he managed a game that was known to be absolutely square, certain favors cordially granted which saved these friends from temporary embarrassment and even humiliation, now became the foundation on which he was trying to rebuild his worldly house. When he made his desires known, good advice came freely to him. By following it he was enabled to make certain deals in stocks, small and cautious at first, but gradually growing larger and bolder on their own successes. By degrees it became known that Deck Melton was making money, and for a beginner in a small way in the biggest game in New York, a good deal of it. This success brought a larger circle of acquaintances and new friends among men who were not gamblers—with cards.

"I'm a lucky dog these days," he said to himself; and then, as the picture, which seldom entirely left him, drifted across his mental vision, he added: "About money."

Careful perusal of the summer resort correspondence in the Sunday papers had given him indirect news of the Bannisters' summer at Samoset. As this and the stock market reports, which he studied carefully every day, formed the bulk of his reading, he was left with many idle moments. On his theory that hanging over a ticker did not influence the course of the market, he spent little time in the atmosphere of the big game. The warm afternoons often found him smoking on a shady bench in the park, where certain self-reliant children, attended by careless nursemaids, learned to know him as the big man who always had nuts and candy which he never ate himself and was always glad to give away. Solitary he was, with

the exception of this gradually increasing circle of little friends, but not lonely. He still had his dreams, and dreams are sometimes the most entertaining company in the world. The presence and chatter of the children did not disturb them; indeed, the reality of the visions was thus rather enhanced, for the dreams grew and expanded, and Deck saw himself, not with strange children, whom he knew only by their given names, playing about him, but—

Then the gradually shrinking summer resort correspondence in the Sunday papers told him that Mrs. Henrietta Bannister, Miss Agatha Bannister and Mr. Thomas Bannister had returned to the city, and Deck wondered what would happen—if anything.

"It takes awful hard work and an awful long time for a man to get over being a fool," he growled, with a somewhat uneasy consciousness that he had encouraged his own folly rather than tried to suppress it. "And," he added, as this consciousness forced itself upon him, "I guess some men never do."

He had not heard of Mademoiselle Celeste since he left her in tears at her apartments after those two distressing hours following her return from Samoset. The gossip of men who interested themselves in the affairs and the people of the stage, had at various times located her as "resting" at the seaside, in the mountains or on the lakes. Other gossip from different and quite distinct sources occasionally mentioned Elias Harter as being on the lakes, in the mountains or at some seaside resort with his yacht.

But Deck was thinking neither of Mademoiselle Celeste nor Mr. Harter as he took his seat at a secluded table in the corner of a restaurant to wait for his dinner. He was wondering if Tom Bannister really had not seen him that afternoon when they almost met in the street, and Bannister had turned abruptly into a doorway.

"He couldn't have seen me, for if he had he's too square a fellow to act that way," he reasoned to himself a little uneasily; "unless—"

The possibility checked his comforting argument, and he sat for some moments frowning at the glass of water the waiter had set before him. Then he spread out the Wall-Street edition of the *Evening Post* and looked at the market reports.

On authentic reports of extended discoveries in the field owned by the company, he read, Consolidated Aluminum had advanced nine points during the day, and promised to go still higher as a result of a demand for the stock, which promised to pay large dividends. Deck smiled slightly as he laid down the paper and gazed vaguely out the window at the kaleidoscope of Broadway. He owned outright a considerable block of Consolidated Aluminum, bought at the very bottom as a flyer, on advice in which he had not much confidence, because it was a gamble in which there was not much to lose, with a possible chance of big winnings.

"That's the way they're coming for me now," he muttered. "All I have to do is to put down a dollar, and the next turn of the cards doubles it. I'm surely lucky—about money."

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said the waiter, with the rising accent of respectful interrogation.

"Huh? Oh, that's all right. I was just thinking about something."

When he had finished his dinner and leaned back to smoke a quiet cigar, he took up a copy of the *Evening Quidnunc*, a journal which delighted in its own energetic specialty of minding other people's business. Occupying nearly one-quarter of the first page was a half-tone portrait of Mademoiselle Celeste, and under it the line "The Gaiety's Loss." In the column next to it, under the caption, "Capitalist and Dancer," Deck read:

"A good many of the friends of the high contracting parties will probably be

surprised to read the formal announcement printed elsewhere in this edition, of the marriage of Mr. Elias Harter and Miss Mary Miller at the Church of the Transfiguration; and some of them will, no doubt, be a good deal more jarred when Miss Miller is identified for them by the *Quidnunc*. Everybody, of course, knows Mr. Harter, the breezy mine-owner and capitalist, who for several years has enjoyed an enviable reputation as a man about town and general good fellow in New York. But the surprise will come when the *Quidnunc* informs its interested readers that Miss Mary Miller is none other than the beautiful Mademoiselle Celeste, whose charms as première danseuse of the Gaiety for the last two seasons have held the patrons of that up-to-date theater under an unbroken spell of admiration, and many will be the regrets that this graceful artiste has said farewell to the stage.

"Mr. and Mrs. Harter sailed to-day on the *Deutschland* for Cherbourg. They will spend the winter in Italy and the spring in Paris, returning to New York in the early summer, by which time it is expected that Mr. Harter's marble palace on the avenue—which everybody wondered why he was building—will be finished, and another charming and attractive hostess will be added to the group of beautiful young matrons in New York society."

Deck laid the paper down with a sigh of relief. He had won the game, but as the picture in the waves, the spray and the clouds wavered before his dreamy eyes, he knew that he was still poor.

It was early for dinner, and there were very few people at the tables. Consequently the stir made by two men coming in and taking seats at a nearby table momentarily attracted Deck's attention. A group of those pulpy, shiny-looking plants peculiar to restaurants stood between his table and theirs, and prevented his seeing them but he could plainly hear

their conversation, which, in the consciousness of their rectitude and original information, they made no effort to guard.

"Well, old Harter's gone and done it, hasn't he?" asked one, who spoke in the confident manner that much worldly experience gives.

"He surely has," replied the other, evidently a younger man who was willing to gain the kind of wisdom possessed by his companion. "She's a peach, all right, but—"

"That's it exactly; but—"

"Well, Harter's old enough to know what he wants."

"Yes, or too old; but he's rich enough to afford peaches, even if they are a trifle specked."

"I thought I heard some time ago that Tom Bannister was going to marry her."

"No doubt you did, as that was the program, but several things happened to break it up."

"How the devil do you find out everything? Put me next."

"Well," said the one of worldly experience, with the evident satisfaction of a man who enjoys other people's troubles, "it seems that the complications began this summer down at Samoset, where the Bannisters always go.

"You know Deck Melton, who used to run a gambling house with Archie Corrigan—pretty decent sort of a chap, too, as such chaps go? Yes? Well, you know he's quit cards and has gone in for stocks, and is doing mighty well, too, I hear. And his change of—er—business was all on account of Bannister's sister."

"The deuce you say! Oh, come, now, old chap, that's putting it pretty strong."

"Fact, I tell you! I was down at Samoset, and sawed a whole lot of silent wood while I watched the game. None of my business, you know, and you know I never mix in. You see it was this way: Bannister's sister is no beauty, but she's a rather clever girl, though she has more confidence in herself than the results al-

ways justify. She's a rattling good swimmer, but she doesn't like the regular crowd, so she used to take her dip alone early in the morning. Well, one morning she overdid it. Went out too far, and had a devil of a time getting back. Got in such straits that she had to 'holler' for help. Just then Decker strolled along the beach looking for a breakfast appetite. Heard the scream, shed his coat and shoes, dived into the next wave and started for her—swims like a duck, you know. Grabbed her just as she was going down the third time, towed her in, rolled the water out of her on a barrel and carried her insensible to the arms of her mother and brother."

"The deuce! Say, that's great, isn't it?"

"Sure! Just like a book. So is the rest of it. Bannisters inexpressibly grateful, of course. Introductions all around, and then for the next week Deck and Miss Bannister were thicker than thieves. It was plain as a Boston schoolma'am that he was hard hit, and she—well, you never can tell about a woman, but she seemed to take very kindly to the situation.

"Then Mademoiselle turned up—Tom had asked her down to visit his family; Tom's a bit innocent about some things, you know—and Deck, who knows a thing or two, pulled out to avoid embarrassments. Mademoiselle didn't stay long, as she found the atmosphere pretty chilly, and that caused rather strained relations between Tom and his family. Then some kind person—you know, there is always such a kind person willing to get busy—somehow managed to put Bannister on to that little affair between Mademoiselle and Deck. That's what exploded the mine. Whole family terribly shocked, of course. Tom managed to cut loose from Mademoiselle, but she left her mark on him, and he seems to think that the whole contretemps is Deck's fault. He declares that he is done with Deck, and that there's a brick wall around his family with no door in

it for the rescuer. Now that's gratitude for you, isn't it?"

"Well, I'll be——"

"So will I. Finished your lobster and bottle? Well, that will keep you from starving until a respectable dinner hour. Come on, let's get out."

For ten minutes Deck sat almost as if he were in a trance. The dream was fading, fading, and the picture in the rolling

waves, in the spray of the tossing breakers and in the distant fleecy clouds above Samoset was drifting, drifting, farther, farther away.

At last he aroused himself and left the table.

"I've paid and paid pretty big for all the things that I've done that I should not have done," he thought, with a sinking heart, as he went out.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

By Israel Zangwill

TIPS FOR MILLIONAIRES

I PROMISED to give the poor millionaires a few hints for the better disposal of their millions, since even the man who declared that it is the duty of a millionaire to die poor can only discover one road to poverty—through the Free Library. Mr. Carnegie's monotonous exploitation of this fixed idea is likewise impoverishing to authors, and when he is reduced to Rowton House he will find a ruined novelist in the next bunk. The strange bedfellows with whom poverty will make him acquainted will assuredly, in the intervals of cooking their bloaters, lecture him on his misused opportunities, and repeat to him Ruskin's denunciation of "the filthy habit of thumbing one another's books." They will point out that Free Libraries are not less demoralizing than Free Lunches, and he will ruefully admit that they are less essential.

"If I were a millionaire," is a dulciferous day-dream, though it seems profane to swell one's fantasy to such a circumference. But Mr. Le Gallienne has written on "If I were God," and Heine actually dreamed that he was. Wherefore I

may be forgiven for imagining myself in the lesser rôle of Fortunatus.

Since mere philanthropy is an overcrowded profession, I should carefully avoid competing with the charitable. Besides, according to General Booth, most of the charity is absorbed by those who won't work, or who can't work, to the neglect of the true unemployed. This is not to mention the expenses of administration. Giving away money is a very costly business, and it generally takes twopence to give away a penny. Moving money from your own pocket to other people's is as expensive as transporting any other kind of freight. The labor of investigating cases, in a world teeming with trickery, is so heavy, that some of even the usurer's profits are its legitimate reward. The unemployed in fact open up a new field of employment to an army of experts, and every bureau of philanthropy embraces a detective department. It should likewise have a sociological staff to work out the effects of its interference with natural human forces, and to make sure it was not doing more harm than good. Kind hearts

may be more than coronets, but like coronets they are useless without heads. It is easier to make a million than to give it away wisely. The housing of the poor, the retention of rural communities on the soil, and the comparative ruralization of towns—all these afford tempting openings for my millions, but I should not avail myself of them. There are fortunately many minds, and even some millions, tending in that direction.

My policy—the word almost gives me the sensation of writing an election address for constituents who might elect me a millionaire—would be to operate upon the community as a whole, by pervasive uplifting influences, not limited to any class. I should not neglect the smart set in the interests of the poor, nor should I abandon the middle classes to their fate. The nation should have—as the seed of everything else—better social ideals. These in themselves would tend to right many of the evils of the social organism. They would be preached in beautiful temples, for until people see an ideal framed in a building and backed by a banking account, they do not believe in it. All the most modern and critical notions would be financed into the same footing as the most orthodox and highly-paid creeds and even clothed in shovel hats or gaiters or whatever article of attire was necessary to give them sanctity and authority. It should be as respectable to be an idealist as to be a bishop. Simultaneously with this highly-paid spiritual apostleship should go the subsidization of all forms of art and the deliverance of men of genius from the fetters of commercialism and the fogs of stupidity. L. S. D. should no longer stand for literature, science and the drama. All the young Bohemians should be sought out and paid an annuity on condition of their remaining in their country. Geniuses do not grow like blackberries, and ten thousand a year would support quite a century's crop. Your Philistine will never

understand that art is what the artist yearns to produce for the liberation of his own soul, not what the client wishes beforehand to have in his house. A studio or a study is not a factory, and what it turns out is as much a surprise and a revelation to the producer as to anybody else. An art-product that could be too definitely ordered would no longer be art. *Carte blanche* and a signed check is all the artist asks.

Not only should I be the humble Maecenas of every kind of artist—from poet down to actor—but I should be the joyous servitor of every promising thinker and inventor, of every brilliant budding politician. Scientists should be provided with laboratories, parliamentary candidates with votes.

Of course, a really sagacious nation would foster all its human talent, without calling upon private millionaires, just as much as it develops its mineral resources. The Turks leave their mines piously untapped, and we are all Turks in waste of brain-wealth. A nation's genius is national property and should be developed by the state, even though the king took a royalty. But—it will be said—the nation would be found endowing the wrong men and all sorts of little jobs and nepotisms would be in perpetration. Most true. A government department for the discovery and exploitation of native genius would, unless it had a man of universal judgment at its head, be a ghastly failure. Red tape for the measurement of spiritual and artistic stature would be even less reliable than "the world's coarse thumb." The simple truth—unwelcome in these days of machinery and examinations—is that there are no rule-of-thumb methods for hunting out the best men; nothing can replace individual judgment, personal intuition. The private millionaire must be able, by the divining rod of his own soul, to find the spiritual wells of the future. But the man who is gifted enough to do this has rarely time or apti-

tude for becoming a millionaire, and so little of this sort is likely to be done till a millionaire's son happens to be born a great critic, and a great patriot, ready to make swans and eagles of his father's money, instead of ducks and drakes. But just think of the glorious time when a politician of genius could be relieved from the necessity of office, a painter could snap his fingers at the academy, and a playwright—at the play-weight.

If only in the interests of the playwright, I must become a millionaire, or at least find an under-study with the requisite means. That the dramatic art is the most debased of all arts in the Anglo-Saxon world is a truth that has begun to leak out. Some are clamoring for a National Theater, some merely for a Repertoire Theater. While awaiting the establishment of an uncommercial theater, whether by the public or the private purse, the millionaire might do something for the stage, without the trouble of organizing a new theater. Already Sarah Bernhardt, or Paderewski, are feed like K. C's to give private turns at great houses. Why should not some leader of society, anxious to supply her guests with a novel entertainment, commission and stage a new play for their peculiar behoof? How much superior that were to those silly American sensations—dinners on horseback in salons disguised as prairies, or suppers in gondolas on drawing-room grand canals, or all those tomfooleries by which rich Americans illustrate Pope's apophthegm that what God thinks of money may be seen from those he gives it to. A playwright would be invited to produce a work quite irrespective of public taste or even of the censorship—you may be sure our most popular playwrights have rejected plays up their sleeve. A London or New York *première* is already a fashionable reunion, how much more *chic* it would become, if you could only get to it by private invitation! Such an entertainment would be expensive

but so far as the acting is concerned, quite creditable *matinées* are got up for a hundred pounds. The playwright would naturally be paid as well as if he were a fashionable portrait-painter, and though his work would only be an evening's possession, yet the flowers and the champagne for a great party are still more transient, and in the event of the play turning out important, the host would always retain the glory of having stood sponsor to it, and could hope to live on as a foot-note long after other millionaires had moldered away.

Nor is there anything startlingly new in this suggestion, for just as I am priding myself on my originality, I remember that these were the conditions under which many works were produced in our drama's glorious prime. The nobility and gentry were the commanders of masques and shows, in their parks and castles, and Shakespeare himself wrote under royal patronage. Milton's "Cornus" graced an aristocratic occasion, and he but followed the example of Ben Jonson, and all the great Elizabethans. Perhaps Edward VII, who loves the drama no less keenly than Elizabeth did, may emulate her example, and instead of merely indorsing successes, stimulate creations.

THE TARASQUE

OF Tarascon the world knows, for did not Daudet's hero, the immortal hunter of hats and killer of tame lions, draw the longbow in that sunny town of Provence? But the Tarasque, to which the very town owes its name, has never achieved more than a provincial—or rather a Provençal—reputation, and is less bruited abroad than the infinitely less fantastic camel which followed Tartain with such embarrassing devotion. And yet the Tarasque has the honor of a mention in "Tartain of Tarascon," albeit passing and irreverent. "The chase," says our author, "is the passion of the

Tarasconnese, even from the mythologic times when the Tarasque painted the marshes of the town red, and the Tarasconnese of the day organized battues against it." Mythologic times, forsooth! and it was the first century of the Christian era. The Tarasque is no myth but a solid reality, and I myself have stroked its fishy tail, *moi qui vous parle*.

Of yore the Tarasque lived—as Daudet says—in the marshes of the Rhone, filling its maw with unwary mortals; a river-serpent, not a sea-serpent, mark you; able to swallow children whole, if one may judge from the glimpse of their disappearing legs afforded to us in an ancient cloister of Arles, where the Corinthian seeming capitals of the pillars are carven with illustrations of sacred story. Had Daudet seen the Tarasque thus religiously sculptured, his reference to it might have been less flippant. The battues, of which he speaks, failed dismally to extinguish the Tarasque, serving only to replenish its larder. Things were at their blackest when St. Martha arrived in Provence. It may not be generally known that Martha and Mary Magdalen traveled here together, with several other saintly Maries, a black servant called Sara, and a couple of male saints. Their object in migrating from one end of the Mediterranean to the other is nowhere stated, but traveling was a recognized form of penance in the early church, and even at this day the servant of a much-wandering friend of mine could exclaim poignantly, "O ma'am, why should persons *with money travel*?"

Moreover, the advent of the good Martha proved the salvation of Tarascon. Not hers to sally forth with bristling arms like Tartain. She simply went out against the Tarasque with her naked hands—and laid them on the creature's head in benediction. From that moment, the story oddly goes on—or so a woman in Tarascon told it to me—the Tarasque became tractable and suffered itself to be

killed by the men. The poor tame Tarasque! This was indeed a Christian benediction and appears to have been copied by all succeeding centuries at grapple with the divine counsel to love one's enemies. I can imagine the bewildered Tarasque exclaiming with its dying breath: "Well, I'm blessed!"

But the Tarasque did not really die. Every twenty-ninth of July it crawled the streets of Tarascon in celebration of the fête of St. Martha. But alas! it is to crawl no more. A wicked government in its atheistic campaign against liberty of conscience is trying to drive religion out of France—see the placards of the clerical party in every town of the Republic. The government is closing the harmless convents, whose only crime is that they consider themselves superior to the state and to taxes, and is prohibiting the church procession merely because they will naturally turn into political manifestations. O monstrous government! are not you the true Tarasque? Let the Tarasque of Tarascon languish in its lair, forbidden the light of day—have we not always before us the spectacle of France's real devouring dragon, the miserable ministry? But why not, good Christian friends, imitate St. Martha, and turn your hands to blessing the government? Cribbed, cabined and confined though the Tarasque be there is no law against visiting it in prison, and by the courtesy of the mayoralty of Tarascon I was permitted to pay my respects to the exiled monster. I found that for once tradition had underrated, rather than exaggerated. In bulk and in fierceness few of Tennyson's "Dragons of the prime" could have vied with it. The Tarasque occupied the larger half of a great stable—stoutly locked against a clerical siege. The face was black and adorned—oh height of honor—with a bristling mustache. The mouth opened and shut, with a falling lower jaw, and fearsome, if false, teeth. It had a spiky dorsal fin, and a stumpy

tail. The belly which had once held men—and which still holds them on the day of the procession—was considerably provided with benches on which they could rest when they were tired of being eaten. Centuries of incarceration had not failed to tell upon the unhappy Tarasque. Its skin had yellowed to canvas, its teeth decayed to wood, its spikes were no harder than cardboard; only the backbone remained stiff as metal and the mustache was still wiry. But upon the dread of it the centuries have had less effect. Whenever the mistral blows too hard, or an epidemic spreads too fast, whenever the rain holds off too long, or the harvest is reaped too scant, then the heart of the Tarasconnese peasant still turns with a shudder to the Tarasque.

The story of St. Martha does not reassure him; his lips boast of the annihilation of the demon, but his heart is true to the ancient terror. Not a thousand St. Marthas can kill off the pagan panic; what the heart has created only the heart can kill. Which moral I respectfully commend to reformers at large.

Zola was fond of writing about the man-beast. A much profounder work might be written on the man-baby. Poor infantile humanity, so easily terrified, so ready to believe. The wonder is not that the Tarasque should swallow the Tarasconnese, but that the Tarasconnese should swallow the Tarasque.

To-day both beliefs lurk in the local heart—that Martha killed the Tarasque, and that the Tarasque is not dead. It is the old duel of good and evil, God and the devil. Indeed, what are St. Martha and the Tarasque, but the God and devil of Tarascon? For each town of Catholic Christendom has still its local incarnations of one or both of the great forces of the universe; incarnations which practically replace the larger theologic conceptions of the Church. St. Martha, then, is the real ruler of Tarascon, and splendidly is she shrined in the church of her name. I know few finer tombs

than that which professes to contain her mortal remains; she lies above it in marble over a marble sheet that falls with stately folds, clasping to her breast at once a cross and a scepter, and seldom has the place and dignity of death found sweeter and more majestic expression. It is Mrs. Browning's verse turned to stone, "He giveth His beloved sleep." How strange that a town able to produce such a work of beauty is able at the same time to find edification in the procession of the Tarasque! But grotesquerie and beauty are the double note of the mediæval, whose highest work, the Gothic church, is garnished with gargoyles. And these sunny towns of Provence are still mediæval in psychology, despite their electric lighting; indeed, the juxtaposition of an electric street-lamp with a wayside shrine of St. Anthony of Padua is almost symbolic.

The companions of St. Martha in her adventurous voyage fared almost equally well at the hands of Provençal worshippers. Perhaps, indeed, they were wise to migrate from overcrowded Palestine where their light was hidden under bushels of mightier saints. The relics of two of them lie in the little town of "The Holy Maries" on the shore of the Mediterranean; they are kept in a high chapel and lowered solemnly on fête-days in the merry month of May. The black servant, Sara, lies below in the crypt, and for some dark reason I can not fathom the Bohemians (of Bohemia) make pilgrimages to her shrine. There is no end to the curiosities of hagiology. Perhaps you are unaware that Mary Magdalen spent her last days in the seclusion of a grotto at Ste. Baume, not far from Marseilles. If you doubt it, you may see the chapel which has been built over the spot, to make you remember the grotto. For my part, I confess I had not connected Mary Magdalen with Marseilles. But none of the holy dames seem to have added to their haloes by local achievements; none had the luck to bless a Tarasque.

Will the Tarasque pine away and die

after all now that it is removed from public life and its annual airing? I can not hope so. Years—perhaps centuries—of fested crawling are still before it. The government will give way—to the Tarasque or to another government. What St. Martha could not do, a government can not do—it can not kill the Tarasque. More likely is it that the Tarasque will kill the government, if not, who knows?—the republic.

For the Tarasque in the last analysis is only a very crude and concrete expression of all the old superstitions, all the old obsolete prejudices, all the superannuated points of view, together with all the ancient piety, still latent in the breast of France. While the majority of the population is still Catholic, it is impossible to consider the Republic safe. A republic springs from a conception of the rights of man; it does not go with "divine" right. But so long as a supernatural religion with a theory of apostolic succession holds the field, so long is a parallel theory of divine monarchical succession never to be counted dead. Indeed Catholicism and Republicanism are probably a contradiction in terms, the outcome of two quite different conceptions of the nature of things. And so, till France unifies her concepts, I shall never be sure that the genuine grandeur of M. Loubet's presiding over France while his mother runs a farm will not be superseded by some shoddy splendor. Already one hears a deal of pseudo-romantic shouting. And that is why I still tremble at the Tarasque, knowing it is but biding its time to join in the royal procession. Wherefore, be wary, ye guardians of the Republic; it is useless locking the stable-door when the Tarasque has flown.

PULCINELLA

I HAVE not at hand the biography of the famous clown who, when his physician prescribed to him a visit to Grimaldi as the cure of his melancholia, replied

"I am Grimaldi." But he should be, by his name, of Italian origin; perhaps even a scion of the illustrious lords of Grimaldi whose palace still fronts the cerulean sea on the extreme Western frontier of the Italian Riviera. Or had he no connection with that ancient rock-village or even with Italy, having merely adopted an Italian pseudonym, as is the way of musicians, lion-tamers and such like, in deference to the anti-patriotic prejudices of the sons of Britannica? In either case he holds only the English rights in the profound if popular anecdote. The Italian rights belong to Edwardo Floridoro, the "cantante-buffo"—buffo vocalist, I think, our music-halls have it—whose comic songs were bringing down the Teatro Vittorio Emanuele, what time the singer was steeped in gloom. At least so I gather from a study of Italian comic papers.

No doubt a careful perusal of *Fliegende Blätter* would discover the proprietor of the German rights, while *Le Rire* or *La Vie Amusante*, assiduously cultivated, would presently furnish the melancholy Jacques. Nor do these contradictory versions destroy one another, for even if they are not all true—and there is no reason why several of them should not be true—they point at least to a true original. There *was* once somewhere a melancholy jester who was given himself for recipe, and to translate the ironic incident into other tongues it was obviously necessary to give it local point and local color. Few humorists have a reputation cosmopolitan enough for universal currency, perhaps because humor smacks always of the soil, while tragedy is international.

And yet I seek almost fruitlessly for this local tang in the comic press of Italy. Mayhap, this press is fed from some cosmopolitan factory, some comic Reuter's Agency, where the poor Grimaldis sit grimly grinding for translation into all languages. Or Italy may borrow lavishly from the comic muses of other countries, which after a year or two innocently re-translate their own jokes in an endless

merry-go-round. Most countries laugh by taking in one another's chestnuts, and your joke solves the secret of perpetual motion.

The difference between British jokes and Italian seems mainly a question of taste. The frontier-line of decorum is drawn a little broader. I say "decorum" not "decency," for there is hardly a hint of that outrageous insistence upon sex which shows the French devoid of humor. In jesting Pulcinella lies between Mr. Punch and Monsieur Polichinelle. But not half-way between. He is far nearer the British humorist, from whom his chief deviation consists in the treatment of sickness as copy; not merely sickness of the marine order, nor euphemistically indicated, but with all the frankness of comic draftsmanship. But by way of compensation there is less of the "drunk" joke, which may one day appear as little of a joke to us as vomiting. It may be said there is less intoxication in Italy and a lighter national beverage, but one swallow is enough to make a summer for the comic manufacturer, and the percentage of bibulous humor is so small as to show that the topic does not appeal. Even when the joke is in liquor, the inebriety is often irrelevant, as when the prisoner, reminded that this is the twentieth fine inflicted on him for being drunk, replies: "I shall have to take a regular subscription." The readiness to use weapons with which Italians are credited finds representation in the frequency with which Pulcinella sketches prisoners presenting pistols at magistrates.

But if a channel of ale runs dividing Italian humor from British, the two nations are at one in the great mother-in-law joke. The Italian son-in-law, urged by his mother-in-law to save her from drowning, contents himself by assuring her of his forgiveness. But a touch of local color illumines the universal story. The miserable Giacomo, when the nurse bears for his inspection the cradle of triplets, inquires dolefully: "Is this also part of my

mother-in-law's vendetta?" And note this truly literary turn: "Do you know the name Tartufeth is giving his new novel?" "Yes, *That Which Never Dies*." "A fine title, indeed. A philosophic romance, I presume." "No, the story of his mother-in-law." The Italian street-beggar, with his invincible persistence, has naturally succeeded in obtaining a section of jokes all to himself. In one of the most characteristic, his wearied victim turns desperately upon him and cries out that he makes a point of never giving to beggars in the street. "Then oblige me with your address—I will call with pleasure," is the placid reply. To the same psychological order belongs the pilferer who was sentenced for robbing a till. "What," cried the magistrate, "you risked your honor, your liberty, your whole future for a few coppers?" "How could I help it—that was all there was!"

The Continental habit of arranging marriage likewise produces a distinctive type of joke. The young man who boasts that he is about to celebrate his silver wedding is reminded that he is not yet married at all. It is his bride's dowry that is to make the silver of the wedding—the twenty-five thousand *lire*, he explains. Mark the moderation of the amount with its evidence of the much smaller scale of Italian fortunes. "They think him the great man of the town," said a French waiter in Sicily to me, as he contemptuously pointed to a native lolling in a carriage, "and all his fortune is a hundred and fifty thousand *lire*!" As that same waiter received a tip of two *lire* with effusive gratitude, his contempt gives food for philosophic reflection.

Italian fire brigades would seem to be run on different lines from our own, if one may judge from the excellent story of the fireman taken to task for tardiness by a Dogberry superior. "My house was so far from the scene of the fire," he pleads. "Then why don't you live nearer your work?" The Carnival festivities offer scope for distinctively national jokes, as

in the satiric suggestion that judges shall masquerade as Justice. The construction and customs of the Post Office likewise afford original pleasantries. The little wicket behind which the telegraph clerk is hidden enables him in the summer heats to converse in evening dress with a fashionable feminine client, while from within he appears with pendent shirt, bathing his feet in a tub of cold water. The caution with which the delivery of a registered letter is hedged yields its jest in the joy with which an applicant unfurnished with proofs of identity greets an irate creditor. "Scoundrel, liar, cheat!" "Aha! here, Mr. Clerk, here is somebody who can vouch for me!" The gallant hunter who purchases his game on his homeward way is probably the outcome of Pulcinella's own observation as well as of Punch's. But the cabman who replied curtly to the question whether his horse is good, by saying that he does not know, for he has never eaten it, makes use of a repartee denied to countries whose beefsteaks are at least nominally bovine. Most obviously unborrowed from ourselves are the gibes against the English whose numerous trunks, whose pipes, whose knickerbockers, and whose teeth provide an inexhaustible fund of amusement. In one ludicrous series of sketches, John Bull in a cap and tweeds with yellow boots, uses his teeth for marking at cards. They are movable, and project up and down at will, to the terror of the Italians. A gibe which a whole Continent throws in our teeth must indeed have some truth behind it. Maeterlinck once suggested to me that this protrusion of British upper teeth was due to the British "th," a barbarous sound which causes the tongue to be always pressing them forward.

The British rustic and the American hayseed are replaced in Italy by the *contadino*, who takes over almost without change the large section of girdings at rural ignorance. Asked by the photographer ten *lire* a dozen for photographs of his progeny, he says, with a sigh, that he

must wait, as he has only eleven children. Somewhat to my surprise the lottery contributes little to Italian laughter, though it is an institution as national as the post office, and with the same official insignia over it. On the whole, then, Pulcinella, save that he is wanted in person at the Carnival of Naples, might just as well live in Fleet Street. Over the greater field of human life he ranges with an English eye. His *enfants terribles*, his quarreling spouses, his widows and widowers, his impatient passengers at railway stations, his borrowers and lenders, his doctors and his examiners—all might have been imported from us, or will be exported to us. Only in his puns is he indubitably Italian. And even some of them are transferable, as when the schoolboy was asked what the inhabitants of the desert were called and he replied deserters. When there is neither pun nor local color to guide one, the allocation of an Italian joke is hopeless. Who, I wonder, first made this? "Why, my son," inquired the missionary, "did you beat your young wife?" "Because she can't cook—imagine, father, she let the African traveler burn that I had specially fattened."

Perhaps for real Italian humor one should go to the serious press. Here, for example, is an extract from an article on Radium in *Il Mattino Illustrato* of Naples: "When Madame Curie first perceived before her eyes the new rays of the luminous spectrum she called out to her husband with a great cry, who was working in the neighboring laboratory. He ran up and at the sight of the long-sought discovery, his eyes sparkling with joy, his lips quivering with emotion, he kissed again and again his valiant companion. And never was embrace so sincere."

With more conscious humor the journalist adds that Radium has opened up new horizons to the vocabulary of compliment, and that the lover will henceforth be enabled to exclaim: "Her pupil is a centigramme of radium, scintillating through her closed eyelashes."

THE MAN ON THE BOX

By Harold MacGrath

XVII

"**H**A!" Monsieur Pierre, having uttered this ejaculation, stepped back and rested his fat hands on his fat hips. As he surveyed the impromptu butler, a shade of perplexity spread over his oily face. He smoothed his imperial and frowned. This groom certainly *looked* right, but there was something lacking in his make-up, that indefinable something which is always found in the true servant—servility. There was no humility here, no hypocritical meekness, no suavity; there was nothing smug or self-satisfied. In truth, there was something grimly earnest, and this was not to be understood readily. Monsieur Pierre, having always busied himself with soups and curries and roasts and sauces, was not a profound analyst; yet his instinctive shrewdness at once told him that this fellow was no servant, nor could he ever be made into one. Though voluble enough in his kitchen, Monsieur Pierre lacked expression when confronted with any problem outside of it. Here was the regulation swallow-tail coat and trousers of green, the striped red vest, and the polished brass buttons; but the man inside was too much for him.

"*Diab! you luke right.* But, no, I can not explain. Eet ees on zee tongue, but eet rayfuse. Ha! I haf eet! You lack vot zay call zee real. You make me t'ink uf zee sairvant on zee stage, somet'ing bettair off; eh?" This was as near as monsieur ever got to the truth of things.

During this speculative inventory, Warburton's face was gravely set; indeed, it pictured his exact feelings. He

was grave. He even wanted Pierre's approval. He was about to pass through a very trying ordeal; he might not even pass through it. There was no deceiving his colonel's eyes, hang him! Whatever had induced fate to force this old Argus-eyed soldier upon the scene? He glanced into the kitchen mirror. He instantly saw the salient flaw in his dress. It was the cravat. Tie it as he would, it never approached the likeness of the conventional cravat of the waiter. It still remained a polished cravat, a polished, worldly cravat, the cravat seen in ball-rooms, drawing-rooms, in the theater stalls and boxes, anywhere but in servants' hall. Oh, for the ready-made cravat that hitched to the collar-button! And then there was that servant's low turned-down collar, glassy as celluloid. He felt as diffident in his bare throat as a débutante feels in her first décolleté ball-gown, not very well covered up, as it were. And, heaven on earth, how appallingly large his hands had grown, how clumsy his feet! Would the colonel expose him? Would he keep silent? This remained to be found out: wherein lay the terror of suspense.

"*Remembair,*" went on Monsieur Pierre, after a pause, feeling that he had a duty to fulfil and a responsibility to shift to other shoulders than his own, "*remembair, eef you spill zee soup, I keel you. You carry zee turcen in, zen you deesh out zee soup, and sairve. Zee oystaires should be on zee table t'ree minutes before zee guests haf arrive'. Now, can you make zee American cocktail?*"

"I can," with a ghost of a smile.

"Make heem," with a pompous wave of the hand toward the favorite ingredients.

"What kind?"

"Vot kind! Eez zare more cocktails, zen?"

"Only two that are proper, the Manhattan and the Martini."

"Make zee Martini; I know heem."

"But cocktails ought not to be mixed before serving."

"I say, make zee one cocktail," coldly and skeptically. "I test heem."

Warburton made one. Monsieur sipped it slowly, making a wry face, for, true Gaul that he was, only two kinds of stimulants appealed to his palate, liqueurs and wines. He found it as good as any he had ever tasted.

"Ver' good," softening. "Zare ees, zen, one t'ing zat all zee Americans can make, zee cocktail? I am educate'; I learn. Now, leaf me till eight. Keep zee collect head;" and Monsieur Pierre turned his attention to his partridges.

James went out of doors to get a breath of fresh air and to collect his thoughts, which were wool-gathering, whatever that may mean. They needed collecting, these thoughts of his, and labeling, for they were at all points of the compass, and he was at loss upon which to draw for support. Here he was, in a devil of a fix, and no possible way of escaping except by absolutely bolting; and he vowed that he wouldn't bolt, not if he stood the chance of being exposed fifty times over. He had danced; he was going to pay the fiddler like a man. He had never run away from anything, and he wasn't going to begin now. At the worst, they could only laugh at him; but his secret would be his no longer. Ass that he had been! How to tell this girl that he loved her? How to appear to her as his natural self? What a chance he had wilfully thrown away! He might have been a guest to-night; he might have sat next to her, turned the pages of her music, and perhaps sighed love in her ear, all of which would have

been very proper and conventional. Ah, if he only knew what was going on behind those Mediterranean eyes of hers, those heavenly sapphires. Had she any suspicion? No, it could not be possible; she had humiliated him too often, to suspect the imposture. Alackaday!

Had any one else applied the disreputable terms he applied to himself there would have been a battle royal. When he became out of breath, he reëntered the house to have a final look at the table before the ordeal began.

Covers had been laid for twelve; immaculate linen, beautiful silver, and sparkling cut-glass. He wondered how much the girl was worth, and thought of his own miserable forty-five hundred the year. True, his capital could at any time be converted into cash, some seventy-five thousand, but it would be no longer the goose with the golden eggs. A great bowl of roses stood on a glass centerpiece. As he leaned toward them to inhale their perfume he heard a sound. He turned.

She stood framed in the doorway, a picture such as artists conjure up to fit in sunlit corners of gloomy studios: beauty, youth, radiance, luster, happiness. To his ardent eyes she was supremely beautiful. How wildly his heart beat! This was the first time he had seen her in all her glory. His emotion was so strong that he did not observe that she was biting her nether lip.

"Is everything well, James?" she asked, meaning the possibilities of service and not the cardiac intranquillity of the servant.

"Very well, Miss Annesley," with a sudden bold scrutiny.

Whatever it was she saw in his eyes it had the effect of making hers turn aside. To abridge the awkwardness of the moment, he rearranged a napkin; and she remarked his hands. They were tanned, but they were elegantly shaped and scrupulously well taken care of—the hands of

a gentleman born, of an aristocrat. He could feel her gaze penetrate like acid. He grew visibly nervous.

"You haven't the hand of a servant, James," quietly.

He started, and knocked a fork to the floor.

"They are too clumsy," she went on, maliciously.

"I am not a butler, Miss; I am a groom. I promise to do the very best I can." Wrath mingled with the shame on his face.

"A man who can do what you did this morning ought not to be afraid of a dinner table."

"There is some difference between a dinner table and a horse, Miss." He stooped to recover the fork while she touched her lips with her handkerchief. The situation was becoming unendurable. He knew that, for some reason, she was quietly laughing at him.

"Never put back on the table a fork or piece of silver that has fallen to the floor," she advised. "Procure a clean one."

"Yes, Miss." Why in heaven's name didn't she go and leave him in peace?

"And be very careful not to spill a drop of the burgundy. It is '78, and a particular favorite of my father's."

'78! As if he hadn't had many a bottle of that superb vintage during the past ten months! The glands in his teeth opened at the memory of that taste.

"James, we have been in the habit of paying off the servants on this day of the month. Payday comes especially happy this time. It will put good feeling into all, and make the service vastly more expeditious."

She counted out four ten-dollar notes from a roll in her hand and signified him to approach. He took the money, coolly counted it, and put it in his vest-pocket.

"Thank you, Miss."

I do not say that she looked disappointed, but I assert that she was slightly disconcerted. She never knew the effort he

had put forth to subdue the desire to tear the money into shreds, throw it at her feet and leave the house.

"When the gentlemen wish for cigars or cigarettes, you will find them in the usual place, the lower drawer in the side-board." With a swish she was gone.

He took the money out and studied it. No, he wouldn't tear it up; rather he would put it among his keepsakes.

I shall leave Mr. Robert, or M'sieu Zhames, to recover his tranquillity, and describe to you the character and quality of the guests. There was the affable military attaché of the British Embassy, there was a celebrated American countess, a famous dramatist and his musical wife, Warburton's late commanding colonel, Mrs. Chadwick, Count Karloff, one of the notable grand opera prima-donnas, who would not sing in opera till February, a cabinet officer and his wife, Colonel Annesley and his daughter. You will note the cosmopolitan character of these distinguished persons. Perhaps in no other city in America could they be brought together at an informal dinner such as this one was. There was no question of precedence or any such nonsense. Everybody knew everybody else, with one exception. Colonel Raleigh was a comparative stranger. But he was a likable old fellow, full of stories of the wild, free West, an excellent listener besides, who always stopped a goodly distance on the right side of what is known in polite circles as the bore's dead-line. Warburton held for him a deep affection, martinet though he was, for he was singularly just and merciful.

They had either drunk the cocktail or had set it aside untouched, and had emptied the oyster shells, when the ordeal of the soup began. Very few of those seated gave any attention to my butler. The first thing he did was to drop the silver ladle. Only the girl saw this mishap. She laughed; and Raleigh believed that he had told his story in an exceptionally taking

manner. My butler quietly procured another ladle, and proceeded coolly enough. I must confess, however, that his coolness was the result of a physical effort. The soup quivered and trembled outrageously, and more than once he felt the heat of the liquid on his thumb. This moment his face was pale, that moment it was red. But, as I remarked, few observed him. Why should they? Everybody had something to say to everybody else; and a butler was only a machine, anyway. Yet, three persons occasionally looked in his direction: his late colonel, Mrs. Chadwick, and the girl; each from a different angle of vision. There was a scowl on the colonel's face, puzzlement on Mrs. Chadwick's, and I don't know what the girl's represented, not having been there with my discerning eyes.

Once the American countess raised her lorgnette and murmured: "What a handsome butler!"

Karloff, who sat next to her, twisted his mustache and shrugged. He had seen handsome peasants before. They did not interest him. He glanced across the table at the girl, and was much annoyed that she, too, was gazing at the butler, who had successfully completed the distribution of the soup and who now stood with folded arms by the sideboard. (How I should have liked to see him!)

When the butler took away the soup-plates, Colonel Raleigh turned to his host.

"George, where the deuce did you pick up that butler?"

Annesley looked vaguely across the table at his old comrade. He had been far away in thought. He had eaten nothing.

"What?" he asked.

"I asked you where the deuce you got that butler of yours."

"Oh, Betty found him somewhere. Our own butler is away on a vacation. I had not noticed him. Why?"

"Well, if he doesn't look like a cub lieutenant of mine, I was born without recollection of faces."

"An orderly of yours, a lieutenant, did you say?" asked Betty, with smoldering fires in her eyes.

"Yes."

"That is strange," she mused.

"Yes; very strange. He was a dare-devil, if there ever was one."

"Ah!"

"Yes; best bump of location in the regiment, and the steadiest nerve," dropping his voice.

The girl leaned upon her lovely arms and observed him interestedly.

"A whole company got lost in a snow-storm one winter. You know that on the prairie a snowstorm means that only a compass can tell you where you are; and there wasn't one in the troop, a bad piece of carelessness on the captain's part. Well, this cub said *he'd* find the way back, and the captain wisely let him take the boys in hand."

"Go on," said the girl.

"Interested, eh?"

"I am a soldier's daughter, and I love the recital of brave deeds."

"Well, he did it. Four hours later they were being thawed out in the barracks kitchens. Another hour and not one of them would have lived to tell the tale. The whisky they poured into my cub . . ."

"Did he drink?" she interrupted.

"Drink? Why, the next day he was going to lick the men who had poured the stuff down his throat. A toddy once in a while; that was all he ever took. And how he loved a fight! He had the tenacity of a bulldog; once he set his mind on getting something, he never let up till he got it."

The girl trifled thoughtfully with a rose.

"Was he ever in any Indian fights?" she asked, casually.

"Only scraps and the like. He went into the reservation alone one day and arrested a chief who had murdered a sheep-herder. It was a volunteer job, and

nine men out of ten would never have left the reservation alive. He was certainly a cool hand."

"I dare say," smiling. She wanted to ask him if he had ever been hurt, this daredevil of a lieutenant, but she could not bring the question to her lips. "What did you say his name was?" innocently.

"Warburton, Robert Warburton."

Here the butler came in with the birds. The girl's eyes followed him, hither and thither, her lips hidden behind the rose.

XVIII

Karloff came around to music. The dramatist's wife should play Tosti's *Ave Maria*, Miss Annesley should play the obligato on the violin, and the prima-donna should sing; but just at present the dramatist should tell them all about his new military play which was to be produced in December.

"Count, I beg to decline," laughed the dramatist. "I should hardly dare tell my plot before two such military experts as we have here. I should be told to write the play all over again, and now it is too late."

Whenever Betty's glance fell on her father's face, the gladness in her own was somewhat dimmed. What was making that loved face so careworn, the mind so listless, the attitude so weary? But she was young; the spirits of youth never flow long in one direction. The repartee, brilliant and at the same time with every sting withdrawn, flashed up and down the table like so many fireflies on a wet lawn in July, and drew her into its exhilarating net.

As the courses came and passed, so the conversation became less and less general; and by the time the ices were served the colonel had engaged his host, and the others divided into twos. Then coffee, liqueurs and cigars, when the ladies rose and trailed into the little Turkish room,

where the "distinguished-looking butler" supplied them with the amber juice.

A dinner is a function where everybody talks and nobody eats. Some have eaten before they come, some wish they had, and others dare not eat for fear of losing some of the gossip. I may be wrong, but I believe that half of these listless appetites are due to the natural confusion of forks.

After the liqueurs my butler concluded that his labor was done, and he offered up a short prayer of thankfulness and relief. Heavens, what mad, fantastic impulses had seized him while he was passing the soup! Supposing he *had* spilled the hot liquid down Karloff's back, or poured out a glass of burgundy for himself and drained it before them all, or slapped his late colonel on the back and asked him the state of his liver? It was maddening, and he marveled at his escape. There hadn't been a real mishap. The colonel had only scowled at him; he was safe. He passed secretly from the house and hung around the bow-window which let out upon the low balcony. The window was open, and occasionally he could hear a voice from beyond the room, which was dark.

It was one of those nights, those mild November nights, to which the novelists of the old régime used to devote a whole page; the silvery pallor on the landscape, the moon-mists, the round, white, inevitable moon, the stirring breezes, the murmur of the few remaining leaves, and all that. But these busy days we have not the time to read nor the inclination to describe.

Suddenly upon the stillness of the night the splendor of a human voice broke forth; the prima-donna was trying her voice. A violin wailed a note. A hand ran up and down the keys of the piano. Warburton held his breath and waited. He had heard Tosti's *Ave Maria* many times, but he never will forget the manner in which it was sung that night. The songstress was care-free and among those

persons she knew and liked, and she put her soul into that magnificent and mysterious throat of hers. And throbbing all through the song was the vibrant, loving voice of the violin. And when the human tones died away and the instruments ceased to speak, Warburton felt himself swallowing rapidly. Then came Schumann's *Träumerei* on the strings, Handel's *Largo*, Grieg's *Papillon*, and a *ballade* by Chaminade. Then again sang the prima-donna; old folksy songs, sketches from the operas, grand and light, *Faust*, *The Barber of Seville*, *La Fille de Madame Angot*. In all his days Warburton had never heard such music. Doubtless he *had*—even better; only at this period he was in love. The imagination of love's young dream is the most stretchable thing that I know of. Seriously, however, he was a very good judge of music, and I am convinced that what he heard was out of the ordinary.

But I must guide my story into the channel proper.

During the music Karloff and Colonel Annesley drifted into the latter's study. What passed between them I gathered from bits recently dropped by Warburton.

"Good God, Karloff, what a net you have sprung about me!" said the colonel, despairingly.

"My dear Colonel, you have only to step out of it. It is the eleventh hour; it is not too late." But Karloff watched the colonel eagerly.

"How in God's name can I step out of it?"

"Simply reimburse me for that twenty thousand I advanced to you in good faith, and nothing more need be said." The count's Slavonic eyes were half-lidded.

"To give you back that amount will leave me a beggar, an absolute beggar, without a roof to shelter me. I am too old for the service, and besides, I am physically incapacitated. If you should force me, I could not meet my note save

by selling the house my child was born in. Have you discounted it?"

"No. Why should I present it to the bank? It does not mature till next Monday, and I am in need of no money."

"What a wretch I am!"

Karloff raised his shoulders resignedly.

"My daughter!"

"Or my ducats," whimsically quoted the count. "Come, Colonel; do not waste time in useless retrospection. He stumbles who looks back. I have been thinking of your daughter. I love her, deeply, eternally."

"You love her?"

"Yes. I love her because she appeals to all that is young and good in me; because she represents the highest type of womanhood. With her as my wife, why, I should be willing to renounce my country, and your indebtedness would be crossed out of existence with one stroke of the pen."

The colonel's haggard face grew light with sudden hopefulness.

"I have been," the count went on, studying the ash of his cigar, "till this night what the world and my own conscience consider an honorable man. I have never wronged a man or woman personally. What I have done on the order of duty does not agitate my conscience. I am simply a machine. The moral responsibility rests with my czar. When I saw your daughter, I deeply regretted that you were her father."

The colonel grew rigid in his chair.

"Do not misunderstand me. Before I saw her, you were but the key to what I desired. As her father the matter took on a personal side. I could not very conscientiously make love to your daughter and at the same time . . ." Karloff left the sentence incomplete.

"And Betty?" in half a whisper.

"Has refused me," quietly. "But I have not given her up; no, I have not given her up."

"What do you mean to do?"



Drawn by Harrison Fisher

A LONG WHITE ARM STRETCHED OUTWARD AND UPWARD
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Karloff got up and walked about the room. "Make her my wife," simply. He stooped and studied the titles of some of the books in the cases. He turned to find that the colonel had risen and was facing him with flaming eyes.

"I demand to know how you intend to accomplish this end," the colonel said. "My daughter shall not be dragged into this trap."

"To-morrow night I will explain everything; to-night, nothing," imperturbably.

"Karloff, to-night I stand a ruined and dishonored man. My head, once held so proudly before my fellow men, is bowed with shame. The country I have fought and bled for I have in part betrayed. But not for my gain, not for my gain. No, no! Thank God that I can say that! Personal greed has not tainted me. Alone, I should have gone serenely into some poor house and eked out an existence on my half-pay. But this child of mine, whom I love doubly, for her mother's sake and her own, I would gladly cut off both arms to spare her a single pain, to keep her in the luxury which she still believes rightfully to be hers. When the fever of gaming possessed me, I should have told her. I did not; therein lies my mistake, the mistake which has brought me to this horrible end. Virginius sacrificed his child to save her; I will sacrifice my honor to save mine from poverty. Force her to wed a man she does not love? No. To-morrow night we shall complete this disgraceful bargain. The plans are all finished but one. Now leave me; I wish to be alone."

"Sir, it is my deep regret . . ."

"Go; there is nothing more to be said."

Karloff withdrew. He went soberly. There was nothing sneering nor contemptuous in his attitude. Indeed, there was a frown of pity on his face. He recognized that circumstances had dragged down a noble man; that chance had tricked him of his honor. How he hated his own evil plan! He squared his shoulders,

determined once more to put it to the touch to win or lose it all.

He found her at the bow-window, staring up at the moon. As I remarked, this room was dark, and she did not instantly recognize him.

"I am moon-gazing," she said.

"Let me sigh for it with you. Perhaps together we may bring it down." There was something very pleasing in the quality of his tone.

"Ah, it is you, Count? I could not see. But let us not sigh for the moon; it would be useless. Does any one get his own wish-moon? Does it not always hang so high, so far away?"

"The music has affected you?"

"As it always does. When I hear a voice like madame's, I grow sad, and a pity for the great world surges over me."

"Pity is the invisible embrace which enfolds all animate things. There is pity for the wretched, for the fool, for the innocent knave, for those who are criminals by their own folly; pity for those who love without reward; pity that embraces . . . even me."

Silence.

"Has it ever occurred to you that there are two beings in each of us; that between these two there is a continual conflict, and that the victor finally prints the victory on the face? For what lines and haggards a man's face but the victory of the evil that is in him? For what makes the aged ruddy and smooth of face and clear of eye but the victory of the good that is in him? It is so. I still love you; I still have the courage to ask you to be my wife. Shall there be faces haggard or ruddy, lined or smooth?"

She stepped inside. She did not comprehend all he said, and his face was in the shadow—that is to say, unreadable.

"I am sorry, very, very sorry."

"How easily you say that!"

"No, not easily; if only you knew how hard they come, for I know that they inflict a hurt," gently. "Ah, Count, why

indeed do I not love you?" impulsively, for at that time she held him in genuine regard. "You represent all that a woman could desire in a man."

"You could learn," with an eager step toward her.

"You do not believe that; you know that you do not. Love has nothing to learn; the heart speaks, and that is all. My heart does not speak when I see you, and I shall never marry a man to whom it does not. You ask for something which I can not give, and each time you ask you only add to the pain."

"This is finality?"

"It is."

"Eh, well; then I must continue on to the end."

She interpreted this as a plaint of his coming loneliness.

"Here!" she said. She held in her hands two red roses. She thrust one toward him. "That is all I may give you."

For a moment he hesitated. There were thorns, invisible and stinging.

"Take it!"

He accepted it, kissed it gravely, and hid it.

"This is the bitterest moment in my life, and doubly bitter because I love you."

When the portière fell behind him, she locked her hands, grieving that all she could give him was an ephemeral flower. How many men had turned from her in this wise, even as she began to depend upon them for their friendships! The dark room oppressed her and she stepped out once more into the silver of moonshine. Have you ever beheld a lovely woman fondle a lovely rose? She drew it, pendent on its slender stem, slowly across her lips, her eyes shining mistily with waking dreams. She breathed in the perfume, then cupped the flower in the palm of her hand and pressed it again and again to her lips. A long white arm stretched outward and upward toward the moon, and when it withdrew the hand was empty.

Warburton, hidden behind the vines, waited until she was gone, and then hunted in the grass for the precious flower. On his hands and knees he groped. The dew did not matter. And when at last he found it, not all the treasures of the fabled Ophir would have tempted him to part with it. It would be a souvenir for his later days.

As he rose from his knees he was confronted by a broad-shouldered, elderly man in evening clothes. The end of a cigar burned brightly between his teeth.

"I'll take that flower, young man, if you please."

Warburton's surprise was too great for sudden recovery.

"It is mine, Colonel," he stammered.

The colonel filliped away his cigar and caught my butler roughly by the arm.

"Warburton, what the devil does this mean—a lieutenant of mine peddling soup around a gentleman's table?"

XIX

Warburton had never lacked that rare and peculiar gift of immediately adapting himself to circumstances. To lie now would be folly, worse than useless. He had addressed this man at his side by his military title. He stood committed. He saw that he must throw himself wholly upon the colonel's mercy and his sense of the humorous. He pointed toward the stables and drew the colonel after him; but the colonel held back.

"That rose first; I insist upon having that rose till you have given me a satisfactory account of yourself."

Warburton reluctantly surrendered his treasure. Force of habit is a peculiar one. The colonel had no real authority to demand the rose; but Warburton would no more have thought of disobeying than of running away.

"You will give it back to me?"

"That remains to be seen. Go on; I

am ready to follow you. And I do not want any dragging story, either." The colonel spoke impatiently.

Warburton led him into his room and turned on the light. The colonel seated himself on the edge of the cot and lighted a fresh cigar.

"Well, sir, out with it. I am waiting."

Warburton took several turns about the room. "I don't know how the deuce to begin, Colonel. It began with a joke that turned out wrong."

"Why did you not leave then?"

"And be observed? I dared not."

"Indeed?" sarcastically. "Let me hear about this joke."

M'sieu Zhames dallied no longer, but plunged boldly into his narrative. Sometimes the colonel stared at him as if he beheld a species of lunatic absolutely new to him, sometimes he laughed silently, sometimes he frowned.

"That's all," said Zhames; and he stood watching the colonel with dread in his eyes.

"Well, of all the damn fools!"

"Sir?"

"Of all the jackasses!"

Warburton bit his lip angrily.

The colonel swung the rose to and fro. "Yes, sir, a damn fool!"

"I dare say that I am, sir. But I have gone too far to back out now. Will you give me back that rose, Colonel?"

"What do you mean by her?" coldly.

"I love her with all my heart," hotly.

"I want her for my comrade, my wife, my companion, my partner in all I have or do. I love her, and I don't care a hang who knows it."

"Not so loud, my friend; not so loud."

"Oh, I do not care who hears," discouragedly.

"This beats the very devil! You've got me all balled up. Is Betty Annesley a girl of the kind we read about in the papers as eloping with her groom? What earthly chance had you in this guise, I should like to know?"

"I only wanted to be near her; I did not look ahead."

"Well, I should say not! How long were you hidden behind that trellis?"

"A year, so it seemed to me."

"Any lunatics among your ancestors?"

Warburton shook his head, smiling wanly.

"I can't make it out," declared the colonel. "A graduate of West Point, the fop of Troop A, the hero of a hundred ball-rooms, disguised as a hostler and serving soup!"

"Always keep the motive in mind, Colonel; you were young yourself once."

The colonel thought of the girl's mother. Yes, he had been young once, but not quite so young as this cub of his.

"What chance do you suppose you have against the handsome Russian?"

"She has rejected him," thoughtlessly.

"Ha!" frowning; "so you were eaves-dropping?"

"Wait a moment, Colonel. You know that I am very fond of music. I was listening to the music. It had ceased, and I was waiting for it to begin again, when I heard voices."

The colonel chewed the end of his cigar in silence.

"And now may I have that rose, sir?"

The colonel observed him warily. He knew that quiet tone. It said that if he refused to give up the rose he would have to fight for it, and probably get licked into the bargain.

"I've a notion you might attempt to take it by force in case I refused."

"I surrendered it peacefully enough, sir."

"So you did. Here." The colonel tossed the flower across the room and Warburton caught it.

"I should like to know, sir, if you are going to expose me. It's no more than I deserve."

The colonel studied the lithographs on the walls. "Your selection?" with a wave of the hand.

"No, sir. I should like to know what you are going to do. It would relieve my mind. As a matter of fact, I confess that I am growing weary of the mask." Warburton waited.

"You make a very respectable butler, though," musingly.

"Shall you expose me, sir?" persistently.

"No, lad. I should not want it to get about that a former officer of mine could possibly make such an ass of himself. You have slept all night in jail, you have groomed horses, you have worn a livery which no gentleman with any self-respect would wear, and all to no purpose whatever. Why, in the name of the infernal regions, didn't you meet her in a formal way? There would have been plenty of opportunities."

Warburton shrugged; so did the colonel, who stood up and shook the wrinkles from his trousers.

"Shall you be long in Washington, sir?" asked Warburton, politely.

"In a hurry to get rid of me, eh?" with a grim smile. "Well, perhaps in a few days."

"Good night."

The colonel stopped at the threshold, and his face melted suddenly into a warm, humorous smile. He stretched out a hand which Warburton grasped most gratefully. His colonel had been playing with him.

"Come back to the Army, lad; the East is no place for a man of your kidney. Scrape up a commission, and I'll see to it that you get back into the regiment. Life is real out in the great West. People smile too much here; they don't laugh often enough. Smiles have a hundred meanings, laughter but one. Smiles are the hiding places for lies, and sneers, and mockeries, and scandals. Come back to the West; we all want you, the service and I. When I saw you this afternoon I knew you instantly, only I was worried as to what devilment you were up to.

Win this girl, if you can; she's worth any kind of a struggle, God bless her! Win her and bring her out West, too."

Warburton wrung the hand in his till the old fellow signified that his fingers were beginning to ache.

"Do you suppose she suspects anything?" ventured Warburton.

"No. She may be a trifle puzzled, though. I saw her watching your hands at the table. She has eyes and can readily see that such hands as yours were never made to carry soup-plates. For the life of me, I had a time of it, swallowing my laughter. I longed for a vacant lot to yell in. It would have been a positive relief. The fop of Troop A peddling soup! Oh, I shall have to tell the boys. You used more pipe-clay than any other man in the regiment. Don't scowl. Never mind; you've had your joke; I must have mine. Don't let that Russian fellow get the inside track. Keep her on American soil. I like him and I don't like him; and for all your tomfoolery and mischief, there is good stuff in you—stuff that any woman might be proud of. If you hadn't adopted this disguise, I could have helped you out a bit by cracking up some of your exploits. Well, they will be inquiring for me. Good night and good luck. If you should need me, a note will find me at the Army and Navy Club." And the genial old warrior, shaking with silent laughter, went back to the house.

Warburton remained standing. He was lost in a dream. All at once he pressed the rose to his lips and kissed it shamelessly, kissed it uncountable times. Two or three leaves, not withstanding this violent treatment, fluttered to the floor. He picked them up: any one of these velvet leaves might have been the recipient of *her* kisses, the rosary of love. He was in love, such a love that comes but once to any man, not passing, incertain, but lasting. He knew that it was all useless. He had dugged with his own hands the abyss between himself and this girl. But there

was a secret gladness: to love was something. (For my part, I believe that the glory lies, not in being loved, but in loving.)

I do not know how long he stood there, but it must have been at least ten minutes. Then the door opened, and Monsieur Pierre lurched or rolled (I can't quite explain or describe the method of his entrance) into the room, his face red with anger, and a million thousand thunders on the tip of his Gallic tongue.

"So! You haf leaf *me* to clear zee table, eh? Not by a damn! *I*, clear zee table? *I?* I t'ink not. I *cook*, nozzing else. To zee dining-room, or I haf you discharge'!"

"All right, Peter, old boy!" cried Warburton, the gloom lifting from his face.

"*Petaire!* You haf zee insolence to call me *Petaire*? Why, I haf you keeked out in zee morning, lackey!"

"Cook!" mockingly.

Pierre was literally dumfounded. Such disrespect he had never before witnessed. It was frightful. He opened his mouth to issue a volley of French oaths, when Zhames's hand stopped him.

"Look here, Peter, you broil your partridges and flavor your soups, but keep out of the stables, or, in your own words,

I keel you or keek you out. You tell the scullery maid to clear off the table. I'm off duty for the rest of the night. Now, then, *allons! Marche!*"

And M'sieu Zhames gently but firmly and steadily pushed the scandalized Pierre out of the room and closed the door in his face. I sha'n't repeat what Pierre said, much less what he thought.

Let me read a thought from the mind of each of my principals, the final thought before retiring that night.

Karloff (on leaving Mrs. Chadwick): Dishonor against dishonor; so it must be. I can not live without that girl.

Mrs. Chadwick (when Karloff had gone): He has lost, but I have not won.

Annesley: So one step leads to another, and the labyrinth of dishonor has no end.

The Colonel: What the deuce will love put next into the young mind?

Pierre (to Celeste): I haf heem discharge'!

Celeste (to Pierre): He ees handsome!

Warburton (sighing in the *doloroso*): How I love her!

The Girl (standing before her mirror and smiling happily): Oh, Mister Butler! Why?

(To be continued)



WRITERS AND READERS

ILLUSTRATED NOTES OF AUTHORS, BOOKS AND THE DRAMA

THE interview with George Meredith which appeared in a London daily has awakened comment almost out of proportion to the importance of the ideas he enunciated. The opinions of a distinguished man-of-letters like Mr. Meredith are entitled to respectful consideration, but in this case the novelist displayed a querulousness bordering on senility, and the effect is far from pleasing. In matters of church and state, Mr. Meredith is decidedly "agin the government," and the spirit in which he expresses himself makes some of the fulminations of our own anti-imperialist clique in Boston sound like loyalty itself in comparison.

Mr. Meredith confesses to a hearty contempt for the church and army of England, exempting, however, certain bishops and generals. He thinks a German army could march almost unimpeded from one end of England to the other, and he believes that the average English army officer, and the average English curate is narrow and incompetent, lacking in true courage and in true faith. Apparently he approves absolutely of the conscription system, and would like to see it applied as rigorously in England as it is in Germany. Here he departs radically from the belief of the anti-imperialists of America who set their faces sternly against war. He believes the English are becoming less manly. The shirking of military duty he cites as an example. He blames the shop-keeper for not more freely embracing the army and the idea it stands for, and he blames the physicians and parsons for increasing the fear of death and thus reducing the manliness of the English people.

His contempt for the army and church

is shown all through the interview, for no matter what the subject may be, he gets back to his denunciations of the army which "will remain a chaos as long as it is controlled by a singularly unintellectual, ill-educated and unbusiness-like class," or "the church—a chaos of men without overseers. The clergy are drawn from the same narrow and incompetent class as the officers, and they get the same insufficient education."

Like other occidentals who find themselves dissatisfied with their own civilization, he has an admiration for the orientals, especially the Japanese. In speaking of the latter's love of nature, he takes occasion to score his own people in these words: "The English people have little real love for nature. The highest English idea of beauty in nature is the southerly wind and the cloudy sky that proclaim it a hunting morning. Of course there have been a few great writers who have done better than that, and their influence is slowly spreading downward. Oh, yes; people are improving. The whole world is improving—I am a little doubtful about the English race."

Next to unreasoning optimism is unreasoning pessimism, and it is a pity to see the autumn of such lives as Herbert Spencer's and George Meredith's clouded by distrust and bitterness. It is not at all unlikely that egotism, in old age, takes the hateful form of hyper-criticism.

MR. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor is back from Paris after fourteen months' absence, and has brought with him the start of two books which bear a certain relation to each other. One is a novel dealing with the love of Molière for

Madeleine Bejart, the other a biography of Molière. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's visit to Paris was for the purpose of preparing these studies, which might have been completed but for interruption by a serious illness. Notwithstanding this handicap Mr. Chatfield-Taylor believes himself to be provided with some interesting and little-known material. In the Bibliothèque Nationale and the archives of the Théâtre Français he found information of the sort to warm the heart of the biographer and romancer. The French government proved particularly courteous; it expressed its official pleasure by decorating the author for his services to literature and by making him *officier de l'instruction publique*, an honor which only one or two Americans have previously enjoyed.

Mr. Taylor's excellent gifts have not been entirely appreciated by his fellow countrymen. (It has not required the action of the French Government to prompt this expression.) He has never been taken quite seriously. Because he is a fortunate young man and a fashionable one, his literary ambitions have been smiled at as the vagaries of a dilettante. Moreover, his light satire has been taken for frivolity and the writer's purposes misinterpreted. Mr. Taylor has learned, as all must, in the great class-room of publicity. He is the sort of a man to profit by adverse criticism. It is safe to prophesy a marked growth in the volumes which he is presently to give to the public.

MR. Herbert Quick, the author of "Aladdin and Co.," is a writer by afterthought. He has been a school-teacher, a farmer, an editor and a politician, carrying his politics so far as to serve for two years as mayor of Sioux City. He is still a member of the Iowa Democratic State Committee. "Aladdin and Co." might not have been written but for Mr. Quick's residence in Sioux City, where he saw the ever-fascinating specta-

cle of the swift rise to prominence of a young town, and noted the amazing accretion of fortunes by the men who knew how to seize their opportunities. His wonder story smacks of reality.

IT was not so very far off, when Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" took the public fancy. Columns were written about it, and every one was after the full meaning of the poem. Then Mr. Markham came forward with analysis and description, telling what he meant by this phrase and that, until the curious were satisfied.

And how about "Candida"? The expected has now happened: Shaw's explanation of Shaw, so Mr. Huncker puts it. The breathless shawl speech has been explained away, and we are told by Shaw to think thus and thus of his inconsistent heroine. The limits to the imagination have been fixed regarding "that very immoral female, Candida," to quote Shaw on Shaw.

Browning's reply to the young lady who wished him to explain his obscurities seems to fit in here. "At the time of writing that line," the story makes him say, "only two knew what I meant—God and myself—and now, God only knows."

Arnold Daly is to play "Candida" again this year—poor Candida, interesting, if only taken at her face value!

ONE of the most depressing things in American life is the desperate cheerfulness which we are all supposed to maintain. Time was when we could, if we so pleased, divert ourselves with a little well-placed taciturnity; we could tell the truth about a disagreeable fact; we were permitted to take cognizance of sin, sickness and death. Literature admitted the existence of these things, and it sometimes happened that spiritual good and intellectual understanding came from the discussion of them. That time has passed. The pleasures of melancholy are no longer

ours. The public wishes to read only of happiness, prosperity and utter respectability. Conversation has about it the brilliancy of a sheet of tin in the sunshine. Friends meeting, may not refer to the weather if it chances to be bad. They may not say that the winter has been long or that the spring is late. It is not difficult to imagine what will be the result of this enforced cheerfulness. A settled misanthropy will overtake the truth-teller. The man of accurate observation, who knows when he is walking in slush, who is aware when he is bored, who is perfectly cognizant of his own ill health, or a general epidemic, will feel as if he moved in a community of madmen. And in later stages of his experience he may contract a permanent distrust of his own sanity with the result that he will convince the authorities of his point of view and find himself incarcerated where his disposition to see things as they are will not interfere with the cultivated jocundity of a mad world.

IT may or may not be pleasing to writers of fiction to learn that romances are the favorite literary food of criminals. The librarian at Sing Sing has been keeping a record during the last year, and reports that of the forty thousand five hundred books read by the convicts at that populous prison—for there are twelve hundred convicts under that mighty roof—29,381 of the books were fiction. It does not, of course, need any very deep psychological reflection to reach the conclusion that men deprived of life upon their own initiative, find delight in reading of the world of free men and women. It has often been noted that the aimless, and those who seem unable to achieve full and interesting life for themselves, frequent the theater and devote themselves to novels, finding in this mimic life the diversion which they somehow contrive to miss at first hand. But then, upon further thought, the case requires

no comment of any kind, for if the majority of convicts prefer fiction to literature, so do the majority of men and women everywhere. Fiction is the popular of the arts, it best expresses contemporary time, and it has the tremendous advantage of providing an ever-greasing amusement, whereas painting, sculpture, music and the drama must suffer from limitations as to the amount of entertainment they can provide, the variety of emotions they have to offer, and greater difficulty in procuring them.

Dumas is of all authors the favorite. *Sing Sing*, and 1,413 volumes of works were read by the convicts in the course of the year. This shows good literary taste! Other authors, as represented by the number of their books ranked as follows: Charles Reade, Collins, 649; Corelli, 596; Doyle, Dickens, 567; Haggard, 481; *Crawley*, 415, and *Henty*, 402.

After fiction came biography, of which 1,227 volumes were read; history followed with 953 volumes; religion with 799; poetry with 205. Of books in foreign languages, German led with 1,686 volumes, Hebrew was next with 1,259; Italian third, with 1067, and French last, 545.

What intelligence and vitality is closed in the walls of prisons! But at least, something of a comfort to men that their lives no longer drag out in silence and neglect that once attended punishment. Now the influences of the outside world reach them, conveying some sense of fellowship and, for many, the hope of coming opportunity.

MR. George P. Upton, the well-known musical critic, has been collaborating with Mr. Theodore Thomas in the preparation of a work which, while containing a memoir of Mr. Thomas, will be, practically, a history of music in Chicago. C. McClurg and Company are to be publishers.



From a photo. Gray is made especially for
THE READER MAGAZINE

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

One of the most popular and successful of American illustrators

THE August issue of THE READER MAGAZINE mentioned the reluctance of English publishers to undertake responsibility for an English edition of "My Mamie Rose," Owen Kildare's curious and moving tale. Since then, T. Fisher Unwin, of London, has ventured upon the publication of this fascinating book, which had been condemned as "too American," and he will undoubtedly have full justification for his courage. He has issued it under the not-very-imaginative title "Up From the Slums," and news come that the book is doing well. But really, it should have been left with its quaint title, "My Mamie Rose," which has about it, somehow, the same half-tender, half-jocular appeal that had "The Jessamy Bride."

STEWART Edward White and another are about to bring out a story which is a mystery of the sea. From the meager announcements, in which the title is not given, it would seem that they have chosen the wreck, or rather the abandonment of the Mary Celeste. This is a well-known nautical fact and it is a matter of ocean record. Many years ago, on a calm day somewhere near the Azores, a ship was sighted under full sail, but with no sign of life. A boat was put off, and when its hail was ignored, the boat's crew boarded the silent ship, which proved to be the Mary Celeste. They found everything ship-shape. Every sail, every instrument, every cable as it should be. But there was not a living soul on board. A clock was ticking in the cabin, there was a fire in the galley range, some food prepared for cooking; in a sewing machine was a child's unfinished garment, and on the cabin floor were a child's toys. The life boats were in the davits—in fact there was absolutely nothing missing but the crew. The vessel was taken to Havana. The mystery was never solved and the crew never found. If that isn't a fascinating start for a sea story, have the goodness to call and say what is!

Of course it is not known what Mr. White and his friend have done with the suggestion. But wouldn't you like to know? The subject would challenge a Rider Haggard, a Clark Russel—or a Stewart White.

SIX years before the Democratic party dedicated itself and its fortunes to the silent sage of Esopus, the late Harold Frederic wrote his novel "Gloria Mundi" and inscribed in it this dedication: "To my friend, the Hon. Alton B. Parker, Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, N. Y." As one thinks of the regretted Frederic modestly honoring his friend the judge, Tennyson's lines come naturally to mind:

"When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

IT has been a long time since this country has found it possible to take general interest in a foreign visitor who was not either a royalty, or a famous actor or musician. Spiritual intellectuality is promised its innings this month by a visit from the Archbishop of Canterbury, a democratic prince of the Established Church—"the Right Honorable and Most Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, G. C. V. O., D. D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury," he appears on the rolls of the House of Lords. The archbishop was born at Edinburgh in 1848, the son of Henry Davidson. Beginning with the curateship of Dartford in Kent in 1874, Dr. Davidson's rise has been steady. He was private secretary to Archbishop Tait, whose daughter he married; also to Archbishop Benson, honorable chaplain to Queen Victoria, her sub-almoner, dean of Windsor and domestic chaplain to the Queen, clerk of the closet to the Queen, whose death he witnessed; Bishop of Rochester, Bishop of Winchester, and lastly Archbishop of Canterbury, twenty-seventh



From a photograph made especially for
THE READER MAGAZINE

MR. IRVING BACHELLER'S "DEN"

At Sound Beach, Connecticut, is a solid square of masonry built on the rocks, with a boat-way underneath. In the photograph, the den, with its dock jutting out into the water, is seen facing the Sound. Mr. Bacheller is seated on the wall.

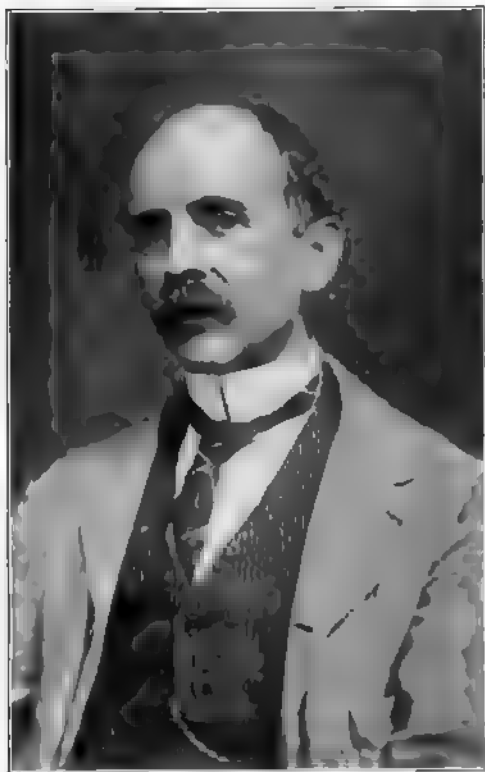
from the time of Cranmer. Dr. Davidson is a Low Churchman, and is not, as has been said, a politician. He is sympathetic with evangelistic work, and created a most favorable impression when he attended the funeral of Mr. Spurgeon and pronounced a benediction at his grave. The Archbishop of Canterbury comes to this country on the invitation of Bishop Tuttle of Missouri, to attend the General Convention in Boston in October. Dr. Davidson did not "take honors" at Oxford, on account of his health, but his learning is profound, and he has been regarded as a scholar. Trinity College gave him the degree of D. D. His only work in a literary way is a two-volume "life" of Archbishop Tait, his father-in-law.

"THE Diary of a Musician," that curious book by Dolores M. Bacon, has gone to the press for a second time. This is not at all strange. A book so naïve has

seldom been written. The irresponsibility of the genius, his wistfulness, his enduring childishness, his eager grasp for every glittering toy that pleases him, are most amazingly portrayed. The creation has a verisimilitude that is truly unusual. The publishers admit that the book has awakened much adverse comment. It would inevitably do this. The frankness with which the ingenuous "musician" is made to discuss his vagrant life, his fantastic memory which played him false at the most vital moments of his life, and in regard to what saner and less talented men consider their sacred responsibilities, must indeed awaken dissatisfaction among those who desire one standard of morals for men, women and geniuses. But Madame Bacon has not offered a moral disquisition. She has made an extraordinary study of the artistic temperament, with all of its expositional egotism, its divine madness, its singular aberrations, its greed for

sensation, its unreflecting and triumphant selfishness, its moments of utter sacrifice, its intuitive sympathies and angelic impulses. Half-angel, half-devil and all child is the true genius. It is not worth while to quarrel with a study so clever and in many ways so touching. Let us accept with gratitude the illumination it casts upon that curious enigma, the genius. It will be impossible for most of us to imitate the "musician's" achievements, and it is unnecessary to copy his morals.

DANIEL Chester French, the sculptor, had been working a good many years before the Columbian Exposition afforded him an opportunity to put forth a bold piece of work, which, by arresting the attention of the people, brought him at once into national prominence. His statue of the Republic, standing, colossal and dominant at the western end of the



DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

never-to-be-forgotten Court of Honor, brought criticism, both adverse and commendatory to him, and had the effect of making him a universally recognized man. He is by birth a native of New Hampshire, and he took a term at the Boston School of Technology, a brief literary course at Dartmouth, and then, resigning other ambitions, concentrated his attention on art, studying in Boston and in Florence.

His first studio was set up in Washington, but he removed, after a year or two to Concord, where, for almost a decade, he worked industriously, doing such work as "The Minute Man of Concord," and the sculptile portraits of such men as General Cass, Rufus Choate, John Harvard and Dr. Gallaudet. He gravitated, at length, to New York, where he still lives.

The Columbian Exposition had a tremendous effect upon American sculptors. It made them cognizant of their own existence, of their opportunities, of their abilities. They began to awaken—and the result is to be seen to-day at the St. Louis Exposition where, for the first time, their actual strength is to be estimated. It had, without question, its influence with Mr. French, whose work grew bolder, freer of imagination, more mystic, less literal. Perhaps among the lessons that the sculptor learned at that time was the hitherto half-recognized fact that the American had an appreciation for other things than obvious ones. With confidence in his audience, the latent taste and subtlety in artists of all sorts began to assert itself, and Mr. French passed from the first, literal period of his work into one in which ideas found their nobly sculpturesque expression. It is with these later manifestations of a fine talent that critics are interested. Mr. French has been of those who, in developing his own powers, has lifted with him the taste and appreciation of his clientele. It is a task which, however difficult, a man of large spirit may well consider enviable. There are many forms of

patriotism, not the least of which is to assist in elevating the artistic ideals of a teachable and aspiring nation, frankly conscious of its own esthetic limitations.

Mr. French is a member of the Society of American Artists, of the National Academy of Design, of the Architectural League and of the Academie di S. Luce, Rome.

AS a Chinaman Saw Us" and "Letters of a Chinese Official" have awakened no little curiosity. Were these books, so subtly scornful under their mask of compliment, so intimate in their understanding of the American tongue and of American ideas, really written by an Oriental as they purport to be? The question is being asked with a good deal of eagerness, and the answer is not forthcoming. Whether the letters and comments were written by Oriental or Occidental, the fact remains that we are shown up in all our inconsistency, ridiculous complaisancy and vulgarity, and a patient and teachable—if not prayerful—perusal of these jocular and more or less contemptuous criticisms of our shortcomings would be good for us. Fortunately, we are young yet, as a nation, and for all of our "big talk" are not above learning.

THERE is to be an influx of foreign artists during our next dramatic season; all eyes "across the seas" are turned toward America. Already, managers have booked from England: Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Sir Charles Windham, Miss Ellen Terry, and Miss Tempest. John Hare and Beerbohm Tree have expressed their desire to come, and the farewell tour of Sir Henry Irving is being discussed.

Mrs. Campbell will play an English version of Sardou's "The Sorceress"—which recalls Bernhardt, who will visit America, if not this year, certainly next; we are positive of Réjane. From Italy, Duse and Signor Novelli are promised.

As to prospective plays, Mr. Charles



OLIVER HERFORD

Said to have collaborated with Curtis Dunham on a book to appear this fall

Frohman returned from Europe with a brilliant coterie. The names of Colonel Marshall, A. W. Pinero, Chambers, Henry Arthur Jones, Carton, and Esmond figure prominently among the dramatists, and of the author-playwrights, J. M. Barrie, Zangwill, and W. W. Jacobs are mentioned. Of dramatizations, Kipling's "Story of the Gadsbys" will be of interest.

The plays of Fitch, Thomas, and Carleton swell the list and show somewhat of a domestic tinge alongside of the foreign crop.

THE return of "Mr. Dooley" will be hailed with unfeigned delight by the thousands who admire the philosophy and humor of the Irish saloon-keeper. After a silence of several years Mr. Dooley has begun to tell Hennessy what it is he has seen in the "paaper." While the first of the new series was a trifle labored, the subsequent numbers show that Mr. Dunne is

getting rapidly back into his old form. The Russian-Japanese war should prove a rich field for Mr. Dooley's observations. It is understood that Mr. McClure pays Mr. Dunne a thousand dollars a week for the Dooley series, and that he was very much dumfounded at Dunne's apparent willingness to work at that price either for a weekly or monthly article. Recently an agent for Collier's approached Dunne and offered him a thousand dollars each for six articles on politics. "I accept the offer tentatively," said Peter. "It depends on whether I can think of the subjects."

A **GA**INST all publishers who issue books with uncut leaves let us hurl our heartiest anathema! May they with their cautious and secretive publications be consigned to some horrid limbo of last year's novels and nonsellable editions! Why, in this century of precious moments, of ingenious mechanism, should the reader, grasping his literary moment when he may, be compelled to labor with mediæval patience and an antique tool to cut the edges of his books? What is gained to art or commerce by issuing a five-hundred-page book which requires considerable muscle, a deal of dexterity, a sharp and handy knife and abounding Christian grace to make it ready for consumption, as if, indeed, it were some superior brand of canned goods, sensitive to light, and to be opened only at the moment of use! Can it be that the publishers are interested in the manufacture of paper knives? Or are they so distrustful of the contemporary literary product, that they dare not give prospective purchasers too large a taste at the book counter, lest satiety seize them, and the sale be "off"?

Uncut books are a product of our own age. Previous to the Nineteenth century English books appeared with smooth, cut edges; and not until the advent of the Victorian era did it become the fashion to issue them with the leaves uncut. Some

one has said that the trick originated in Scotland where the canny inhabitants, so fond of getting something for nothing, had the habit of standing all day at the book stalls dipping into their favorite authors till they were fair glutted with wisdom and had no need to spend good pence for a book of which they had, in the more occult sense, possessed themselves. Then came the Scotch publishers, to match cunning with cunning, and sent forth the books uncut, revealing only so much as would tantalize the economical searcher after knowledge, giving him a sweet nibble at his fly, till he bit, parted with his bawbees and carried the book away.

But American prodigality needs no such bait. Our chief anxiety appears to be how to spend our money. All we want is time to earn and spend it, and there is really no estimating the amount of money we have sacrificed by wasting valuable time cutting books! Let the publishers reflect on the additional books we would have been able to buy could we have utilized those pensive moments occupied in ripping open book leaves, in some more lucrative occupation. Moreover, we are a tidy race, fond of well-brushed clothes, and it is not our pleasure to walk the streets with shreds and rags of paper edges clinging to us; nor are we pleased to see our books with edges frayed like beggars and dusty as tramps.

But there is another objection to the custom which transcends all these. Suppose a valued friend presents you with a copy of his poems; or his essay on "The State of Morals in Tahiti," or his "Treatise on Logarithms"! You defer the pleasure of reading the book, perhaps, when suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, your friend is upon you—aye, at your threshold, in your library, by your hearthstone! There, before his eyes, lies the damning evidence of your neglect! In the deceitful friendliness of that interminable evening, when his reproachful eyes seek your evasive ones, you divert your-

self with Dantean dreams, in which you picture the publisher condemned to a nether and baleful chamber of punitive gloom, confronted with a mountain of uncut books, and provided with a dull paper knife, through which, with reluctant and jaded energy, he must forever make his way!

MRS. Elia W. Peattie has never been forced into the conspicuousness of the literary front row, but she is, nevertheless, one of the most brilliant in all that vast and brilliant galaxy—the American woman that writes. She possesses the rare gift of style. Whatever comes from her pen is distinguished by grace of phrase and inevitableness of word; by freedom and vigor of expression. She has a number of charming books to her credit, among them "The Shape of Fear," a new edition of which The Macmillan Company has recently announced. This volume of ghost stories, that are not gruesome, reveals a remarkable gift of invention, the thirteen little tales running from mystery and pathos to the most piquant fancy and humor. "The Shape of Fear" has received the enthusiastic praise of both English and American critics. In addition to domestic and social duties, numerous and exacting enough to keep the average woman occupied, Mrs. Peattie finds time to do much critical writing and to edit the literary page of the Chicago Tribune.



ELIA W. PEATTIE

that the dialect writers went out, and since then the child pathetic and the child diverting, the child of the slums and the child of the mansion, the neglected child and the over-tended child, the child grotesque and the child beautiful, have been the topics of popular pens. All that is re-

THERE are numerous laws now in effect against child labor, but none of these, apparently, can prevent the working of the small child in literature.

"If you wish to have your story accepted," said a successful writer of short stories, "get a child in it. The kindergarten and the nursery are the thing at present. Hardly an editor can be found who has the strength of mind to resist them."

It would be something worse than discourteous to mention the writers who have, within the last five years, brought themselves into happy magazine prominence by means of the small child. The child writers came in about the time

that the dialect writers went out, and since then the child pathetic and the child diverting, the child of the slums and the child of the mansion, the neglected child and the over-tended child, the child grotesque and the child beautiful, have been the topics of popular pens. All that is re-



JAMES MAC ARTHUR of **HARPER AND BROTHERS**
Critic and Playwright

Drawn from life by George Brehm for THE READER MAGAZINE

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quired for a brisk literary career apparently, is "the child in the house," and struggling writers, cautious of giving hostages to fortune, may as well try a new departure and secure their olive branches, firm in the confidence that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings will proceed copy to keep the flour barrel filled and the governess placated.

The frugal German peasant who counts his children as so many bulwarks of his prosperity and the old-time English yeoman who parceled out the labor of his sons for so much per annum, are as nothing in the way of parental enterprise, to the literary American parent who makes meat—or at least, pays the grocer's bill—out of the utterances, prayers, jests, adventures, impudences, nay, the very tears of his or her small offspring.

There is this to be said for the present fad, that most of the writers who deal with this subject appear to be acquainted with their topic. Time was, not so long ago, when there was a sanguinary outbreak of sea fights. Every one was hurling nautical terms about, scuttling vessels, slaughtering pirates, beating down sea rovers or watching long, low, rakish crafts in the offing. It was a stirring time, but a confusing one. Many of the writers did not agree as to their terms. They had the effect of forcing their battle spirit. And quiet-going land-lubbers became depressed even to the point of cutting off their magazine subscriptions on account of this inopportune outbreak of hostilities. The child is a subject with a more intimate appeal to the populace. Almost every one has at least seen a child. Some notion of what such a creature would be likely to say or do haunts even the most unimaginative mind, and there are those who have seen so much of these profitable and amazing beings that they refuse to be surprised at anything the short story writers may claim for them. May the reign of the Innocents continue! It harms no one, the babes are not offend-

ed at these personal sketches as their elders might be were they treated in the same manner, and the short story writers have found a subject at once profitable, catholic and innocuous!

MR. Irving Bacheller has broken new ground in his latest novel, "Vergilius," just published by Harper and Brothers. The story opens in Rome a few months before the birth of Christ, and soon shifts its scene to Jerusalem, where most of the action takes place. It is a story of two patrician lovers, Vergilius and Arria, separated on the eve of their betrothal by the Emperor Augustus. The rumor concerning the coming of a new King in Judea is the actuating impulse that involves the characters in the dramatic conflict, which reaches its climax in the appearance of the Babe in the manger. Mr. Bacheller, it is said, has avoided the conventional lines of fiction as we are familiar with it when laid in the times of Christ, and has made a departure in his setting and situations which are daring and original in their conception, yet faithful in the historical picture to contemporaneous records. Certainly the author of "Eben Holden" knows how to tell a story, and those who have read the advance sheets of "Vergilius" assert that it is crowded with incidents of the most thrilling dramatic interest.

WHEN all is said about style and technique, it still remains a wonderful truth that there has been little improvement on the oldest known methods of story-telling. You can not better the style of John Boccaccio, and the fascination of the Arabian Nights is perennial. Stevenson found it so, and his modern example is among the most delightful things he wrote. A young man in Madison, Wisconsin, wrote "The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton." Not much has been heard from it, but it was full of

exquisite fun from the combination of flamboyant Oriental language with the modern commonplaces of Chicago thought and locality. And now we have "The Piccaroons," a book of tales by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin, of San Francisco, which, in some respects, is the peer of Stevenson's achievement. The scene is in San Francisco, which, somehow, lends itself to happenings which are mysterious and melodramatic, and the characters are excellent and their adventures amazing.

The ingenuity with which the experiences of this forlorn group of wastrels is devised and the adroitness with which they are extricated from their dilemmas and the cards which control their several fates drawn together is both remarkable and artistic. The adventures are preposterous, and yet, for all that, not outside the realm of possibility, and the springs of action which guide the characters are admirably consistent and true to the motives of the under life. They are tales which would have delighted Stevenson himself, and to please the master—is it not enough?

MR. James Ryder Randall, author of that spirited war lyric, "Maryland! My Maryland!" has added to the attempted revival of sectionalism, a poem recently published in the *Chronicle*, of Augusta, Georgia, entitled "The Unconquered Banner," which is designed to express an aggressive spirit toward the North. In it there is noted less of the lofty sentiment and an entire absence of the true poetic fervor one finds in the well-known work of the poet-priest, Father Abram J. Ryan. Father Ryan's poem, "The Conquered Banner," which he published in *The Banner of the South* in 1868, though considered somewhat bitter in its day, was regarded as the emotional outpourings of a heart throbbing under the smart of defeat. But it had a musical quality, and if sorrowful, was marked with a dignity which appealed to a generous people.

Forty years after, Mr. Randall, who might well have been content to rest on the laurels which deservedly were his because of the authorship of "Maryland! My Maryland!" has suggested an attempt to reawaken buried animosities with a series of lines which are as unpoetical as they are in contravention of the proprieties of an advanced age, an opinion which two stanzas near its close will confirm, beginning with the reference to mistakes made in reconstruction:

And well for them they failed, for, in the end,

Their fate and ours must ever interblend.

If we have Cæsar, so must Cæsar be

With them in fullest perpetuity.

If they have empire and the sordid ban

Of Shylock and the money-changing clan,

The South is blameless, for she holds in fee

The stainless swords of Washington and Lee.

There was scant glory in our overthrow—
Not Valor did it, but a brutal blow.

Five hundred thousand Hessians and a horde

Of blacks and Tories broke the Southern Sword.

Shut from the sea, o'erwhelmed upon the land,

We fought the battle to a final stand.

But the Great Cause, outlasting all debates,

Lives in free union of unfettered States.

Mr. Randall is now sixty-five years old, and during the last four years was private secretary to Representative Fleming, of Georgia. Notre Dame University bestowed the degree of LL. D. upon him.

COUNT Wolf von Schierbrand, who in the last three years has written half a dozen books upon European subjects, besides contributing numerous articles on similar topics to the reviews and magazines, is well known in American journalism, having left the German army



MARGARET KINNEY

in which he served during the Franco-Prussian war, and come to this country in the seventies. At first he worked on German newspapers in New York, Chicago and La Crosse, Wis., but he soon joined the American press and was employed on the leading newspapers of Chicago. At length he returned to visit his home in Dresden, and while abroad became agent of the Associated Press in Berlin. While acting in this capacity he performed some valuable services in securing news and in getting interviews with Bismarck, Caprivi and other statesmen. Finally he returned to make his home in New York City and to put the results of his long experience into books. Von Schierbrand is a keen, alert man with a thorough knowledge of European and American politics, great powers of observation, and a knowledge of modern and classical languages. When to these advantages is added his varied and valuable experience on the American press, one can see that he is well equipped for the task



TROY KINNEY

he has laid out. In 1885 he went to Teheran as secretary to United States Minister Winston

TROY Kinney was an artist before he married Margaret West, some years ago, but he has been a better one ever since that happy event. For Margaret Kinney is an artist and illustrator herself and her skill and grace and sympathy have charmingly supplemented her husband's unusual talent. They work always together and many brilliant book-illustrations bear their joint signatures. They have recently joined the large colony of Western artists that find inspiration in Broadway and remuneration in Union and Franklin Squares.

THE "all-stars" of "The Two Orphans" have faded from the horizon; the revival is past, but as a feature, it is worthy of remembrance. Those old-time melodramas seem odd in our day of over-strained realism; yet they afford cut-

lets for rare romantic acting. The notable list of names gathered by Mr. A. M. Palmer resulted in an exceptional company. Clara Morris, as Sister Genevieve, courtesied nightly before a storm of applause from those who knew what she had done in the days gone by; Grace George and Margaret Illington, braving the Kate Claxton memories, were the orphans; Mother Frochard was telling under the sway of Elita Proctor Otis, and Kyrle Bellew as the Chevalier—once more in ruffles and knee-breeches—fired the romantic heart with the play of his sword. One of the most delicate bits of work came from James O'Neill—quiet, even-toned, and pathetic, as Pierre, the cripple. E. M. Holland, Frederick Perry, Annie Irish, and Clara Blandick added their luster to a performance, worthy of the success it had.

THE Rev. W. C. Sawyer, author of "Teutonic Legends," has led the life theological, the life military and the life academic. He was Massachusetts-born and Harvard-bred, and now, after serving as a volunteer in the Civil War and becoming seriously maimed; after study in three universities abroad, and doing, as an instructor, service in a number of universities in this country, he finds himself in the exquisite valley of San Jose, California, where he holds the chair in German and German Literature in the University of the Pacific. He has put forth, with the assistance of his wife, "Teutonic Legends," which are an exposition of what we have come to call the Wagner themes, with their long history, and their relation to the music, and other art expressions of the present time. The material was gathered while Mr. Sawyer was working for his Ph. D. at Berlin and Göttingen.

It has become the fashion in the American universities for each head of a department, as well as his ambitious assistants, to put forth some manner of book, to justify his claims to being an authority upon the subject with which he is identified. Complaints are often made that this forces the scholar into premature performances, and that the reputation not only of the writer but of the university suffers as the result of the keen ambition of some dominating college president who wishes to see his school pushing to the front in literature even as it does in athletics or in material prosperity.

It is fortunate when a man has some thoroughly digested topic to draw upon—one in accord with his tastes and expressive of his more leisurely and reflective self. Mr. Sawyer, in serving his university—as, in part, he perhaps meant to do—has been able to prepare a book which he has himself keenly enjoyed writing.

EDWARD Jepson, the Englishman who wrote "The Admirable Tinker," appears to be as active a person as that lively young hero of his. According to a current note about him, in one week he was appointed editor of the *Automobile Journal*, conducted a bridge competition, captured a golf cup, won a tennis match, scored at hockey and delivered a lecture on "The Economic Future of European Mormonism." It is not generally supposed that mormonism has much footing in Europe, although, of course, it brought many recruits to this country from the ranks of English peasantry; but one can not think its place in economics likely to be notable. However that may be, Mr. Jepson's book is amusing, and he may be said to have given us a new chuckle, even as Baudelaire gave Paris a new shiver.

A FABLE

THE AUTHOR AND THE NECESSARY MACHINERY

By Grace MacGowan Cooke

IT was dusk in the Literary Workshop, and the Author was absent. Suddenly there arose a little stir, and the Necessary Machinery began to speak among itself.

"I am the Useful Scruple," said a thin, hard little voice. "Not many books could be written without Me. When my Author is in a Tight Place, there is nothing to which he turns so hopefully as to me. Amelia must not marry Robert, at least not yet. It would be Madness, for it would close the book at the third chapter, and the author desires (for Reasons) to write a Long Book. There is nothing in his story to prevent this marriage; but do not be nervous. This is where I come in—I am the Useful Scruple."

Amelia has heard that at one time her father took a Cruel Advantage of the male parent of Robert. Will she wed the son of the man her father injured? No, she will not, and no seasoned reader of fiction expects it of her. She is Adamant—because of me. She smiles Wanly and slips away in the night leaving a note pinned to her pillow.

"Now, my Author, having put me in like a Pin, or a

Thumb-Tack, to hold things level, goes on and tells a number of Interesting Things, which he wishes to write and people wish to read. In the last chapter he pulls me out—I come out easy in last chapters—and everybody is happy."

"I'll bet I've helped him out of as many Tight Places as you have," growled the Sacred Vow. "Why, when he gets where he can't for the life of him think what to write, he just makes one of the people say, 'That, I have taken a Sacred Vow never to reveal!' That's me—that's where I make things Smooth for him!"

"I think you two are brothers," said the Missing Will, judicially. "I've served for many a long chapter in many a good book—and I never worked with Pleasanter Gentlemen than you two."

"The Fact is," murmured the Necessary Machinery, in chorus, "Man couldn't write anything without Us—we are more necessary than Pens and Paper."

There was a step, a sudden glow of light; the author had entered and was preparing to burn the Midnight Oil—that Lubricant to all the mechanism.

And thereafter sounded only the Scratching of his Pen.

A LITERARY LOSS

By William Chester Estabrook

ON the twentieth day of May, I sent the following letter to Mr. Pendennis Gardner:

DEAR SIR: In the current number of *Pen Points* you ask, through the medium of your advertisement: "Is Your Nose On The Grindstone?"

I wish to say that mine is. It has been there for years, and I am tired of it.

I am an accountant in a wholesale linen house, at thirty dollars per week. I want to better my condition, as you state it. To that end I have been studying the advertisements of things taught by mail.

Four subjects have interested me,—Law, Advertising, Sanitary Plumbing and Story Writing. Owing to the reasonableness of your terms I have decided finally on the last named.

I am fearful that my age (38) and my lack of imagination may stand in the way of my success. Now if you do not think extreme youth and an imagination necessary, I shall be pleased to send you the twelve dollars for the first six lessons.

Yours very truly, JAMES WATTS.

In just four days I received this reply:

MY DEAR MR. WATTS: Nothing could be further from the truth than that youth and a fervid imagination are necessary to success in the field of fiction. We are beyond that sort of thing, and I thank Heaven for it. As a proof, witness the decline of the historical novel—a field overrun by imaginative children.

The public now demands the product of maturer minds along the calm lines of our workaday life. The intricacies of business, of which you no doubt have expert knowledge, have taken the place of the castle and the moat: clerkship has superseded knighthood and money has displaced the attraction of a woman's love.

And it is well. Men whose lives have been wasted over a yardstick or a desk are coming into their own. Have no fear of the result.

Your English has not been neglected evidently, and that is a great point in your favor. Indeed, there is a frankness, an unsophistication, about your letter which, to me, is simply charming. Let me, my dear Mr. Watts, welcome you with the other hundreds who, under our instruction, are making for themselves a place in the heart of the reading public. The price is twelve dollars, *in advance*.

Most cordially yours,

PENDENNIS GARDNER.

I sent the money immediately. It elicited this reply:

MY DEAR WATTS: You will find on the enclosed card a simple little scenario, if it may be called such, which you are to elaborate and send in for criticism. We have purposely chosen environment and characters with which you are possibly familiar. The plot we have suggested is both unique and modern.

Use a simple narrative style and make your elaboration without studied effort. *Be natural* is the keynote of Lesson One.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Wealthy Linen Manufacturer.

His Daughter.

Clerk in love with same.

Clerk's wealthy but villainous rival.

PLOT.

Love between daughter and clerk opposed by father who wishes wealthy son-in-law. Clerk plans elopement. Daughter, weighing one hundred and eighty, slides down from fourth-story window of

father's mansion on bolt of father's linen. They are married. Papers make much of strength of linen, the advertisement of which appeases father's wrath. All's well that ends well.

At first blush it seemed easy. Pendennis Gardner had placed me on well-known ground. I felt that I was about to come into my own. Figures grew doubly distasteful to me. It would not always be Watts, bookkeeper at Wenzels.

How Frances would welcome the change! She was naturally a romantic little thing, and our ten years of married life had been tame enough, heaven knows.

If this thing went, and I was sure it would not be Pendennis Gardner's fault if it didn't go, life would mean for Frances what she deserved it to mean. I determined, too, that she should chase no illusions. I would write faithfully, honestly, "naturally," as Gardner wished, but—*secretly*. And when the results justified it, I should tell my wife. The way of the successful author stretched in comfortable attractiveness before my eyes.

I chose lunch hour of the next Monday for the beginning of my literary work.

At one o'clock I felt that I had accomplished something, for I had named my characters. Names do not come easily to me and those of my friends kept always intruding. With the names of my characters clearly in mind, I afterward proceeded to the plot.

My training has led me to be brief and to the point. And Gardner had said above all things to be natural.

It was with a degree of satisfaction that, after a week, I forwarded my elaboration.

The next letter was some time in reaching me, but it was worth while when it did come.

MY DEAR WATTS: Your manuscript at hand. And let us congratulate you.

There is a complete absence of that prolixity which characterizes the efforts of beginners.

Indeed, our one criticism is that you are too repressed, too tense, too condensed. You have the ideas, splendid ones, too, but you do not take the time to clothe them decently. Given proper raiment they would be irresistible.

This criticism concerns only certain chapters—for instance, the wrath of the father over his daughter's rebellion is dismissed with the single sentence, "The old man was hot!"

Now, my dear Watts, take that idea and drape it in a little verbiage—make a half-dozen words grow where you have used but one. With our Book of Synonyms, price one dollar, I am sure you would be able to make this chapter much more effective.

But take the father's anger, Chapter Ten, and bring the skirts of the verbal raiment at least to the knees of your ideas. Are we plain? Hoping so, I am,

Yours cordially,

PENDENNIS GARDNER.

I purchased the book of synonyms and worked over Chapter Ten. My revision proved eminently satisfactory, at least Mr. Gardner wrote me that it did.

My next task was a more difficult one.

The clerk's proposal had never pleased my instructor. It lacked—romantic interest, I believe he said. It was too much like an itemized account of affection with a dun at the end. I felt the criticism was well taken. That scene had worried me more than anything else. I was absolutely without data except that obtained from other authors, and that I scorned to use.

Frances had received my proposal by mail.

After a period of forlorn effort, I determined my wife herself should help me. And why not? I had been the last of a long line of suitors who had laid siege to

her heart, suitors prosaic, suitors romantic, suitors grave, suitors gay.

It was no easy task to draw from her, without exciting her wonder, a few of the representative proposals that had strewn her youthful years. It was a tedious job, but I held on to it till I saw the first glint of suspicion in her blue eyes.

Then I set to work and combined what I considered the most salient features of the information obtained. The effect was superb except for a slight discrepancy to which Mr. Gardner called my attention. I saw then that I had confused the position that Dowling had assumed with the declaration Whiffington had made with the result that my kneeling lover stooped and kissed the brow of his lady love—a very natural and tender conclusion, Mr. Gardner admitted, but hardly probable, since I had left the girl standing, and had made her a good five feet ten.

My last lesson was the treatment of the elopement and the denouement. Concerning it Mr. Gardner had written:

"Thus far you have done splendidly. Now comes the most critical work of your story,—the introduction of that psychological element without which the most mediocre editor would not accept a report of a dog-fight.

"Of all the elements of a story it is the hardest to control. Do not be led into the error that it must necessarily have anything to do with the *soul*. Vagueness is the first requisite. You can best drop into the spirit of it, by writing diligently on some subject of which you are densely ignorant.

"We have a valuable little pamphlet—Psychological Touches, containing expressions that give the *psychological tone*. It sells for fifty cents, postage prepaid, and is not copyrighted, so its contents may be used with the utmost freedom—you will understand. We shall watch your efforts in this line with great interest."

With the use of the little pamphlet I found no difficulty in furbishing up the

last chapters of my story, to a degree that quite astonished me. I was especially proud of the letter in which the poor clerk pleaded with his love for the elopement. It had a sort of fascination for me, and I took it home that I might reread and polish it.

That was on Tuesday; I remember the date distinctly; Tuesday, October the fifth. Wednesday our invoicing began, and I had no time that day to think of stories. Wednesday evening I got home tired and worn.

The front door was locked. I thought it a little strange that Frances was not at home. I went to her room.

My heart leaped at what I saw there—wardrobes and closets open and—empty. On every side were the signs of a hurried packing and departure. My coat, the one I had left the day before for her to mend, was folded across the back of a chair. A letter was pinned to the sleeve. I began to read it vacantly.

MY DARLING GLADYS: Why delay? Why not fly with me before the dangers that encompass us thicken to our destruction? Whither? It matters not. To Italy's sunny clime, to Greenland's icy shore, it is all the same to me. No power, however strong, shall keep us—"

I tore the letter to shreds, and, rushing out, took a car to my wife's mother's.

It was very late that night when we got home. We were followed by the expressman with the trunks.

"Jimmy, you've put me to no end of trouble," said Frances, as she began to unpack. She was looking the best, I thought, in years.

"It's worth it," said I, kissing her.

Pendennis Gardner wrote me one other letter. The price was cut to an even dollar the lesson. "Your work means too much to literature, my dear Watts," he said. "We can not afford to lose you."

But Frances thinks they can.



From THE READER MAGAZINE

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REVIEWS



JOAN OF THE ALLEY

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

IN this, his first novel, Mr. Bartlett has done something which is not only full of unusual promise but is also a distinct achievement of immediate value. He has taken as his theme the brutal drama which works itself out with terrible directness under the influence of the elemental passions and blind instincts aroused during a strike in a cotton mill in a great American city. Treating this situation with skill and sympathy and yet with a force which is only artistically restrained, Mr. Bartlett shows us with remarkable fidelity the life and labors of the "masses," all without prejudice or any feeling other than the alert sensitiveness of the story-teller. He finds the chief motive for his plot in the love of a young truck-driver named Dennis Ryan for Joan Sullivan, who is half Irish and half French-Canadian, and for one dramatic moment believes herself a second Joan of Arc, divinely appointed to be the salvation of her people, the dwellers in the slums.

Most of this material, to be sure, has, of course, been seized upon in one form or another long since, but seldom with Mr. Bartlett's firm grasp. For his story has the pervading merit of sincerity and is able to stand the test of being worth while.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston
Price \$1.50

THE HIGHROAD

Being the Autobiography of an Ambitious Mother

AS an arraignment of ideals now existing, this humorous narrative is merciless. The heroine is a woman of executive genius. She has the brains, the breadth of compre-

hension, the philosophic mind to have made anything of herself. She is born a nobody on a West Virginia farm, but with the American genius for rising. She looks the field over, and sees what in our time is considered the ultimate heights. On the very top of the heap, above intellect, goodness, genius, is a tawdry toy, called Social Position. She can see, finally, how tawdry it is, but it is the prize of her time, and she gets it for her children. One of the cleverest sentences in a book which bristles with philosophic epigrams comes in the last lines: "I am here!—the best proof that you are not altogether alien to me is the fact that we are here together." You have felt hypocritically virtuous in your condemnation of her up to that time, but after all you have followed as one of the "birds of a feather."

The book is brilliant, impudent, and cruel. The mother writes without an atom of restraint, with a fascinating belief in your comprehension, and her side remarks, put in with gentleness, are no less startling than her philosophy.

"When William and Henry James gossip, how delightful they must find it," she says longingly. Again, in her delineation of Mrs. Wallingford (which Balzac would have liked), she says: "In Professor William James' very dignified Gifford lectures, he speaks of a woman who said she 'loved to cuddle up to God.' To some women the understanding of God is not given, although the instinct to 'cuddle' is there." Almost as smart a Pilgrim's script could be made from this book as came out of Richard Fernal. From the mother's start on the West Virginia farm to the place she leaves you there is not a dull line, but there is one serious fault. It is possible to recognize several of the characters. We can name them in London, Paris and New York, and there are

people in West Virginia who will surely see portraits. A portrait in print is as unmistakable as a portrait in oils.

And—is this unknown the "Mary Adams," whose "Confessions of a Wife" was talked about not long ago? Surely the novel in which she "Raved like a respectable Zaza," could have been nothing else.

Many, many years ago, Professor Simeon Newcome wrote an anonymous satire called "Flatland." It is doubtless out of print now, and probably not one reader in ten thousand ever knew the author. Some day, by chance, it may be discovered that Somebody, in his hours of ease, wrote "The Highroad."

H. S. Stone & Company, Chicago
Price \$1.50

WORKING WITH THE HANDS

By Booker T. Washington

IN this book the reader finds the most definite, straightforward, detailed and first-hand account of the work being done at the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. In his "Up from Slavery" Mr. Washington gave his personal history; in his "Future of the American Negro," his theories in "Character Building," the moral and theoretical lessons of which he believes his race the most in need. His present book is a review, or a statement, of what his personality, his theories, his moral training has so far accomplished in actual facts at Tuskegee. In so far as facts are less interesting than personalities and theories, this book is, perhaps, less interesting, in one sense, than the others. But in another sense it is far more interesting, for it completes them, it shows the successful, actual fruition of the ideals propounded in the others. For if one doubted it before, which seems hardly likely, this book proves the success of Mr. Washington's labors at Tuskegee.

For from the first page to the last, in this book, Mr. Washington proves, and without boasting (the plain statement of facts is not boasting), by statements, statistics and outside testimony that his idea of industrial training, as practised at Tuskegee is a success. He emphasizes particularly that it is *industrial* training rather than manual training which is given at Tuskegee. That the students build real houses, not toy ones; that they work in real

kitchens, not theoretic ones; that they actually raise crops and make real butter, not merely learn how these things are done. "In following this method," he says, "something may be lost of the accuracy and finish which would be obtained if a course in manual training preceded the industrial course." But by following his method the student on leaving Tuskegee is enabled *at once* to procure work at *good* wages. This, considering the general poverty of the race at the present time, he considers most important, and he has far more calls from employers, both black and white, than he can fill.

He gives here, in detail, the various kinds of work taught at Tuskegee; how it is taught; how the students live; how they may be self-supporting while studying; what work seems the most practical, what the most popular. He tells how the academic department is conducted; how the religious and moral side of education, as well as the practical, is kept before the students. Indeed, he tells the whole story, clearly and interestingly, of just how things are done at his school, both big and little, from day to day, and from year to year; and he ends the book with a chapter (perhaps the most interesting of all) called "Negro Education Not a Failure." In this he makes statements, and backs them with figures, that will certainly be a surprise to the pessimistic on this subject.

Those who have read Mr. Washington's other books will hardly need to be urged to read this one; and it would not be fair if they did not read it, for it is really the justification, so to speak, of the others, the proof, as said before, that his theories are right, so far as a school is concerned; and a very good pointer, at least, that they are right so far as the Negro Problem is concerned. For those who do not know, save generally and indefinitely, of Mr. Washington and his work this book affords an excellent opportunity to find out about them.

The book closes thus: "All the negro race asks is that the door which rewards industry, thrift, intelligence and character be left as wide open for him as for the foreigner, who constantly comes to our country. More than this, he has no right to request. Less than this a Republic has no right to vouchsafe."

Doubleday, Page & Company, New York
Price \$1.50

MOSES BROWN, CAPTAIN U. S. N.

By Edgar Stanton Maclay

IN this volume the historian of the American navy has taken all the meager material obtainable, and welded together an excellent biography of an inconspicuous but interesting early American naval hero. Moses Brown was one of the many privateer captains who sailed out of New England during the Revolutionary War, to carry into the destruction of the British merchant-marine the same spirit which led John Paul Jones up and down the coast of the British Isles. Not a little of the respect with which the English came to view the colonists on the sea was directly due to the audacity of men like Moses Brown. It is a striking story that Mr. Maclay tells of this early American sea-fighter. He traces his career with a masterly touch and shows how his life, both as a privateersman and as a captain of the U. S. S. *Merrimac* after the war, is full of definite value to the patriotic American. The book is fully illustrated and supplied with interesting maps and facsimiles.

The Baker and Taylor Company, New York
Price \$1.25 net

ADOLESCENCE

By G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D., LL. D.

BOTH the novelty and the importance of any such serious and sustained study of the adolescent mind and body as this can not for a moment be disputed. As President Hall justly claims, it is a subject never before treated in the systematic and minute manner which he brings to bear on it. The first of his two bulky volumes is devoted to a rehearsal of the facts of sex development, as seen in body, mind, and social tendencies; and its most distinguished chapter is that on the growth of motor power and function, with particularly new and illuminating attention to the significance of the muscular system and its development. The statistical, graphic, and *questionnaire* methods in which President Hall delights are all here in bewildering abundance. The second volume is devoted to feeling and will, and makes up the more strictly genetic portion of Dr. Hall's *Newer Psychology*. But here

the pedagogue seems repeatedly to elbow the psychologist aside, and while the author has drawn on an apparently unbounded range of literature to enrich the interest and authority of his chapters, an openly confessed determination to keep psychology to its physiological basis and out of the entangling mazes of philosophical speculation, often prompts a silence on those disputed questions where personal comment, from such a source, should be most illuminating. For this reason, primarily, the sum-total of his more synthesizing psychology of the pubescent period seems vague and shadowy. Beyond a passionate plea for humanism, amendment of present educational methods, industrial training for moral delinquents, a return to that more positive teaching of natural philosophy which once unified the Greek, and later the Teutonic, spirit, and other pedagogic theories before expounded by President Hall, the volume carries with it the impression of encyclopedic scrappiness, of overerudition. In other words, it stands splendid raw material for some later child-psychologist of more leisured and illuminating touch. Dr. Hall's consolation must lie in the fact that, if his method is a little rough and wasteful, it is the roughness and the wastefulness of the pioneer. In one thing his more finicky successors will never exceed him, however, and that is in sympathy, kindliness, candor, and large-mindedness while dealing with those darker issues of ephebiology which involve our most serious moral and social problems.

D. Appleton & Company, New York
Price \$7.50

OLIVE LATHAM

By E. L. Voynich

THIS is the condition of affairs at the end of Mrs. Voynich's new novel, "*Olive Latham*." Olive is the heroine. She has ruined her father's, mother's and her sister's lives. Her husband, a Russian conspirator, has been tortured to death, almost in her presence. She herself has been driven mad by her sufferings, and is only partly cured by the influence of her lover, who suffers from *locomotor ataxia* as a result of penal service in Siberia. Finally they agree to marry on the condition that they have no

children, and that she give him poison as soon as his paralysis comes on again! What he will do for her, when her madness comes again, is not stated—and it is almost the only conceivable, or inconceivable, horror which is not, in the course of the story, either carefully and minutely described, or hideously suggested.

In bringing affairs to this state Mrs. Voynich has used all her wonderful powers of description, her extraordinary knowledge of things in general and of Russia in particular. For three hundred pages she piles horror upon horror; and then, in the last thirty, tones them down to the comparatively mild condition stated above. That she is a writer of extraordinary ability is proved by the fact that, in all these accumulated horrors, not once does she fall into bathos, not once does she become grotesque, and only now and then is she tiresome for a few pages. Her descriptions of incipient paralysis and coming madness are so real that they terrify the soul.

As a whole, there is more of horror in this book than in "Jack Raymond"; but here, as in "The Gadfly," the horror is more endurable from its remoteness. One does not have the same stinging, personal feeling for Russians and Italians, for plotters and spies, that one has for a small abused English boy and a debased clergyman.

And what is the use of such a book? Is there any good in it? any moral? any end to be gained? No; there is no one of these things. And yet the book will be read, and enjoyed: for there is, in all of us, a craving for horror, a fearful delight in the forbidden, a lust for the cruel, which must be satisfied once in a while, in some form or other. This taste, formerly satisfied by gladiatorial shows and public burnings and hangings, we modern civilized and educated people can gratify only (decently) nowadays, by reading. It is this taste which causes educated people to write and to read such books as Mrs. Voynich's, as Jack London's "The Sea Wolf," and as "Sir Richard Calmaday," so popular, especially with women, some years ago.

The youthful and the uneducated satisfy this craving for pain and brutality by reading penny dreadfuls dealing with pirates and Indians. But such cheap brutality and

commonplace suffering as the writers of these books are able to produce, has, of course, no effect on the educated. We demand something more refined, so to speak. A painted Indian or a tuppenny pirate can not terrify us: we demand mental torture along with the physical brutality; and in supplying this combination Mrs. Voynich is a master-hand.

One may not like to think that there is this inborn craving for the brutal underlying all our pretty emotions and superficial refinements—but if there is not, there would not have been gladiators and burnings, and there would not now be such books as "Olive Latham" and the rest; for great as is the art of the best of them, it is not for the art that they are read.

J. B. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia
Price \$1.50

THE LIGHT OF THE STAR

By Hamlin Garland

IN choosing the Rialto as one of his main traveled roads, Mr. Hamlin Garland has made something of a departure, and it can not be said truthfully that he is as sure of his footing on Broadway as he is in the Far West. The opening chapters of his latest novel are perilously near to artificial melodrama, both in atmosphere and dialogue. Much of the stage glamour that has lost its hold on the popular mind since the publication of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's stageland satires, is here reproduced with evident sincerity. To one who has had some experience in journalistic and theatrical life, and like Falstaff has "heard the chimes at midnight," it hardly seems possible that Mr. Garland's studies of life under the lime-light, have been made at first hand. The character of Helen Merival, as it reveals itself in these pages, recalls the highly-colored reminiscences and confessions of an emotional actress, while the attitude of young Douglass toward life and art is strenuously youthful. He is intent upon building an American drama that shall be racy of the soil, and goes about it with a headlong earnestness and an utter contempt for the achievements of the past. Bubbling over with the energy of the Middle West, he produces a pure and noble play which the act-

ress-manager-heroine "does" with much pecuniary loss. Eager to retrieve the situation, he writes another play in a month, which also fails, and then, in sophomoric despair, he grinds out a Sardou drama in fifteen days. While this is in rehearsal, he takes a holiday and rewrites a youthful poetic drama. This rate of composition inclines the reader to exclaim, "Whaur's Wul-lie Shakespeare noo?" Even Dion Boucicault at his best, or Clyde Fitch at his most frivolous, could hardly equal that. The dramatic innovator succeeds in the end and Mr. Garland has taught his lesson; but it is a question if the reading public will not resent this literary sermonizing as much as the audiences in the story resent the dramatic sermonizing of the author-hero. Fortunately, however, before the novel has degenerated into a critical tract, Mr. Garland's great powers as a story-teller come to the rescue and he gives us a love story of the most absorbing interest which contains the same emotions and heartaches that have tortured lovers since time began.

Stripped of its propagandist purpose and its false theatrical atmosphere, the human story in "The Light of the Star" is entirely worthy, and of captivating interest. If you have ideas of your own about art and the drama you will find much to agree—or disagree—with, expressed with stimulating vigor, or if all you are seeking is a romance that will while away a few hours pleasantly and leave a clean taste, it is there also.

Harper and Brothers, New York
Price \$1.50

THE FLAME GATHERERS

By Margaret Horton Potter

PASSIONATE forbidden love of the Oriental type reaping its harvest of death is the "flesh fire," the first book of this novel. Long ascetic atonement under the Theosophic theory of soul-migration, blind striving toward the Nirvana of Buddhism, vivid flashes of the ancient Hindoo speculative philosophy and a touch of the Samaritanism that is distinctly Christian make up the "soul fire," the second book. And at the end is death everywhere, coming not as dread punishment, but welcomed as surcease of sorrow for imprisoned souls. The good Rajah of Mandu, in the early years of the

thirteenth century, brings home from the wars a young captive Moslem prince, Fida-el-Asra, and makes him his cup-bearer and favorite slave. The youngest of his wives, Ahalya, falls in love with this young captive, the good Rajah is deceived for many months and finally the lovers drown in each other's arms. The child, Oman, is born of Brahman caste in a far country, of dual nature, masculine and feminine, both spiritually and physically. Highly intelligent and sensitive, he grows up aloof from his fellows and thoroughly unhappy. Finally he enters a Buddhist monastery, but is driven therefrom by his confession of his dual nature. He wanders to a high mountain and lives ten years a hermit. Fate and glimmering memories of his former existence drive him back to Mandu, where he rises to high prominence as teacher, statesman and a sympathetic worker among the people, but human love and happiness are not for him and in the end all his years of work and self-sacrifice come to naught through the general wreck of war. In Mandu he learns the full story of Fida and Ahalya, realizes that the souls of these sinning lovers are imprisoned in his body and suffers under the crushing weight of the knowledge, since their lives were steeped in the crime he abhors above all others. His life is one of wretched loneliness, craving the love and fellowship of men and finding its only solace in an occasional friendship. And when the end has come, there is no indication of the future of the souls that have thus sinned and suffered on earth.

While the mysticism of the East fascinates and the knowledge of Indian history and Vedic lore displayed by the writer satisfies the student and the short, clear statement of a philosophic creed worked out by Oman excites admiration, the story is not particularly pleasant reading, nor does it give the impression of great power, except in spots. True to its Hindoo point of view, it ends in the liberation of the soul, to go its way in purity, unencumbered with the corruption of the flesh; but to the Occidental mind such a climax means merely the refinement of nothingness, when not supported by the Christian hope of paradise.

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The Dunbar Journal, which forms the second part of this volume, shows how Jefferson's policy of development was worked out. It is the record in conscientious detail of a most interesting journey into the interior of the new territory, taken by one whom the president described as "a citizen of distinguished science." Dunbar was a Scotchman of gentle blood, and a friend of men of note in America and abroad.

The volume reproduces the quaint old-fashioned punctuation and spelling. It is hard for the critical reader to get used to a period in the middle of a sentence or to approve of such spelling as "chuse" and "Missipi," and one would concede to no one but Jefferson, or possibly Washington, the right to call the United States "US."

The publishers have done American history a service and have put upon the lover of the beautiful book a great debt of gratitude. The fine reproduction of Sully's por-

trait of Jefferson and the rare likeness of Dunbar are quite in keeping with as perfect a bit of bookmaking as we remember to have seen. All that paper and type and taste can add this volume gives us.

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By Mary Dillon

TIMELINESS in conjunction with the St. Louis fair, commemorating the Louisiana purchase and an entirely nameless hero are the features that distinguish this tale from others of the historico-costume school. Like all the better ones of its class, it has a sweet love story, in the course of which an American youth woos and wins a French refugee, daughter of one of the Orleans princes. The story deals largely with the purchase of the Louisiana territory from Napoleon, and the historical matter has been collected with some care.

The costuming is elaborate and one may take it far granted that it is as accurate as the verbatim reports of the debates and interviews between great personages. Certainly it is very beautiful. The hero, who tells the tale in the first person, does not disclose his identity, and none of his friends let slip his name, but he is young, handsome, brave and bravely dressed, and we learn not only what a French girl of high estate of the period wore, but also what the Empress Josephine wore and just how Napoleon dressed.

Yet there are other things in the book that are well done. The picture of life in St. Louis under the Spanish régime, the flat-boat trip up the Ohio and the ballroom scene at Versailles are thoroughly interesting, and there is enough of Indian fighting and personal combat to keep the pistols and swords fairly busy and to hold the interest of the reader to the end.

The Century Company, New York
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THEIR WORKS LIVE AFTER THEM

A Chronological List of Literary Men and Women Who Have Died During the Last Month
Compiled by Howard S. Ruddy

SCOTT, PROF. CHARLES B., at Plainfield, N. J., June 20. Author of text-books which the Japanese government has had translated for use in Japanese schools.

RATTIGAN, SIR WILLIAM HENRY, M. P., near Biggleswade, Eng., July 4, in his sixty-second year. Ex-Judge of the Chief Court of the Punjab. Author: *The Science of Jurisprudence*; *Private International Law*; *Digest of Customary Law for Punjab*; *De Jure Personarum, or the Roman Law of Persons*; Translator of the second volume of Savigny's *System of Modern Roman Law*.

HATCHER, JOHN BELL, at Pittsburg, Pa., July 5, in his forty-sixth year. Curator of Vertebrate Palaeontology in Carnegie Museum. Author: *Narrative of Princeton Expedition to Patagonia* (1903).

CORDLEY, REV. RICHARD, D. D., at Lawrence, Kan., July 11, aged seventy-five. Author: *Pioneer Days in Kansas* (1903).

HUNTINGTON, RT. REV. FREDERIC DAN, at Hadley, Mass., July 11, aged eighty-five. Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Central New York. Author: *Christ in the Christian Year* (two volumes); *Advent to Trinity*; *Trinity to Advent*; *Good Talking a Fine Art*; *Good Manners a Fine Art*; *Home-Keeping a Fine Art*; *Gospel and Judgment*; and many other books.

HUNTINGTON, REV. DR. GEORGE P., at Hanover, N. H., July 11, aged sixty. Son of Bishop Huntington. Joint author: *The Treasury of the Psalter*. Author: *Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia*.

JONES, SAMUEL MILTON, at Toledo, O., July 12, in his fifty-eighth year. Known as "Golden Rule Jones." Author: *The New Right* (1899); *Letters of Love and Labor* (1900).

MOSS, REV. LEMUEL, at New York, N. Y., July 12, in his seventy-fifth year. Author: *Annals of United States Christian Commis-*

sion (1866); *Baptists and the National Centenary* (1876); *What Baptists Stand For* (1893); *A Day With St. Paul* (1895).

GAUTIER, THEOPHILE, fils, at Paris, France, about July 12, aged sixty-nine. Eldest of three sons of the poet. Prolific writer of novels of a popular character.

CHECHOFF, ANTOIN, at Badenweiler, Germany, July 15. Was one of the nine Russian academicians, and ranked higher as a writer than Gorky.

BARRETT, WILSON, at London, Eng., July 22, aged fifty-eight. Actor, author, dramatist, and manager. Author: *The Sign of the Cross*; *Pharaoh*; *Now-a-Days*; *The Daughters of Babylon*; *In Old New York*. *Dramatized Quo Vadis*.

BROWN, DAVID WOLFE, at Washington, D. C., July 22, aged sixty-nine. Official reporter of the House of Representatives. Author: *Mastery of Shorthand*; *The Learner's Needless Burdens*; *The Hand and Its Handicaps*; *What Has Half a Century Done for Shorthand?*; *The Rationale of Phrasing*; *The Factors of Shorthand Speed*.

SIMON, SIR JOHN, K. C. B., at London, Eng., July 23, aged eighty-eight. Former president of the Royal College of Surgeons and the father of modern science of sanitation. Voluminous writer on pathology, therapeutics and sanitary science.

ADAMS, WILLIAM DAVENPORT, at London, Eng., July 27, aged fifty-three. Author: *Famous Books* (1875); *Dictionary of English Literature* (1878); *The Witty and Humorous Side of the English Poets* (1880); *By-Ways in Book-Land* (1888); *Rambles in Book-Land* (1889); *A Book of Burlesque* (1891); *With Poet and Player* (1891); *Dictionary of the Drama* (1901). Anthologies: *Lyrics of Love* (1874); *Comic Poets* (1876); *English Epigrams* (1878); *Latter Day Lyrics* (1878); *Songs of Society* (1880); *Songs from the Novelists* (1885).



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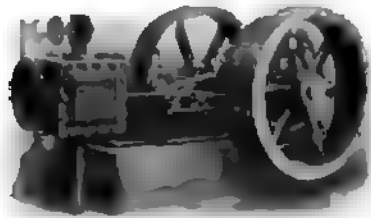
By Lambert Hughes

THE secrets of commercial and industrial success are as old as commerce itself. He that makes or obtains what people want, lets them know he has it, sells it at a price they can afford to pay, is honest with others and requires others to be honest with him, has the formula for the tincture of success, and the measure of that success depends upon the intelligence, persistence and thoroughness with which he carries out the details of his effort along these general lines. There are accidents, fortunate and unfortunate, in the histories of great corporations, just as there are in the lives of men, but the accidental successes are rare. The vast majority of great manufacturing and merchandising concerns are the result of growth, of development into which has been wrought the blood and brain and vital energies of men.

Peculiarly free from accidental stimulus has been the development of the Atlas Engine Works, said to be the largest plant in the world devoted to the exclusive manufacture of steam engines and boilers. The people of Indianapolis have seen this concern, within a quarter of a century, grow from a small foundry and machine shop to a great institution covering some forty acres of ground with buildings and tracks, thoroughly equipped with costly machinery of the most modern type, with a business as widespread as civilization itself. It employs some 1,500 men, most of whom are skilled mechanics, home owning, substantial and respected heads of families. Liberal wages and frank reasonableness toward all employees have served to attract and hold a valuable class of men, not a few of whom have been in the plant for more than two decades with

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out interruption of employment, for the Atlas Engine Works has never had a strike or lockout, nor a shut-down through lack of business.

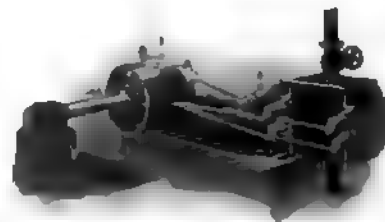


ATLAS SELF-CONTAINED AUTOMATIC ENGINE

In the shop organization that has been thus slowly and carefully built up and supplemented with the best of labor-saving machinery, much of it of special and exclusive design, the one broad object of steadily improving the quality of the product, while lowering its cost by bettering the methods of manufacture, has been kept steadily in view. One important factor in the solution of this problem has been the constantly increasing volume of business. An average of one engine of 100 horse-power every forty minutes and a boiler of like capacity every twenty-five minutes is a rate of production undreamed of a decade ago in an industry where the work must be so absolutely accurate, that, notwithstanding the efficiency of machinery, there must necessarily be much hand work by highly skilled labor. "Surely people do not eat engines and boilers! Where on earth do they all go?" asked a famous British economist who visited these works not long ago and observed the methods and rate of production. The question is not near so difficult as the older one of what comes of all the pins. There are a good many hundreds of millions of people in the world and a fair proportion of them are engaged in manufacturing or mining or in some way or other require power or heat. Their needs absorb not only the product of this great plant, but of a great many smaller ones;

and yet there are some millions that still make shift of the muscle of man or beast for power and use the open fire, the "air tight" stove, the hot-air furnace or other crude appliance for the production and distribution of heat.

After purchasing the modest nucleus of its present plant, the Atlas Engine Works began building a comparatively few types and sizes of engines and boilers, on the theory that it was better to build a few things and build them well than to undertake everything that might offer. This led to carrying a finished stock of engines and boilers and the organization of a selling system for the disposal of stock from various distributing depots throughout the country. This policy has been developed through gradual and healthy growth until now the Atlas line of standard engines and boilers comprehends a considerably wider variety of types and sizes than any other, and the distributing agencies are scattered throughout the world in the most convenient centers. The widening of the line has not changed the early policy of the house. A little engine for ten horse-power is designed with the same care and built from the same materials and subjected to the same close inspection at every stage, from the foundry to the erecting floor, as the big Corliss,

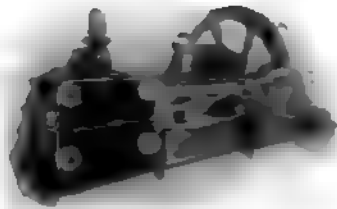


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built to operate an electric generator of 2,000 kw. capacity. Likewise, the quality of material and workmanship in a portable boiler for saw-mill use is as high as will meet the requirements for a super-heating water tube boiler. The constant

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striving for the best attainable results is not confined to any one or two departments, but permeates all. Extreme simplicity of design and the durability re-



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gineering triumphs have added greatly to the prestige and success of the company. It was among the first to erect in the north-west a turbine and motor ship generator, which made the close regulation of speed possible in locomotive and industrial power line. It has brought the electric engine to the highest point of efficiency and economy and its electrical equipment has given a general reputation to the name of Atlas. Still, the heart of the reputation of this type of engine, this company has brought out a new design of water tube boiler which puts it on our own water equipment in our steam and shows many other features of the highest value in this class of work. But at no time has it permitted the attention given to new things to distract it from its policy of constant endeavor to better the quality of its older standard designs and these have been kept steadily at the front of the most advanced engineering practice.

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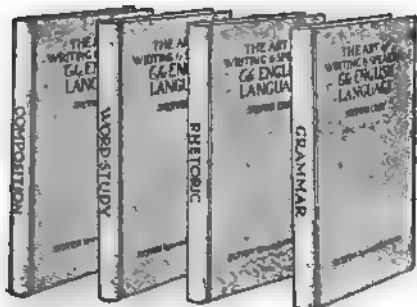
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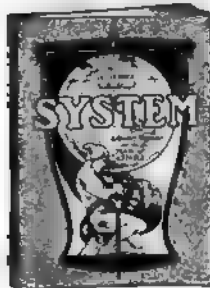
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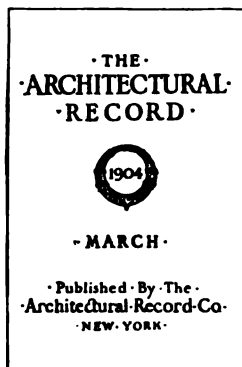
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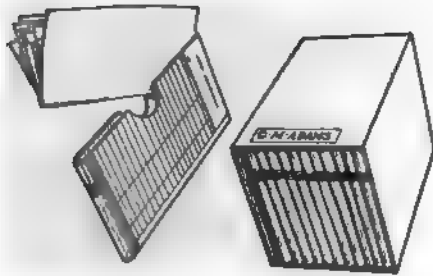
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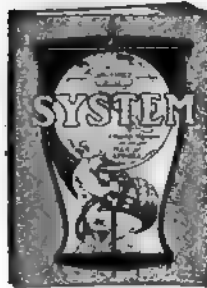
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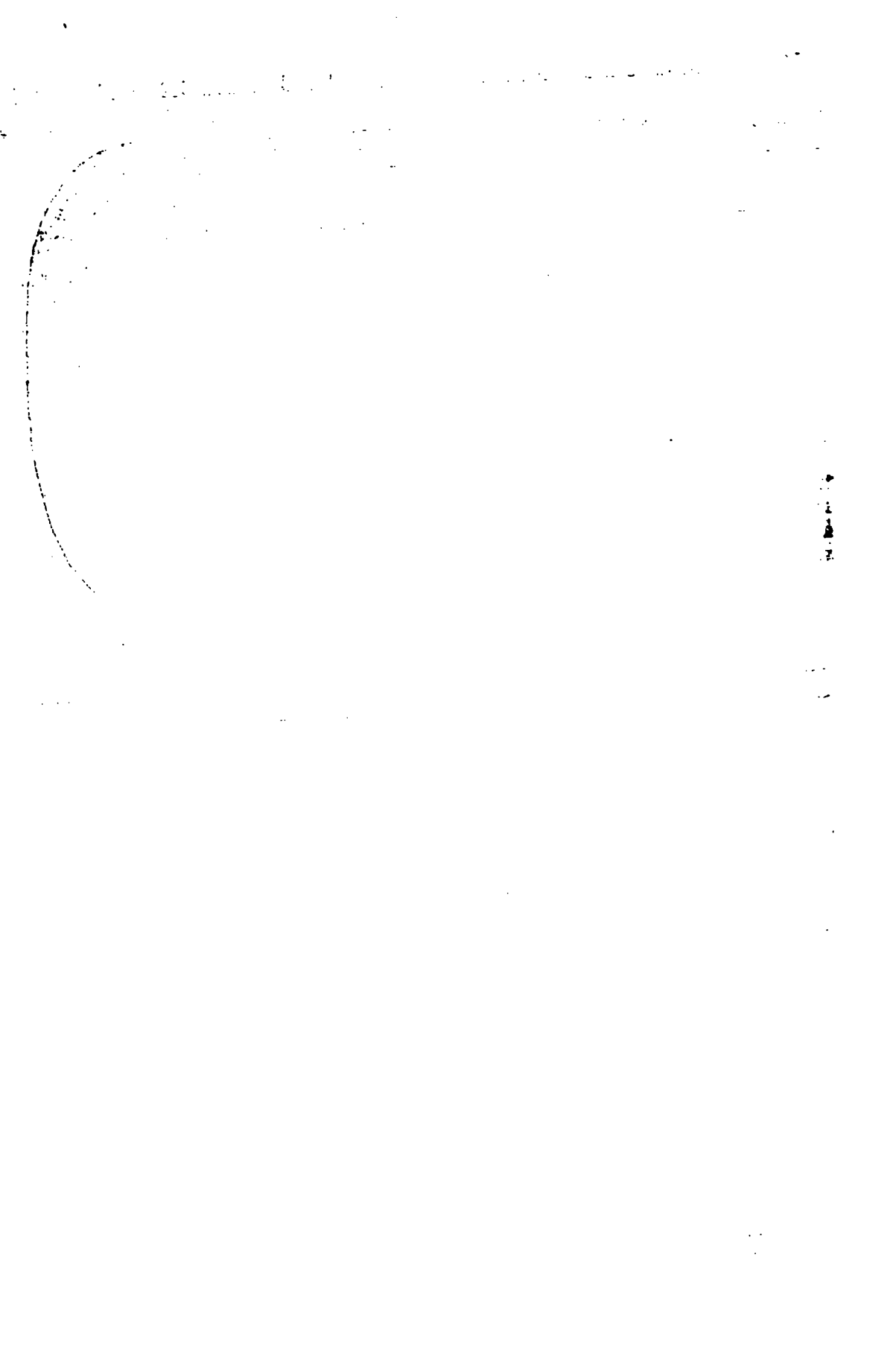
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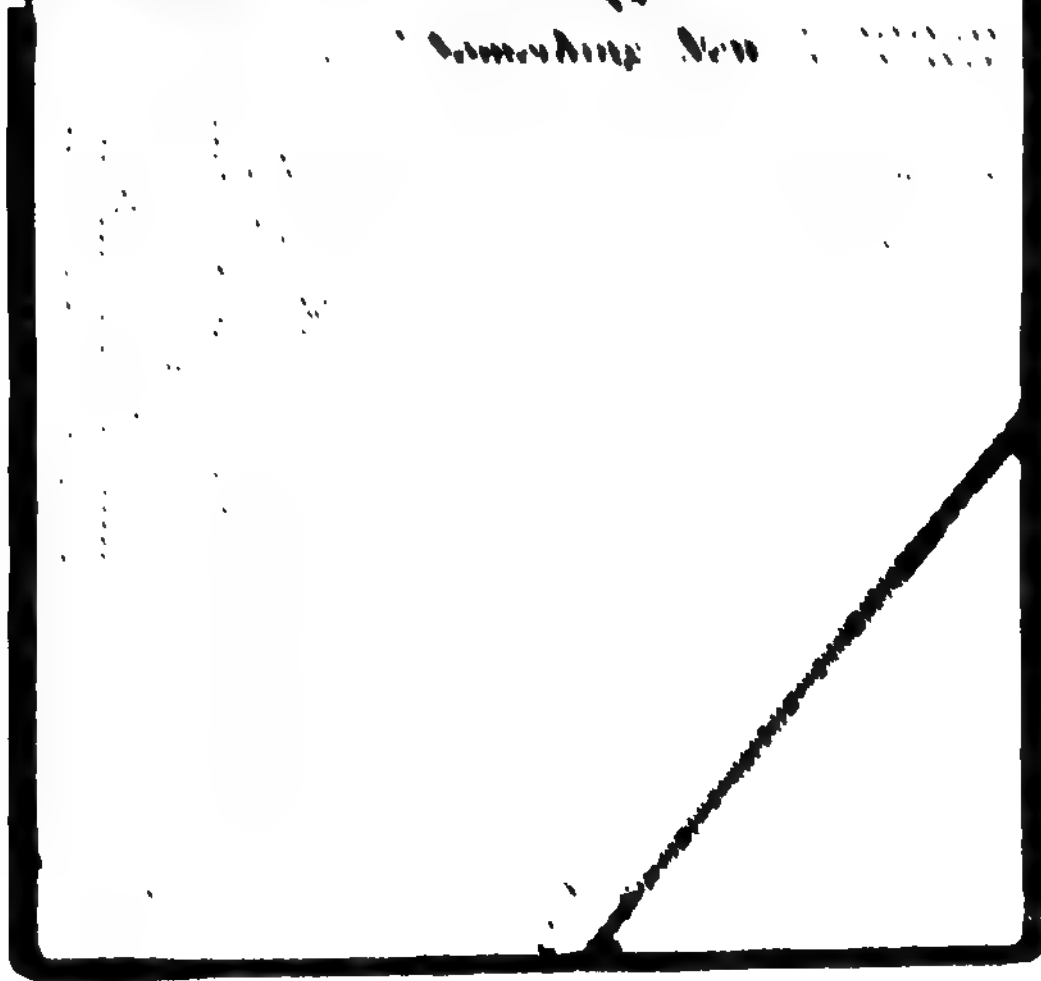
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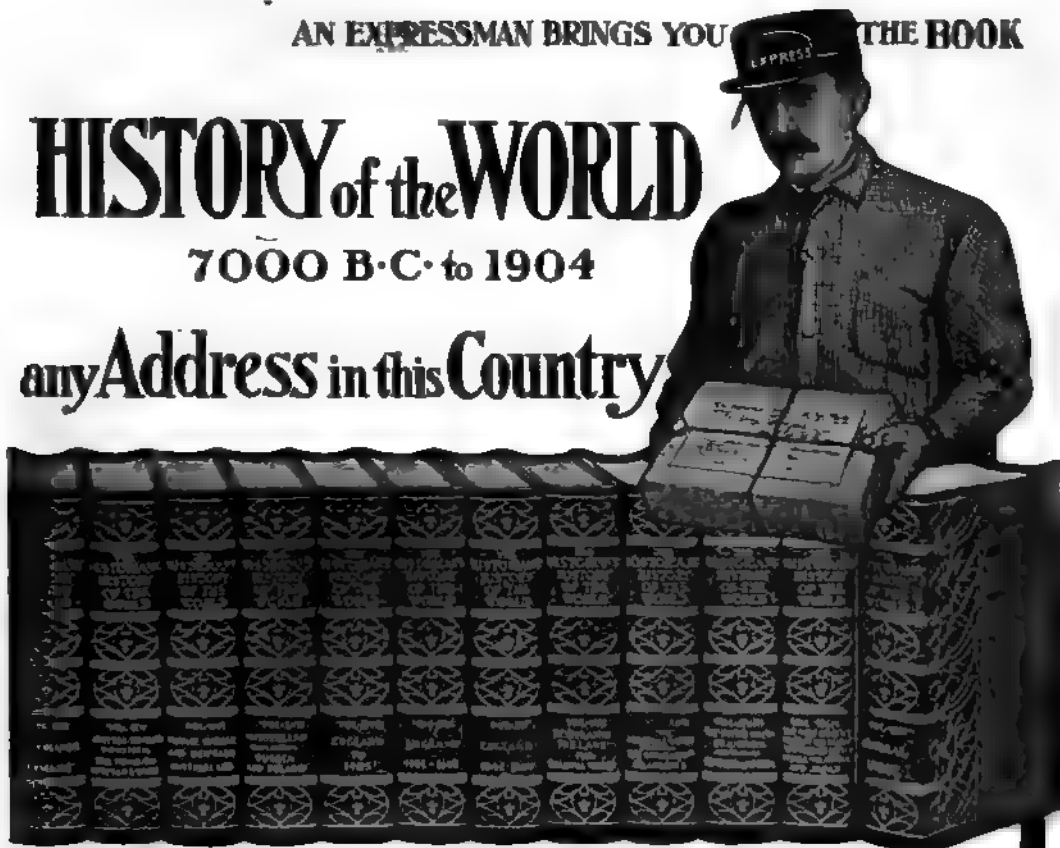
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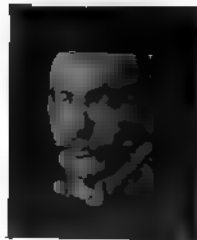
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I

On the plains of Liao-yang
The Russians are waiting for battle
With the Japs;
Their bayonets glimmer and rattle
O'er their caps:
Was ever such waiting,
Was ever such hating,
On the plains of Liao-yang?

II

On the plains of Liao-yang
The rain is incessantly pouring
All the day;
The thunder has joined, with its roaring,
The affray;
The storm fairly drenches
The men in the trenches
On the plains of Liao-yang.

III

On the plains of Liao-yang
The chargers are jaded and panting
For their breath;
The cannon are belching and planting
Certain death;
The heavens are tumbling,
The mountains are crumbling,
O'er the plains of Liao-yang.

IV

On the plains of Liao-yang
The Japanese are pushing their columns
Toward the foe;
Madly they are rushing in volumes
For the blow;
O, how they are dashing,
O, how they are clashing,
On the plains of Liao-yang!

V

On the plains of Liao-yang
The Japs and the Russians, unflinching,
Meet to die;
They never give quarter, but clenching,
Close the eye;
Was ever such fighting,
Was ever such smiting,
On the plains of Liao-yang?

VI

From the plains of Liao-yang
The mothers and children are hiding
In the hills;
The blood of the native is gilding
Like the hills;
Was ever such crying,
Was ever such dying,
On the plains of Liao-yang?



THE READER MAGAZINE

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Paul Kruger

See "Kruger in Exile," by Israel Zangwill, page 601

THE READER MAGAZINE

VOLUME IV

NOVEMBER, 1904

NUMBER 6

GETTING INTO PORT ARTHUR

THE STORY OF THE ONLY RUSSIAN-JAPANESE WAR CORRESPONDENT
WHO REACHED THE GIBRALTAR OF THE EAST DURING
THE PRESENT SIEGE

By Hector Fuller

I.

PREPARING FOR THE JOURNEY

EACH steamer brought new arrivals, and Louis Eppinger, the major-domo of the Grand Hotel, which every globe-trotter speaks about as "palatial," waxed fat in the land.

Already by the middle of February there were over a hundred of us gathered in Yokohama and Tokio and the biting edge of hope was being slowly ground to nothingness under the constant strain of shaking dice for *Yen*, playing billiards on wretched tables, losing at all-night poker with diplomats and statesmen, or else recovering from injuries received in trying to teach China ponies to go ahead instead of backward, when one touched the bridle.

This was what it meant to be a special correspondent to the Russian-Japanese war: heartache and disappointment; worry and chagrin; longing more eager than that of a man for a maid, and over all the days a constant and pounding anxiety to know whether the people at home understood! We have since found out that the bosses knew all about it and sympathized with us, even as they honored our drafts. But there was a pe-

riod when the advent of a telegraph boy with a pink envelope, into the billiard room of the Imperial, Tokio, caused a suspension of whatever games might be going and made all of us look with compassion on the recipient of the message, until he smiled, showing that it was all right, and that he had not been recalled.

The funny thing about it was that there was scarce a man present who had not come armed with something very special in the way of credentials. Every one of course, had his passport, his papers, and the regulation letter from the Assistant Secretary of State. But besides this some of us had personal letters from Senators, Governors and what-not, to Marquis Ito, to his Excellency Count Katsuma, the Prime Minister, or to some other Japanese high in the Empire. There was not a man who would have taken an unfair advantage of his fellows in the eager chase for the front, but I think we all cherished our personal introductions; presented them with such stealth as was possible and lived for days in a heaven of delight because of the politeness and the ambiguous encouragement we had received.

"The first column goes next Tuesday; I have it from the General Staff Office."

"Captain Tanaka says we are sure to get off early next week."

"Well, General Fukushima told me—"

This was the sort of thing the mornings opened with in the lobby of the Imperial.

For every arrival the method of procedure was the same: You presented your credentials to the United States Minister, Lloyd C. Griscom; the secretaries looked mysterious and if you were lucky the Minister shook hands with you.

Your name was entered for a pass, and in due course—when you got sufficiently impatient—your pass came. There was a wad of instructions printed in Japanese in purple characters; a little slip of yellow paper bearing your name and stamped with the government seal in red, and you were told to cherish this thing carefully as being priceless. We all cherished them; I have mine yet.

Then we held solemn meetings in the board room of the Imperial and elected ourselves to the various columns. We made hifalutin' speeches about duty and recorded our doings as carefully as did the memorable Tailors of Tooley Street, and all the while we felt that this was real business and was helping us toward the front. Daily we received news that a gigantic army was moving to the fighting line and that a great battle was imminent in the vicinity of the Yalu. We had our tickets to the show, but they would not open the doors.

There was a lot of excitement to be had in purchasing kit. Some one discovered sheepskin-lined sleeping-bags in Tokio. They were sold out in a week. You see it snowed in Tokio in February and we all looked for a cold campaign. One day when we were more impatient than usual one of the chaps dressed up in full kit, riding breeches, gun on the hip, binoculars and all, and called on General Fukushima to point out to him the vast ex-

pense the newspaper men had been put to in fitting out. The General looked him over carefully, examined his traps, smiled at the sleeping-bag.

"Perhaps one thing you have forgotten," he said.

"Indeed," said the surprised correspondent, who thought his armor was proof.

"Yes," said the General, "you have not included a mosquito net."

That was one of the straws that showed us which way the official wind was blowing.

At this early stage some of the fellows vanished "on their own," as the British say. Clarkin of the *Post* and Dunn of *Outing* disappeared mysteriously for two weeks and returned sun-browned and healthy. They had been to Chemulpo on a native steamer and had been turned back. Another man was arrested in Seoul for taking photographs and sent back. Bennett Burleigh of the *London Telegraph* asked permission to go and was refused. Off he went; got to Nagasaki and was negotiating for a steamer to Korea when the Japanese officials examined him, found him thin and pale (Burleigh weighs something like two hundred and fifty pounds and is as healthy as a grizzly bear), and put him in quarantine. When he came back to Tokio he used to spend his days telling his troubles to Melton Prior of the *Illustrated London News*, the medals on whose chest made all the rest of us envious.

There was a regulation promulgated that we all had to have interpreters and these had to be approved by the Government. They were absolutely of no use except to carry notes or examine our letters as part of the cursed censor system, but we all had them. They, too, blossomed out in semi-uniform kit, and most of us were afraid of them.

When the united kicks of the steadily increasing army of the discontented be-

came too loud or threatened to be prolonged there came invitations. A dinner given by the House of Peers, a cherry-garden party at the palace; a Japanese dinner here, a Geisha-girl dance there, all very solemn, very stately and very official.

So passed away February and March and then the first column of newspaper men were allowed to go. Here was a chance to kick; the number of English correspondents allowed was over double that of the Americans! Protests through the United States Minister; round-robins to the officials: We felt we were getting on. But nothing happened. The days ticked away to the click of the lop-sided billiard balls and the hour's passing was marked by the consumption of scotch and soda.

April and May came and went, the expense accounts grew and nothing had been done.

There was a friend of mine, serving a newspaper in the middle West, who had waited long, many years, for a chance to do something. He was a chap who loved activity, but who, by one of those peculiar tricks of fate had won up to a desk on his newspaper and had spent his days reviewing books and his nights in writing notices of plays. His paper was not of the size that usually sends out special correspondents ten thousand miles after news, and so, because of the exception, this fellow felt that it was up to him to justify the expenditure. They had thought that the campaign could be made for about one hundred and fifty dollars a week, which seemed liberal—before he started, but he soon learned that as an army is useless without ammunition, so is a war correspondent helpless without funds. The drafts were mounting up. London and New York papers had recalled their men, deeming the case hopeless. Illustrated papers were cabling frantically to their representatives to do something or to quit drawing money, but this man's paper worried him not with

instructions, they simply wrote him letters declaring that they understood perfectly the difficulties of the situation—and honored his drafts as promptly as if he had earned the money.

All this created a situation that was unbearable and so one day he consulted some business friends in Yokohama and proposed to start out on his own hook.

"But where will you strike for? The Japs are sure to turn you back," he was told.

"That is the reason I am going to avoid the Japs," he replied. "I'm going to Port Arthur."

"You can't do it. How can you go?"

"I haven't the remotest idea," he said. "Please let me make a draft on you for a thousand dollars. I want to engage my passage on the *Wingsang* for Shanghai."

And he did.

But before he went he thought perhaps he had better try to square things with the powers that were. So he trotted off to Tokio and got an audience with General Fukushima, who was then Chief of the General Staff Office in Tokio, but who has since left for the front, and it will be recalled, commanded a division at the battle of Liao-Yang.

The correspondent had to be cautious, because only a few days before this another newspaper man, more anxious than politic, and emboldened, perhaps, by the knowledge that he was a cousin of the United States Minister to Japan, had gone to the General, and, without mincing matters, had declared that he was off; bound for St. Petersburg with Russian credentials just arrived from home. Little Fukushima drew himself up to his full height of about five feet two inches and roared:

"How dare you come to my office and tell me you are going over to the enemy."

He demanded that the man surrender his pass, but the correspondent, who had grit enough and who was sick of Jap-



GULF OF PE-CHI-LI

At point where the sampan was launched

anese lies and evasions, retorted that his pass had come to him through his legation and if it was returned it would be through the same channels.

Then it was that General Fukushima, after raging for a few moments, instructed his secretary to notify the paper to which this rash correspondent belonged that all its passes would be rescinded at once. This would never do, as the illustrated paper in question had already advertised its enterprize by pictures of a gigantic hand with finger-points resting in Korea, in Manchuria, in the Gulf of Pechili, and other places, and an exposé of this sort would have shown that most of these "fingers," to each of which was attached a distinguished name, were quietly resting in Tokio.

So the cables were put to work, and after the expenditure of several hundred dollars and a lot of patience a message came from New York disavowing the acts of the obstreperous correspondent and declaring that he had no connection with the paper.

With this in mind the man of whom I am writing went "with bondman's" to Fukushima's office and stated that he was going to China.

"What for?"

"Well, you see," he replied, "we have not been able to do much here, have we, and so, in view of the fact that there is some talk about unrest in China and because of the Japanese successes, which have been marvelous, the Chinese are expected of a desire of taking the war against Russia, I am going to Peking to find out for myself the state of affairs in that country."

The General, very urbanely as he would be glad to see my friend who had got back from China and then added:

"But your war-pass to the frontier should like to have it."

"You don't mistrust me?"

"Not at all, but then adventure around, as you seem about to do, might lose it and it then might be put to an evil use."

The correspondent did not like to go of it, so he said, and truly, that in the safe of a business man in Yokohama and would remain there until he came back. This was satisfactory, so he bowed out of the General Staff and bound for the focal point of the And away he went to Yokohama.

His steamer, the *Wingsang*, being to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha sailed on Wednesday. He saw his friend on board and then went to the place where all the Europeans and Americans in Yokohama and Tokio were gathered. On the lawn stand were most of the appointed ones, looking very fit as they tried to pick winners among the ponies for the ladies. He said good-bye to some of them and they wanted to know if he was bound home.

"No," he said, "I'm thinking of going a cast up China way; there's nothing doing around here."

On board the *Wingsang* he was the only white passenger and he had

No. 13. From the beginning he imagined he was having luck because there was no restraint put on his photography. Coming into Yokohama harbor in February on a British steamer he had been warned not to take any photographs of forts under penalty of arrest, but on the *Wingsang* the English officers said: "Go ahead and take all you want; to hell with the Japanese and their rules." So he kept his camera busy. He got some beautiful snap-shots of the Yokohama forts; pictures of the grim guns lying snugly in the hills; pictures of the guard gun-boats that go ahead of all merchant steamers as they come in or go out of Japanese ports. They are supposed to know the only narrow lane that is unmined in these harbors, and if you don't "follow the man from Cook's" your vessel is apt to run her forefoot on a floating mine.

The officers were a jolly lot and inclined to be chummy. They did not ask as many questions as to this man's destination and purpose as Americans might have done, but perhaps this was because it was not necessary. The *Wingsang* had hardly reached the open sea before the purser came sidling up in the characteristic Japanese way and with a polite bow said:

"The war correspondents; do many of them now leave Japan?"

"How the deuce do I know?" was the reply.

"It is, I understand, that you represent one American *shimbum* (newspaper)."

"How do you know that?"

"From the company's office they tell me."

Now, the man I am writing about had secured his passage ticket through an English clerk of a European business house in Yokohama and he had taken care to give only his name and to see that the marks were carefully scratched from his luggage.



It was too much for him, this wonder of Japanese information, so he went below.

What passengers there were on board were all Japanese except one very dignified Chinese with an enormous family. There were so many first-cabin passengers that they had to put in another table in the saloon for the officers and the newspaper man, for, as a rule, in spite of the Briton's boasts about liberty and equal rights, he won't eat at the same table with Japanese or Chinese. The Japs have a hissing way of devouring their food that grates on one's nerves.

The voyage as far as Kobe was as tame as a voyage could be. Of course there was the inevitable Fujiyama rearing its too-perfect cone into the clouds on the coast line to the left (how one does get sick of Fuji after a while in Japan), and, of course, some of the Japs were ill, but that didn't count.

At Kobe the *Wingsang* had to stop for twenty-four hours, and so my friend went ashore for breakfast at the Oriental Hotel, just off the Bund. He knew no one in Japan save war correspondents and a few officials, but the first man he saw was Collins of Reuter's, a correspondent assigned to the first column, and supposed to be in the vicinity of the Yalu.

"For heaven's sake, what are you doing here?"

"Hulloa," was the answering salutation, "come in to breakfast."

In the breakfast room, early as it was, the newspaper man found four of his fellows; all of the first column, and all supposed to have been at the Yalu River battle which had happened a little over a week before. There was, besides Collins of Reuter's, Oscar King Davis of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, John Bass of the *Chicago Daily News*, and Donahue of the *London Morning Chronicle*.

There were greetings and a drink, and then:

"What are you fellows doing here?"

"We're down here to purchase plies," and then the story came out. I will summarize it thus: When the spondents got their passes from the General Staff Office one clause of the that came with them was underlined: it was to the effect that the army could be expected to carry rations for the respondents and so they would have to cater for themselves.

There was also a suggestion that a special caterer, to be recommended by the government, would be the best way to overcome the difficulty. It turned out that the caterer recommended was connected with the Imperial Hotel, Tokio. He charged each correspondent Yen five hundred a day, and he agreed to furnish meals a day at the army's front, whether that might be, provender for the army at a fair price and to draw the allowance allowed for the correspondents' assistants and interpreters, all for Yen five hundred a day.

They all went into it, and, of course, the whole thing was a job. The first rain came with the first rain, when the army was just north of Seoul in Korea. On a night of downpour the army splashed on across the paddy fields, but the caterer could not, or would not, move the wagons. What were the correspondents to do? Some were for remaining at the base of supplies; others were for following the army; where the caterer disagreed what could the caterer do? Those who rode away received two sandwiches as their Yen fifteen worth of day's rations. This was the beginning. Things grew worse and worse; the caterer had no food and could not supply again and again he called for help from the hungry correspondents, paid, in all, something over Yen five thousand, and then they kicked. At last, as a special favor, just after the battle, General Fuji allowed these

men, Collins, Bass, Donahue and Davis, to come down and purchase supplies for the rest.

More glad than ever that he had resolved to get out of this mess, the correspondent whose fortunes we are following went on his way. At every port the Japanese police came aboard and demanded the name of the correspondent and all other information he would give until the constant examinations became a bore and he declined to answer any more questions. Two days of sailing through the Inland Sea brought the *Wingsang* to Moji and another day brought the ship to Nagasaki.

Here were many forts, and a lot of torpedo boats. Some fine pictures of these were taken and as the camera was filled the rolls of films were carefully locked away in a portmanteau. At Nagasaki there were more passengers for Shanghai, among them the wife of an army officer stationed at Manila, and on the first afternoon out the correspondent spent the afternoon in her company. When he went down to dinner he found his stateroom unlocked, his portmanteau open, and, on his bed, all his rolls of exposed films now unrolled in the light and utterly ruined. It was the work of some government agent and there was no use kicking.

Three days in Shanghai waiting for a boat northward and then our correspondent got off on the *Yochow* for Cheefoo.

In the meantime rumors grew of the grim attacks on Port Arthur. All the news came through alleged refugees from the Russian Gibraltar, from Dalny, Kinchow and Newchang. This was the sum of the rumors: The mouth of Port Arthur harbor was sealed; the Japanese bombardment of the town had been so terrific that all business had ceased and the people were taking refuge in their cellars! The garrison was disaffected and discontented! The soldiers were on half rations; they had no ammunition;

they were thinking of surrendering! The Russian ships in the harbor were so badly injured they had been beached and the guns of the ships had been mounted on the hills! General Stoessel had been wounded! The place could not hold out much more than fifteen or twenty days at the outside! All this, be it remembered, in the middle of May—all from Japanese sources.

No wonder my friend was anxious to get northward. Without any understanding of the lay of the land he still had a well-defined idea that he could succeed in getting into Port Arthur.

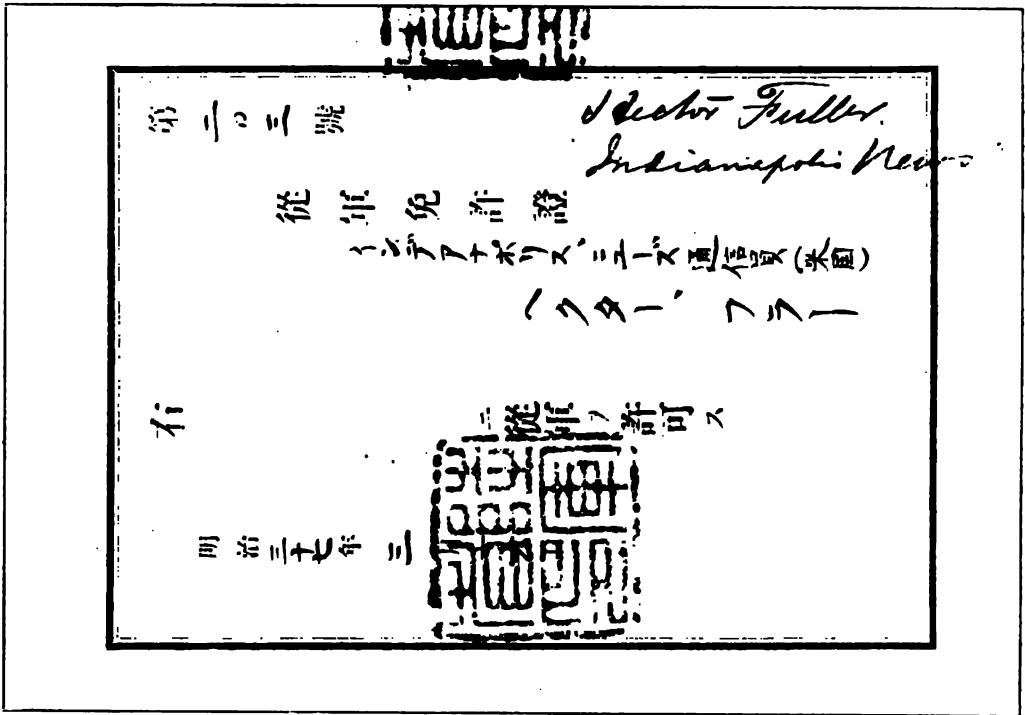
"But how," asked a friend in Shanghai, "about getting out again?"

"I don't want to get out," he replied; "I will be there when the place is taken and I expect then to be released. I shall be able to get away and will have the first accurate story of the fall of the fortress."

So away he hurried north, five days from Shanghai. Three days of the Yellow Sea, and then came evidences of war; men watching in the bows for the floating mines which both Russians and Japs accused each other of turning loose. It was considered so dangerous that no merchant steamers went northward after nightfall, and so, running along the coast, the *Yochow* came to Wei-hai-wei and put in there for the night rather than run the risk of going the other forty miles in the dark.

Here, besides British men-of-war, grim and in war paint (that slate-gray invisible color against the background of the sea) and significant of the possibilities of future complications, the *Hai-mun* was found; the big despatch steamer of the London *Times* with Lionel James in charge, her wireless telegraphy mast wagging against the sky as she rolled at anchor.

Now indeed one could feel that he was near war, at last. Why, scarce had night fallen before off to the *Yochow* came a



JAPANESE PASSPORT

picturesque loafer who wanted deadhead passage to Cheefoo. He told how he and another had left Dalny in company with Edward J. Soper, the richest man in Dalny; how now Soper was missing—washed overboard, the derelict told the Wei-hai-wei police. But all this has been registered, in disguise, in another place.

The next morning Cheefoo!—dirty, ill-smelling, crowded, vermin-infested Cheefoo—from the garlic-reeking streets of which it was a joy to look seaward across the waters of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, blue and tranquil under the blazing sun, and realize that just eighty miles north, with a little westing, lay Port Arthur—the goal of hope.

But how to get there?

Once in the Beach Hotel you might be anywhere. Inside is civilization; outside, Chinese life. It was soon learned, by cautious inquiries, for Cheefoo was full of Japanese spies, that the man most likely to be of avail in bridging that span

across the Gulf was one Sing-Tai, the richest Chinaman in Cheefoo.

One could write a book about Sing-Tai's shop. Up a narrow, dirty, foul-smelling street, it disclosed itself, through the grime and smoke, to be a large general merchandise store, selling everything from American three-dollar shoes to Chicago canned meats, Birmingham imitation jewelry, sharks' fins, jade beads and temple idols. One needs a pass to the presence of a great man, and it took diplomacy to get into that holy of holies, the sanctum of Sing-Tai, but once there you found yourself in a tall dark room, heavy with joss incense and opium fumes; the walls hung with priceless screens of silken tapestry, and the panels of rich gilding and carving and lacquer work. Silken cushions were on the floor; a huge Hall's safe stood in one corner; the light came through a jeweled lantern suspended by steel chains from the ceiling.

In the center of the room sat Sing-Tai

smoking his water-pipe: each suck of the tobacco causing a minute-minute that, together with the smell, brought to mind the burning-ghosts of India and the freezing corpses of Tibet that died in the faith. Of course Sing-Tai was fat—all Chinese grow fat as they grow rich, and, of course, he smiled one of those inscrutable, oriental, oily smiles when he learned that the newspaper man wanted something that meant money. "There would be difficulties," he said: there always are difficulties. So many junks recently had been blown up by mines: the Japanese were keeping such a strict watch on the Gulf: the men would not go unless they were paid well and so on. *ah mah-mah-mah*. But money was shown and promises were made and stores for the voyage were bought from Sing-Tai's store and Sing-Tai smoked an American cigarette and offered the correspondent an American drink and by and by the bargain was concluded and in a short time,—that is short for China, it really took about a week,—the correspondent had, not a junk, but a sampan; a two-masted sampan, with two Chinese for the crew, moored at the little wooden pier hard by the Beach Hotel and was ready for his venture.

A sampan! Well, this one was about sixteen feet long over all, with a beam of something like five feet. She approached in model more nearly to a fishing punt than any other American craft. Bow and stern were alike square. She was flat-bottomed and drew about ten inches of water with three men and the stores aboard. There were no bulwarks, but in the middle ran a little hold, divided amidships, and all of the craft forward of the mainmast was the quarterdeck of the owner of the craft. Down in his hold, which smelled to heaven, though he had seen it scrubbed, he kept his "grub," all canned stuff; some water in bottles and a little spirit lamp for making cocoa—this, as being more sustaining than tea or coffee. There was an American battleship in

port and from her the correspondent got an American flag, which looked strangely out of place on such a dirty craft, but which really made the boat seem more homelike to him who was about to adventure forth in her. He had no right to fly the flag, he knew, but he was willing to take his chances and explain his authority afterward.

Of course this correspondent from the middle West could speak no Chinese. It was too much to expect that his two Chinese, ignorant sailors, could speak any English. It was likely to be a lonely voyage. Still, through an interpreter, the Chinese understood well what they were to do and that their fee was to be two hundred *Mer.* dollars—a fortune to them.

Also the correspondent learned to say *Bao tung*, which means "I don't understand"; *chop-chop*, which means "hurry up"; *man man*, which means "wait," and *Lussia Co*, which stands, in the Chinese mind, for Port Arthur. Surely enough Chinese speech for the Gulf of Pe-chi li!

So came the sixth of June. A beautifully clear day with a gentle breeze and a fine promise of adventure to come in the dull rumble and sullen boom that came with the early dawn from across the Gulf, over there at Port Arthur. It quickened the pulse and made one eager to get closer to the scene.

Out from the hotel safe there came a package of fifty *Mer.* dollars. This was handed over as an advance fee to the two Chinese, Wong Foo Sung and Sear Jin Chong, and, at the same time, the other one hundred and fifty was handed to the interpreter with the understanding that it would be paid to the boatmen whenever they returned with a card from the correspondent saying he had been landed safely on the Liao-Tung peninsula. You see it was necessary to take some precaution, for it were easy for the story of Soper, the rich man from Dalny, to be repeated, and if these piratical looking

brutes proved treacherous who was to deny, should they so report, that he had fallen overboard by the way? Yes, it was like to be an exciting voyage, and it was with satisfaction that the correspondent felt the big forty-four-caliber Colt on his hip and knew that his supply of cartridges was ample. Down to the beach at eight in the morning, to see him off, there came some fellows from the club who thought him crazy, or, at best, a

fool; the fine old skipper of the *Yochow*, who gave him some final hints on navigation, and a lot of idle Chinese beach loafers mildly curious as to where a Christian could be bound for. There were hearty handshakes all round, the correspondent helped his men to hoist the mainsail, the sampan's head was turned slowly to the northward and catching the favoring breeze she moved lazily off on her voyage—in search of trouble.

PHARISEES

By W. D. Nesbit

YES, yes; I know the Pharisee—
 Have seen him, with his wagging beard;
 Have heard his voice in scornful key
 As at the other men he jeered.
 Yes, yes; I know the times that you
 Have indicated him to me;
 And I have pointed at him, too,
 Have whispered: "Ah, the Pharisee!"
Have heard him say, time and again:
"Thank God, I'm not as other men!"

And I, and you—and all of us
 Have held our garments in a clutch
 That kept us at a distance—thus—
 Lest we might suffer from his touch,
 Lest we be taken for his kin
 Or in some way resemble him;
 Lest we acquire the wagging chin
 And trick of speech all proud and grim.
I say to you, you say to me:
"Thank God, I'm not a Pharisee!"

THE AMBASSADOR'S DOGS

By Margery Williams

AUTHOR OF "THE LATE RETURNING," "THE PRICE OF YOUTH," ETC.

COMING along the hot white road through the pine-woods, they presented quite the air of a cavalcade. The ambassador himself headed the procession. He was broad and elderly, and wore a suit of dust-colored linen with black bone buttons and a broad straw hat. He carried a large white umbrella over his head and walked leisurely, looking neither to right nor left. His progress contrived to be altogether impressive. Behind him one of the Eskimo dogs, bushily constructed and of a gray and black color, with a wonderfully curled tail, draped a pink tongue between his jaws as he jogged along. Occasionally he made side excursions into the underbrush, toward which he cocked at all times a watchful eye. Quite a distance to the rear the French maid struggled patiently, holding the second Eskimo dog by a leash. She was dressed in black with a white ruffled apron, and her cap had starched streamers, which trailed behind her on the breeze. Once in a while, bracing her feet against the tuggings of the big dog, she put up a hand to settle it more securely upon her head. The dog pulled her at times into a run. Up this empty road, under blazing sunshine, she toiled with a brave effort to appear dustless and unconcerned.

As they passed into immediate view, one of the young men who was practising tennis in the clay court at the side of the house said: "Look. Here comes the Ambassador."

"Queer old bird," said the other.

They paused with lowered racquets to watch the little cavalcade go by.

A girl, presumed to have been reading a book in a hammock slung between two

big pine-trees near the fence, craned her head to get a further glimpse of the road. Her voice was the first to break the hush occasioned by the passing of the ambassador.

"Isn't he funny?" she cried. "*Isn't* he funny? He comes by here nearly every morning for a walk. Some one told me about him when we first came down, but I never believed them. I do wish they'd come back the same way. He is funny!"

By a common impulse the two young men moved toward the hammock. One of them dropped promptly into a restful attitude upon the grass. The other, who leaned against the fence, appeared the younger of the two. He had reddish hair, and his name was Holmes.

The girl regarded their advent in complete astonishment. "Why, I thought you were playing tennis!" she said.

"We thought you were reading," retorted the young man on the ground, whose name was Curtis.

"Well, and I am reading. But did you ever see anything so queer? They say he lives all alone by himself with a whole lot of servants and things, and he doesn't know a word of English. I believe he's crazy. He ought to let the nurse-girl have the umbrella, anyhow. And making her walk behind that way—I wouldn't do it. They say he keeps that maid just to take the dogs out. Did you know?"

"Considering it was I told you—" Curtis began.

"He hires her," said Holmes solemnly, "to protect him when he goes out for walks. To protect him from the American summer girl."

"Oh!" she cried.

"That's true. He is a confirmed woman-hater. Didn't you see the way he keeps on the other side of the road when he passes this house? Well, he does. You notice."

"Don't be silly."

"You know," Holmes continued musingly, "we are tony this summer. What with me and the ambassador, and there's a bishop—Bishop of Runtifoo—taken that little red cottage up the river. Right close to the landing. He can hear the carousal organ out of his bedroom window, playing 'Put Me Off at Buffalo' and things like that. All right for a bishop, isn't it?"

"Bishops have to take holidays somewhere, the same as other business men," Curtis objected. "He doesn't like to mingle with the giddy throng, so he does the next best thing. Perhaps he feels his nearness will shed a dim religious light over the festivities. They had fireworks there on the Fourth. You weren't here then. Good show, wasn't it, Miss Townley?"

"Splendid," said the girl.

Holmes sighed, hitting his tennis racquet against his shoes.

"To return to the ambassador," he began. "He is a recluse, as I said."

"What is a recluse?" inquired Miss Townley, clasping her hands interestedly upon her knee.

"A recluse," said Holmes, "is a person who—er—like the ambassador—er—"

"Ugly and venomous, bears yet a precious jewel in his head."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Holmes.

"I was trying to help you out," returned Curtis pleasantly.

"Well, don't do it again. I was about to remark—Miss Townley, you aren't attending."

"No," said the girl. "I was thinking of something."

"Of what?" inquired Curtis intensely.

Miss Townley turned her head and

smiled on him tolerantly. Holmes hit his shoes with the tennis racquet again. "Of the ambassador's jeweled head, probably," he suggested.

"No," said Miss Townley. "I was thinking of snap-shots. I should love to have a good one of them."

"I'll get you one," replied Curtis, in exactly the tone he would have employed had she asked him for Niagara or a white elephant. But Miss Townley was unappreciative. "Oh, but I don't want you to," she said instantly. "A picture isn't any good to me unless I take it myself. I shouldn't consider it sportsmanlike."

"If you consider it sportsmanlike," Holmes began, "to go out and deliberately stalk a poor old inoffensive gentleman like—"

The girl was addressing Curtis.

"I do want one, tremendously. And I got my shutter fixed yesterday, down at Heist's. Don't you think I might get a really good one, some time? Some morning?"

"You ought to get it in the morning," Curtis said. "Look here, I tell you what. We'll walk up the road some morning and meet 'em coming along. See? How about to-morrow morning? We might try to-morrow morning. And that'd be a good idea, too, don't you see, because then if your camera went wrong or anything, there'd be my camera—"

"If I take a picture," Miss Townley interrupted, "I like to take it all by myself. I don't intend to share the glory of this with any one. I shall set out alone—"

"Now that's just what I wouldn't do," said Holmes. "I'd want to take some one along, if it was only Curtis. Think of the adventure you're setting out on—the appalling audacity of it! You don't seem to realize it, but to my mind it's something awful. There might be a judgment on you for even trying such a thing, and think how much better it would be for every one if you had Curtis along, too. Seems to me it's going to take a good

nerve to stand up and photograph the ambassador, anyhow. I wouldn't want to try it on!"

"Not the ambassador," Miss Townley corrected. "The ambassador's dogs. You didn't suppose I just wanted a picture of a fat old man and an umbrella?"

Holmes gazed.

"Well, I do wish the ambassador could hear you!" he said at last. Curtis was evidently viewing the matter in a new light. "Oh, the dogs."

"And not even the French nurse!" continued Holmes. "If I took anything, I'd want to take the whole shooting-match."

"If I wanted to do *that*," said Miss Townley, "it would be easy enough! I want the dogs by themselves. I've got a whole lot of dogs' photographs, but there isn't an Eskimo among them. Do you know if they're good-tempered?"

"Sullen and ferocious," Holmes told her. "You read about them in the Second Reader. They live on fish, and that's why they've got such good brains. Fish is a great thing for brains."

"It's a wonder you wouldn't try it," Curtis murmured.

The sunlight filtered through the pine branches on to Miss Townley's muslin dress. She shut her book with a sigh.

"It never stays shady in one place long enough to read," she said. "I'm going up on the porch where it's cool."

"If you go up on the porch," said Holmes, "every one will talk to you. Much better stay here where it's quiet. I'm not going up on the porch."

"I'll take your book for you," Curtis said.

They crossed the tennis court to the house. Holmes sat down in the vacated hammock, and resting his racquet across his knees, lighted a cigarette.

II.

The next morning a selection of the guests were gathered at one end of the

veranda, discussing probabilities for the day. It was early, but already the heat was beginning to strike upward from the sandy ground. Miss Townley, in a newly starched suit of white duck, was endeavoring to preserve a fictitious air of coolness. She leaned against the veranda rail, her back to the road, and so was unaware of any impending feature in the landscape until Mrs. Devine made a sudden exclamation.

"Kittie! Where's your camera?"

"Don't be silly," said Miss Townley, without turning her head. But every one combined in a chorus that approached the operatic.

"Look what's coming! Now, Miss Townley, here's your chance. Hurry up. We'll see he doesn't hit you!"

Miss Townley said: "How can you all be so absurd!"

"Lovely view," said a young artist. "See how it composes. Miss Townley, the gods won't send you such a chance twice!"

"Shall I fetch your camera?" Curtis asked.

The little cavalcade approached, passed, and faded into middle distance, after the manner of the suppositious musical patrol.

"Now the whole show's finished and put away until to-morrow," said Holmes. "See the evils of procrastination! You'll have to wait a whole twenty-four hours before you get an opportunity again. Think of it. Twenty-four hours!"

"I believe," said Mrs. Devine, regarding her, "that you're simply scared. You wouldn't dare go out there in the road with a kodak for anything. I'm sure of it."

"Her nerve fails her at the critical moment," Curtis added.

"Yes, that's it," put in Holmes. "Like Curtis showing us how to dive off a boat backward the other day. Sudden and unforeseen collapse."

There was a general laugh. Curtis headed it, with the intense mirth of a man

who laughs at himself when he slips on the ice in a crowd.

Mrs. Devine expressed a further belief. "You'll never photograph those dogs in this world."

"I shall," said Miss Townley calmly.

"When?"

"When the robins nest again," said Holmes, gazing skyward.

"I never knew anything like the way one's intentions get advertised in this house," Miss Townley observed. "I'm sure I never said anything to any one about getting snap-shots."

"Now she's trying to back out of it!"

"I'm not at all."

"You're afraid of the dogs," said Mrs. Devine.

Holmes began: "More likely afraid of—"

"Of what?" Miss Townley demanded, swinging round upon him.

"I didn't speak," said Holmes. "I never speak. I'm sure you've all noticed it. Now, did I so much as mention the ambassador's name?"

* * * * *

"I do think," said Miss Townley, when later they stood upon the veranda steps, "that you needn't have gone around talking. Now nobody will let up on those dogs for about a month."

Holmes tried to combine truth with consolation, and failed.

"I'm afraid they won't," he said. "I'm awfully sorry. It isn't my fault."

"Oh, no!"

"It isn't! I never said a thing. Why should I? I'm not one of the—the photographic set. Why, you've talked about it yourself, at the table one time!"

"Oh, well. Never mind. But the people here are such busy-bodies. I'll simply *have* to take that picture now."

"Why, how funny you are!" he said. "I thought you said you wanted to. What have you been driving at all along?"

"If you can't see the difference between

doing a thing because you want to, and doing it because you'll get laughed at if you don't—"

"But don't you want it, now?"

"Oh, I *want* it!"

"Then I've got a plan," said Holmes, gazing at her dramatically. "A daisy plan. It'll knock Cur—I mean, it'll just fix everything. What you want, now, in order to make every one shut up—the whole lot of them—is just to get a real good picture of those two dogs by themselves, and not say a word about it, and then just spring it on them some time when they're trying to be smart. It'll go lovely. They won't be able to say another word."

"Yes, but how—"

"Did you ever hear of taking the bull by the horns?"

"Well?"

In his most enthusiastic moments Holmes never allowed minor opportunities to slip.

"We must keep this very dark," he said. "We'd better not do any talking here. Come for a walk round the back of the tennis-court and I'll tell you."

III.

"I don't believe he ever comes by here at all," said Miss Townley.

They were seated upon a fallen pine trunk, a little back from a narrow foot-path which wound ribbon-like to the river. The woods were very silent. Between Holmes's feet on the ground reposed an oblong black box with an eye in one end.

"He does," Holmes affirmed. "I know for a fact. It's the direct way from his house to the river. He takes the dogs down in the afternoons, nearly always."

"Are you positive he speaks English?"

"If he doesn't," said Holmes, "he's more kinds of a chump than I take him for."

"What had I better say?"

"And you call yourself an American

girl! Simply say to him that you are a very great admirer of dogs,—er—and that—er—you've noticed those dogs of his, and—and that you would be greatly indebted to him if he'd have no objection to your taking a photograph of 'em, or— or something like that. You can fix it up all right. Don't be too apologetic."

"Shall I begin: 'I beg your pardon—'?"

"No. What's the sense of that? What do you want to begin by begging any one's pardon for, for nothing at all?"

"It would sound polite."

"Sound silly! You're paying his dogs a big compliment. That's the way to look at it. Of course the old chap'll say he'd be delighted, and then you'll get your photograph, properly posed and everything, and there you are."

"I wish you hadn't come."

"My dear girl," Holmes began, "you don't for an instant suppose that I'd let—"

"Now you are here," she said, "you'll just have to come along and help me out. I'm not going to do all the talking myself and have you hanging in the back-ground."

"Certainly I'll come. I'll do the asking, if you say so. I don't care!"

"No, I don't think you'd better do that," Miss Townley said thoughtfully. "I'll do the asking. But you've got to come along."

"I believe you're scared."

"I'm not at all. But suppose he has an awful temper?"

"He's a gentleman, anyway," Holmes said splendidly. "He's bound to be polite. Besides, I shall be right there."

"Well," Miss Townley sighed, "mind you are."

Seven minutes passed. There came to their ears a massive trampling of pine needles. In the excitement of the moment Holmes put out a hand and caught Miss Townley's wrist. "There—listen!" he whispered. "That's him. I know his

step. Now—go on! Only don't for heaven's sake begin by apologizing before you say anything at all."

"Am I likely to?" she retorted indignantly.

The ambassador was approaching ponderously down the narrow path. His white umbrella had on this occasion been left at home. He carried a silk bandanna handkerchief in one hand, and breathed deeply at each step. His bristling white beard and whiskers gave him an air of incalculable ferocity; he bore indistinct resemblance to a polar bear in a linen suit. He had shiny russet shoes.

"Go on!" said Holmes. "Now's your time. Quick!"

The ambassador peered casually at them in approaching.

Holmes gave her a little push. "Go after him. If you don't he'll be gone and you won't have a chance."

"Well, you've got to come along then."

The ambassador tramped on inexorably in his russet shoes. "Go after him!" Holmes whispered again.

Miss Townley accomplished a sudden dash of great resolve. "I beg your pardon—" she began aloud.

Her voice sounded to her like a trumpet. The ambassador wheeled around, glaring inquiry and astonishment through his glasses. Miss Townley was acutely aware of a solitaire diamond—a wonderful diamond—upon the hand which grasped the handkerchief. She was conscious of staring fixedly at this diamond during an awful pause. With impressive courtesy the ambassador lifted his straw hat. He addressed her, with a slight foreign accent, in a voice which seemed dragged from the depths of gruffness. "Yes, Madame?"

"I beg your pardon," Miss Townley began once more, "but I—my friend takes photographs—I don't know whether you'll think me awfully rude—but—" She finished in wild entreaty. "Can you tell me the way to—to the village?"

The ambassador smiled in a manner of perfect deference.

"If Madame will retrace the path until she reach the road, it will then be on the left. About feefteen minutes to walk."

"Oh, thank you *so* much!" she gasped. "Thank you!"

The ambassador replaced his hat upon his head and turned around, eclipsing the diamond. He resumed his march to the river, a profoundly puzzled old gentleman in the guise of a polar bear.

Miss Townley nearly hurled herself upon the recalcitrant Holmes. "Oh, I'd never have believed it!" she cried. "If any one had ever told me anybody could be so mean, I'd never have believed them! You're about the meanest person I ever came across! Why didn't you come? It's all your fault. I was *counting* on your being there!"

"I—I couldn't!" he returned with fine indignation. "I had to laugh. I should have bust up or something. You wouldn't have had me stand up there and laugh! It would have been rude! What-ever made you say that?"

"I had to. You weren't there and I had to say something."

"Well, you've eternally scared the poor old chap, anyway. He probably always had an idea we were mad. Now he's sure of it. He won't dare walk through these woods again."

"Oh, you're perfectly hateful!"

"You did look scared! I wish you could have seen yourself."

"Come on!" she cried. "Do for goodness' sake come along before we have a chance of meeting him again."

"What for? Let's just sit here a while."

"*Here?*" It was as though he had suggested suicide.

"Certainly," said Holmes tranquilly. He felt through his pockets for a cigarette. "The ambassador won't come *this* way again. Not if he has to wait till midnight!"

"But—"

"Or are you in a great hurry to get to—to the village, you know? Because, of course, if you are—"

She sat down.

IV.

The end of Holmes's fourth cigarette glowed upon the carpet of pine needles. Miss Townley regarded it earnestly.

"All the same," she said, "it was very mean of you, and I'm never going to forget it. It was the meanest trick I ever had played on me in my life. I shan't forget it."

"No?" Holmes said.

He pitched a twig at a tree just in front of them. "Did you see that lizard? I nearly hit him."

"If I'd even got the picture I shouldn't be so mad at you. But I am mad. I can't help it."

"The dogs might come by here yet. You don't know."

"There's no good in waiting for that. Do you suppose there would be any use waiting to see, now?"

"I couldn't say."

"I would hate to just miss them," she said.

"It would seem a pity," Holmes agreed.

"What would?"

"Why, to miss them."

"Oh," she said. "Yes."

Holmes presently broke the silence.

"I think of returning to town in about a week."

"Oh, do you?" said Miss Townley, politely. "Do you have to?"

"In a way. I guess I'd better. I've got to go on business."

"But still," she said, "I suppose we shall see you again, some time?"

"Oh, it's very improbable," he returned gloomily. "Most improbable."

"Why, however long do you have to stay away?"

"Quite a week. It might be longer.

It just depends. Well," he added, pathetically brightening, "it's a good thing it's me and not any one else. It would break the party up so."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, any of—of the others," he said vaguely. "The Devines, or—or Curtis, you know."

"Mr. Curtis?" said the girl.

There was quite a pause.

* * * * *

"Why, I think you're the most ridiculous person!" she said.

"Well, I didn't know," said Holmes. He was staring at the pine needle carpet. "I didn't know. I just thought."

She said again: "I don't see how you could ever have been so silly."

"Did you see that diamond he had?" she asked presently.

"Who? Curtis?"

"No. The ambassador."

"Oh. Did he?"

She nodded. "A beauty."

"Well, we'll let him keep it," said Holmes.

By degrees the light shifted. "If you move up this way further," he suggested, "you'll be out of the sun more."

Later she said: "Of course, I shall go on disliking you just as much as ever for being so mean this afternoon."

"Why, of course!" Holmes agreed.

Miss Townley said: "I don't believe those dogs are coming at all."

His hand tightened. "Look," he said. "Now call me a liar."

Down the little vista of path the two Eskimo dogs were approaching slowly. They appeared hot and jaded; their pink tongues drooped from between their jaws. They were heading listlessly for the river.

Behind them, at a distance, walked also the French maid.

* * * * *

It was in the middle of supper that Curtis, reaching forward for the sugar-bowl, made an announcement.

"You will all of you," he remarked, "congratulate me upon having stolen a

march on Miss Townley. To be brief, I have this afternoon accomplished a deed of prowess. I have got a snap-shot of the ambassador's dogs."

He beamed around through his glasses. Amid a little turmoil of interest, Miss Townley was studiously unconcerned.

"Oh, did you?" she said.

"Yes," said Curtis. He wore with becoming modesty the honors of the moment. "Even so."

"I don't know," he pursued, "whether any of you are acquainted with a path that runs down to the river, not far from the ambassador's house. There is a fallen pine log on the way. Do you happen to know the path, Miss Townley?"

"No," she said. "No, I don't think so."

"That's a pity," said Curtis. "Well, it was there that I took them."

"Smart man!" murmured Holmes expediently.

"Yes, it was a good snap-shot, as snap-shots go," said Curtis. "Very good indeed."

His glance rested as by accident upon Miss Townley, who was stirring her tea.

"May we see it?" asked one of the Rochester girls. "Is it developed yet? Do let us see it, Mr. Curtis!"

But he shook his head gravely.

"The picture, as I remarked, is excellent. The fault, however, lies in the great preponderance of what we might term local color. Local color," Curtis repeated, without altering the direction of his gaze. "This renders it, as the advertisements say, of no value save to the owner."

"I don't know a bit what you're talking about," said the Rochester girl, after consideration.

"You would," replied Curtis, "if you saw the picture."

Miss Townley's voice broke at last superbly through the pause.

"Exactly how many of us," she asked, "are going to the Resort House hop on Tuesday night?"

A BOSTON EXPERIMENT

THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT IN AMERICA OF MUNICIPAL CONTROL OF STREET RAILWAYS

By Hayes Robbins

CHICAGO has voted twice by tremendous majorities in favor of municipal ownership, and presumably operation, of her street railways. The mandate will not be carried into effect for a good many years, if at all; no matter; the significant thing is the indication of a certain trend of public opinion. In New York there is enough sentiment of the same kind, and in sufficiently respectable quarters, to have warranted the Citizens' Union last winter in pressing its bills before the legislature, permitting the acquisition by the city of several public service utilities, and this right on the heels of a Tammany victory.

To what extent do these (and other) signs reveal a general "drift"? In Chicago much is to be charged to the local conditions, which are bad enough to come very near justifying a popular belief that any kind of a change would be for the better. In New York, the very magnitude of the private transportation enterprises now under way has stirred up a rather more than academic interest in the question, who is to be the ultimate legatee of this vast network,—the community, or a succession of private corporations? But there is no doubt that, apart from local situations, there is enough public ownership feeling "in the air" to bring the subject close to the point of a public issue of the first order. The pendulum happens to be swinging that way; before the discussion has gone much farther it would not be surprising to find it swinging quite as rapidly away from the hard

and unlovely reality of actually turning over the vast public service interests of our chief cities to political control,—in practice instead of in theory only.

But it is the habit of most pendulums in time to reach a dead center. We are not likely to rush into public ownership experiments on a large scale, even with the much-vaunted and overestimated British experiences dangled continuously before our eyes. Nor are we likely to give up the new-born realization that, as a community, it is not only legitimate and proper but desirable and even necessary to protect and secure public rights quite as sacred as those of private interest, especially in the case of municipal public services where the natural safeguard of competition lost its effectiveness long ago, and can not be galvanized back to life. The practical issue thus becomes: What are the possibilities in the line of *qualified* and *regulated* private ownership? In other words, not public ownership but public control?

When the Massachusetts legislature, some seven years ago, deliberately opened the way for a virtual monopoly in passenger transportation for the city of Boston, surrounding it with a carefully devised system of public control, there was much shaking of heads. The scheme was going to fail either because it abolished competition, or because there was too much government interference, but fail at all events. To-day the experiment stands an acknowledged and extraordinary success. It is beyond doubt the most important attempt made in this



MAJOR GENERAL WM. A. BANCROFT
President Boston Elevated Railway Company

country to effect a genuine union of public and private interest, and the net result is of striking educational value as well as popular interest just in the present unsettled condition of public opinion on municipal problems in general.

Under the act enabling the Boston Elevated Railway Company to lease or acquire other systems, that corporation, in 1897, did lease the West End Company's entire group of surface lines for twenty-five years. The West End Company had among its assets a lease of the newly constructed Tremont Street subway, owned by the city, and this lease, good for twenty years, passed to the new organization. The financial basis of that amalgamation is a point of prime importance because of the unusual extent and variety of the obligations resting upon it. For example, it is provided by law that in case a dividend is declared in excess of six per cent., a tax shall be paid equal to the excess. In other words, the

company must divide equally with the towns and cities in which it operates, any profit distributed above six per cent.; but if it prefers it may spend its surplus over six per cent. on improving the system. This has been the policy of the Boston Elevated from the beginning. In the six and a half years since it succeeded the West End Company its dividends have ranged from four and one-half to six per cent. on all stock, there being no preferred. The capital stock originally was ten million dollars; it was increased in 1902 to thirteen million three hundred thousand dollars. Of indirect ways of disposing of profits, such as bond issues and extravagant salaries, there are none; and the dividends actually paid accordingly seem moderate. The reasons come to light, however, if we glance at the company's fixed obligations and general policies, and note how the public shares the gains in the shape of both money and service taxation.

Under its lease of the West End sys-



SUBWAY ENTRANCE ADAMS SQUARE

tem the Boston Elevated is bound to pay to the stockholders of that corporation, as rental, a dividend equal to the rate the West End Company had maintained for several years previously; namely, eight per cent. on its \$6,400,000 of preferred stock, seven per cent. on \$9,539,250 of common stock, and pay the interest on \$15,219,000 funded debt. These three items, plus the Elevated Company's own stock, are in effect equivalent to a total capitalization for the whole system of something less than \$44,500,000. The company pays also to the city annually as rental for the Tremont Street subway, four and seven-eighths per cent. of the cost of constructing the subway—a rate, by the way, which gives the city enough margin above interest on bonds issued for this work to retire the bonds before maturity (forty years); in other words, pay for the subway free and clear, the rental then becoming a permanent source of general public revenue.

A direct tax of seven-eighths of one per cent. on gross earnings is imposed on the Elevated Company, and when it assumes the lease of the new tunnel under Boston Harbor, to East Boston, this will be increased to one and one-fourth per cent. A state corporation tax is also levied, amounting to about sixteen dollars per one thousand dollars of market value of the stock on May 1st each year. In addition, the company is assessed and taxed on its real estate in the various cities and towns through which its lines pass, the rate varying from about fifteen dollars to twenty dollars per one thousand dollars. Further, the company is required to pave and maintain all street surface occupied by its tracks, and do its own snow and ice clearing. The amount of paving the company has laid and maintains under this requirement is equivalent to a street sixty feet wide and about sixty-five miles long. The total of these various tax and service payments is about \$1,550,000 annually, or nearly

thirteen per cent. of present gross earnings.

In addition to rentals and taxes, large sums have been spent every year on general improvements. Practically all the inferior track of the old surface system has been replaced with new rails; large additions have been made to equipment; about seventy-five miles of new surface lines constructed and service maintained on them as well as on the better paying portions of the road. The increase in service afforded appears in the fact that during the last four years earnings per mile decreased fifteen and four-tenths per cent. while expenses per mile decreased only one and four-tenths per cent.; one explanation of which appears in the further fact that the number of car miles run increased forty-six and six-tenths per per cent., while revenue passengers increased only twenty-three and eight-tenths per cent. In other words, the car service was increased twice as fast as the increase in paying traffic.

The rapid extension of free transfers has undoubtedly had much to do with this relatively slow increase in paying business. Thus far, at any rate, it has checked the growth of revenue in greater proportion than the natural increase of traffic thereby drawn out. The company has interpreted liberally its legal obligations in this respect. It has added nearly one hundred miles to the transfer system in four years, and to-day about fifty-five per cent. (or one hundred and thirty million annually) of the passengers who pay a fare make use of these free exchange facilities. This means that the average amount received for each trip on one car is about three and one-third cents. Six years ago, when the company leased the surface lines and began operation, the free-transfer passengers numbered only twenty-four million.

The chief advantage of the transfer system to the company lies in the wider distribution of traffic over its many



AN ENTRANCE TO PARK STREET SUBWAY STATION, THE FOURTH LARGEST PASSENGER STATION IN POINT OF TRAFFIC IN THE WORLD

lines, giving larger use of suburban and "side street" cars which must be operated anyway, whether well filled or not; thus making it possible to carry more passengers on the congested central lines than could otherwise be handled.

The net result of these operating policies is that the ratio of expenses to gross earnings is higher than in any of the other large urban transit systems; and when the tax and rental payments are added it is easy to see that profits can not be excessive, and must be derived in large part from exceptionally skillful management. The rate would be insignificant if the stock on which it is paid were "diluted." Under Massachusetts laws, "watering" of street railway stock is an extremely difficult process. The state Railroad Commission determines in the first instance whether the stock to be issued fairly represents the actual expense of construction, and no corporation may

capitalize in excess of the commission's estimate. All increases of stock are subject to the same authority, which also fixes the price per share—supposed to represent its actual market value—at which stockholders may subscribe for the new issue.

What is the result? The capitalization per mile of street railways in Massachusetts is less than one-third the average in New York state, less than half the average for the United States. In the case of the Boston Elevated Railway, the original capitalization of ten million dollars was the minimum allowed by the special law under which the company was organized, and when the increase of \$3,300,000 was made in 1902, the Railroad Commission fixed one hundred and fifty-five dollars per share as the fair market price to stockholders. New stock not taken up in this way must be sold at public auction. Stockholders may not

vote themselves valuable new issues at par.

Thus by virtue of common honesty in the fundamentals, Massachusetts is able to have a great state-controlled public service under private management, yielding a liberal revenue to the community and a fair return upon the capital invested. Under such conditions the "bogie" of public control does not frighten capital away from the enterprise as an investment—orthodox theories to the contrary, notwithstanding. Elevated Railway stock is quoted at about one hundred and forty, or almost exactly the same as stock of the Manhattan Company in New York, whose eye has ever been single to the welfare of the dividend-receiver.

So much, then, for the public control phase and some of its larger results. How does this system work out in the more direct relations between the corporation and the people, the corporation and its employees?

In respect to methods of operation, the Boston system is conceded in the engineering world to represent, for the most part, the best American practice. Some desirable features possible elsewhere are virtually impossible here, because of the natural conditions. For example, the underground conduit system of electric traction was tried and found inadequate. It is poorly adapted to Boston conditions because of the extraordinary network of lines, the narrow and crooked streets, relatively large amount of snow encountered, and the disadvantage of having one method for city and another for suburban surface lines operated for continuous runs under the same system. Furthermore, very long cars can not be operated in Boston because of the many sharp curves in the streets and present subway. The limitations of station room in the existing subway are such that more than four cars can not well be run in one elevated train. Again, because of the sub-

way grades and curves, it is not considered safe to operate trains with less than two minutes interval, while in New York the "headway" during rush hours is less than one minute. The new Washington Street tunnel is expected to remedy this difficulty. Boston is preparing to afford adequate facilities for whatever increase may be added to the already immense traffic, and in pursuance of this plan important and costly changes are about to be made in the system. The new tunnel for the passage of elevated trains through the heart of the city will afford a trunk line of comparatively few curves and grades, provide larger stations, and supply three times the present carrying capacity.

It must not be imagined that the quantitative traffic problem in Boston is easy. Almost double the population of the city proper is now carried on its local transit system daily, or about three hundred and sixty-five million per year. The total daily mileage of the some three thousand three hundred cars operated (about one thousand three hundred in any one day) approximates one hundred and twenty-five thousand. Park Street subway station, adjoining the shopping district, although of small size, is the fourth largest railway station in the world in point of traffic handled.

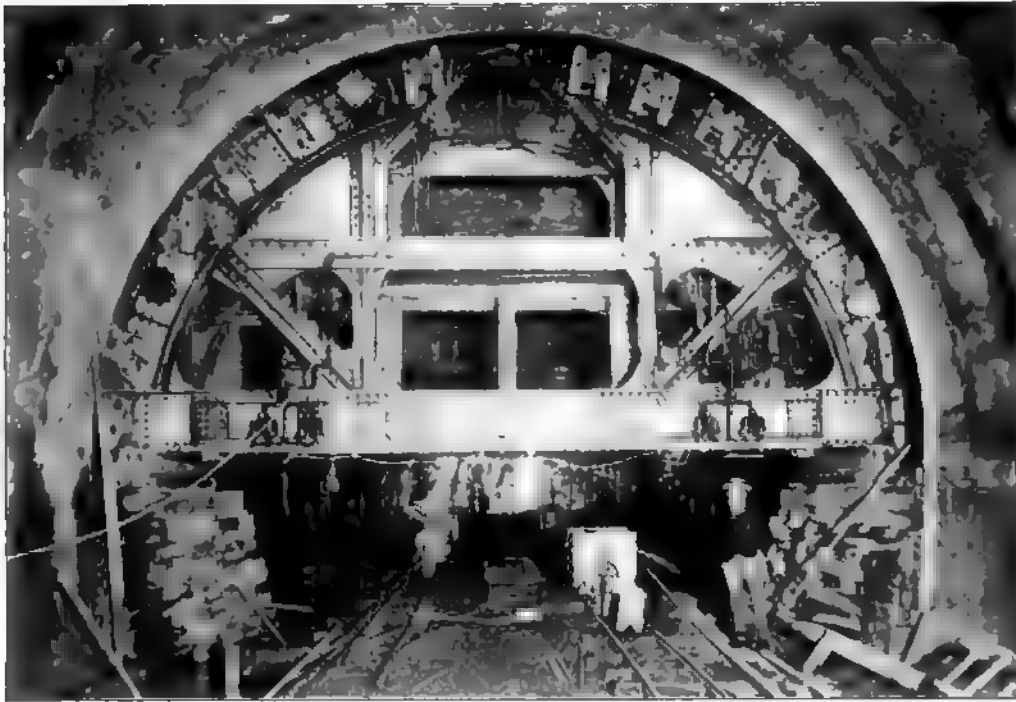
The stations, especially in the subway, are models of convenience, cleanliness, good ventilation and general cheerfulness. The walls are of white tile, and the lighting abundant. At terminal stations, transparencies announce the route and destination of each approaching elevated train. The cars are notably clean—a point one learns to appreciate by comparative experience. Electricity is the motive power for the entire system. With respect to safety, speed, comfort and convenience, the testimony of visitors to the city, and singularly uniform commendation from the people of Boston, who use it daily, are significant. Local

defects in service are as inevitable as are the complaints they bring out, but the preponderance of contrary experience seems to determine the general public attitude.

Crowding during "rush" hours has not been overcome. That it is not so bad as in certain other large centers is not wholly due, however, to relatively lighter travel. For one thing, the entire transit system,

rules, especially within the city limits, were not confined to so-called rush hours. The change from one method to the other several times a day is a source of confusion, and it is nothing remarkable to find crowded trains outside the decreed "rush" limits.

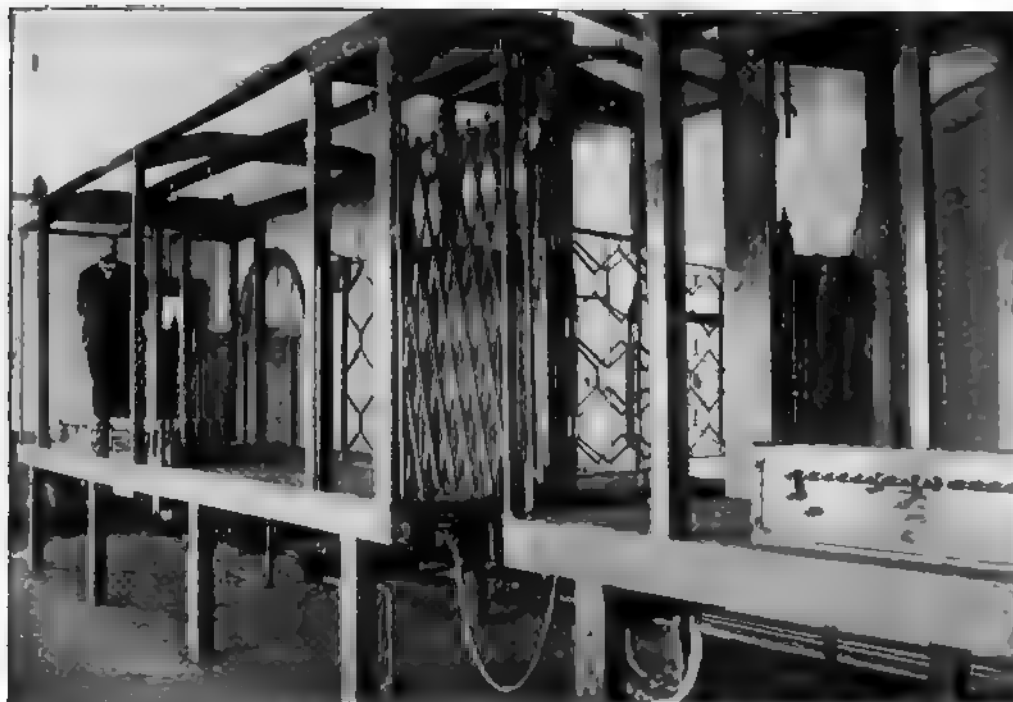
Accidents occur, of course, but there has been none of serious consequence, and not a passenger killed on the elevated



THE "CUTTING SHIELD" WHICH WAS FORCED THROUGH THE CLAY AHEAD OF THE WORKMEN IN TUNNELING BOSTON HARBOR

elevated, subway and surface is operated as a unit, and with so many opportunities of exchange from one line to another that the traffic is more evenly distributed, as already pointed out. Another simple device for lessening rush-hour difficulties is the separation of passengers leaving from those entering the elevated cars by using end doors for entrance and side for exit, and on surface cars the forward door for exit and rear for entrance. It would be a decided improvement if these

lines. Important mechanical precautions are employed, while the "loop" system at terminal stations of the elevated road lessens the danger of terminal collisions. But the chief guaranty of safety lies in the painstaking care exercised in selecting, training and testing employees. Instruction is thorough and discipline strict. A training school is permanently maintained at the Sullivan Square terminal. Here the men are put through all possible complications on a stationary



TRAINMEN'S SCHOOL, SHOWING SKELETON CARS

"skeleton" car, the instructor now and then purposely causing an accident to occur, to see how the green man handles his car—and himself. In connection with this, instruction is given in manners and self-control to all employees whose duties bring them in direct touch with the public. The result, in politeness and forbearance, is noted by visitors to the New England capital from—everywhere. It was especially remarked upon by the army of teachers who came to Boston for the National Educational Association convention of last summer.

This state of affairs is, further, a reflex of the pleasant relations that have existed from the beginning between the management and its eight thousand employees. No strikes have occurred other than a small sympathetic strike of linemen, directed against the telephone and electric light companies and not against the Elevated Railway. The wages com-

pare favorably with those paid elsewhere for similar service, and include a plan of gradation calculated to make the service more attractive. Surface car conductors and motormen receive \$2.25 a day; elevated brakemen \$1.85, guards \$2.10, elevated motormen \$2.30 the first year, \$2.40 the second, \$2.50 the third. All the men are paid five cents a day in addition after five years of continuous service, ten cents after ten years, and fifteen cents after fifteen years. "Extra" men are paid by the hour for work actually performed, but any man who is on call for a full day of ten hours is guaranteed approximately two-thirds regular day wages, even though no work is assigned him. At the end of each year every man having a good record receives fifteen dollars extra pay. All car-service men who have been in the employ of the company for fifteen years, upon reaching the age of sixty, or who have been in the service

y-five years, irrespective of age, are
 ised a pension for the remainder of
 lives, if they become incapacitated
 useful work while in the service.

n out of twelve consecutive hours is
 egular day's work in car service;
 time being paid for extra, and at a
 r rate. The men have two organi-
 ns for providing sick and disability
 ts, and life insurance, one paying
 undred dollars, and the other one
 and dollars in case of death. The
 any pays the running expenses of
 these organizations, amounting to
 y seven thousand dollars annually,
 at whatever the members contribute
 ilable for benefits. It provides, also,
 he men, comfortable and sanitary
 ig rooms, or "lobbies," equipped
 good reading matter and means of
 ise and recreation. How the em-
 s regard their treatment appears in
 act, among others, that they have
 considered it of any importance to
 ize either for mutual defense or to
 new demands. An attempt was
 within the last year to form a labor
 among them, but the only practi-
 tcome was a mass meeting called by
 en and attended by about one thou-
 five hundred, at which unanimous
 tions were passed expressing ap-
 ation of the fair treatment and lib-
 attitude of the company toward
 and denouncing misrepresentations
 e contrary.

ith the general results in evidence,
 uld appear superfluous to ask what
 of managerial ability is attracted
 his service. The officers of the com-
 are, in fact, a body of trained spe-
 ts—more, they are a body of gen-
 n; men of broad, general culture, of
 risty education, men with whom a
 endable record before the public
 the satisfaction of developing a
 l system, combined with a reason-
 return on capital and adequate com-
 tion for service, supply incentives

quite as effective as the possibility of ex-
 travagant profits. And of no one of
 them are these things truer than of Gen-
 eral Bancroft, the president of the Bos-
 ton Elevated Railway, admittedly one of
 the most efficient business managers in
 the Commonwealth.

What, then, are we to conclude from
 the practical workings of public control
 in Boston? Is it feasible to try the same
 experiment in any or all other American
 municipalities, and with expectation of
 like success?

Candor compels the opinion that such
 a system is feasible only where the stand-
 ards of civic life and public service are
 relatively high; where public support of
 decency can be relied upon as a fairly
 constant quantity instead of discounted
 in advance as "only a spasm." Neither
 the Commonwealth nor its leading cities
 —not even Boston—is or ever has been
 in the grip of an utterly corrupt and
 largely criminal conspiracy of the order
 of Tammany Hall, the Philadelphia ring,
 or the various groups of "boodle" alder-
 men in Chicago and St. Louis. Not that
 "boodle" aldermen are curiosities in Mas-
 sachusetts. By no means. "Grafters"
 and blackmailers often emerge in the
 minor public offices, sometimes in impor-
 tant ones; and should this class of men
 ever gain ascendancy there is no doubt
 public control would very promptly come
 to mean organized plunder, and the con-
 verting of all quasi-public enterprises into
 snug harbors of jobs for the incompetent
 "constituents" of ward bosses. But the
 "grafting" has not yet, at any rate, de-
 veloped into a close-knit, comprehensive
 system. It is sporadic and occasional; it
 does not honeycomb public life. On the
 contrary, great public works in the Bay
 State have been constructed with notable
 freedom from scandal. The present Bos-
 ton subway is one apt illustration of
 many. The sum of seven million dollars
 was authorized for its construction; it
 actually cost but a little over four mil-

lions, and the remainder will nearly pay for the new tunnel under Boston Harbor. Another instance is the Metropolitan Water Works system in process of development by a State Commission in behalf of Boston and its suburbs—a forty-million dollar undertaking, broadly comprehensive and complicated both in its engineering and financial aspects, yet one to which no suspicion of “graft” of any sort has ever attached.

All these conditions are interwoven phases of the general Massachusetts situation; all reflect the relatively high standard of civic and commercial life, which in turn rests upon centuries of honorable tradition, universal education on a high plane, largely successful absorption of the foreign element, and extraordinary local pride. Not even these considerations have given more than a bare margin of safety. The struggle for clean government can no more be relaxed in Massachusetts than it can anywhere. The better the conditions, the more at stake; the more to lose through negligence.

Division of profits above six per cent., with the practical impossibility of stock watering, are held to be important safeguards of the Boston system. Their influence may be overestimated, but undoubtedly the plunder in sight under such conditions is too small to attract the financial pirate. Danger of stock market “raids” to wrest control of the road from

its present owners—(about seventy-five per cent. of the stock is held in Massachusetts)—is reduced to a minimum; these tactics are worth while only when the chance exists to make the public supply the ore for a private gold mine. It is further true, no doubt, that knowledge of this virtual security against displacement through causes unrelated to merit and capacity is an element in attracting the kind of service the Boston system possesses.

Even these phases, however, come back to the standards prevailing, and that can be depended upon in the community. There must be a body politic ready and determined to safeguard the given enterprise at the outset with such care that no loophole is left for either the “grafter,” stock inflater, or pirate. There must be unrelaxing vigilance against the vigilant. There must be a community sufficiently appreciative of decency to make public or quasi-public service attractive to men of the best class. And this community must contain a liberally recruited body of industrial experts with whom the commercial standard of reward is not virtually the sole controlling factor, so that the service need never suffer through enforced taking on either of the conscienceless “money-maker” or the incompetent dreamer.

These things are indispensable. Where they do not exist they should be recognized as the first steps to the coveted goal.

The PRAYER-PERFECT

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

DEAR LORD, kind Lord,
Gracious Lord, I pray
Thou wilt look on all
I love,
Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of
weariness;

Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
Winnowing the air.

BRING unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again,
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine today!



SPELLBINDERS AND STRAW BALLOTS

By Forrest Crissey

AUTHOR OF "TATTLINGS OF A RETIRED POLITICIAN," ETC.

THERE is a flimsy and fragile sound about the old-fashioned term "straw ballot" wholly at variance with the substantial and costly character of the thing itself. This may be realized from the carefully considered statement that the "straw ballots" or party polls of the electorate taken in the course of the Presidential campaign have cost the two great parties not less than two million dollars.

The cardinal purpose for which this large expenditure of money and energy is made is to take the political temperature of the close or "doubtful" states. The party generals must know to what heat their orators, their printed arguments and their personal appeals through the machinery of "the organization" have warmed the blood of the voter, and therefore the great thermometer of the "straw ballot" is lowered into the political pot—and upon the reading of the mercury depend the tactics of the combatants. The frequency with which a party poll is taken depends mainly upon the political complexion of the state. Another element affecting this problem is the nature of the state statutes regulating the identification of legal voters. Indiana, for example, is undoubtedly the most closely canvassed state in the Union because there the two great parties seem to be about evenly matched in voting strength, and also because the statutes of that state do not compel a registration of voters, but leave to the party managers a vast amount of work done at state expense in those commonwealths having a compulsory registration law.

As Indiana undoubtedly presents the

highest type of political organization in the country, at least so far as the party canvass is concerned, let us take that state as an example of the manner in which a straw ballot is taken. In the course of all important campaigns in the Hoosier state three canvasses are made. The first poll is taken six months previous to election, for the reason that the statutes prescribe a residence of six months in the state before a citizen is entitled to vote. The next canvass comes four months later, inasmuch as the law provides that a citizen can not cast a ballot unless he has lived in his county for at least sixty days. One month previous to election the last poll is taken, and this is by all means the most thorough of the three canvasses. This time limit is fixed by the fact that the law requires, as a voting qualification, a thirty days' residence in the township, ward or precinct.

Except in close presidential years, the first canvass is ordinarily done in comparatively a perfunctory way and for the purpose of giving the party managers a general line on the situation, as well as to establish who is entitled to a vote in the state. Next comes the sixty days' canvass, which draws the line closer and brings the party voting formation down to the unit of the county. It remains, however, for the thirty days' poll to establish the final test of citizenship, from the viewpoint of the ballotbox, and to indicate to the party managers the drift of political sentiment as it will be recorded at the polls.

It will be seen from this statement that, in addition to serving each party as a thermometer of political sentiment, these

canvasses are protective and practically official in their operation, as any man whose name can not be found on the canvass records taken at the first poll is subject to challenge and can be estopped from voting. Every canvass is taken under the general supervision of the chairman of the State Central Committee, although the actual work is done by the precinct committeeman. This prime unit of the political organization reports to the county central committee, and each county central committee, in turn, reports to the State Central Committee.

As a general thing, the members of each party in a precinct bear the expenses of the precinct canvass; but in precincts where a party is especially weak the State Central Committee is generally called upon to help out and furnishes financial assistance. One of the shrewdest political managers in the entire country gives me this definition of the ideal precinct committeeman:

"First, he is a man who is able to get the name of every voter in his precinct, and to learn, at first or second hand, his political preference at the time the poll is taken; second, he knows what arguments, influences and persons to bring to bear upon every man who is either in the doubtful list or who has departed from the faith, and to make those influences effective in bringing the strays or the undecided into the party fold; third, he is able to finish the final canvass without having a single "doubtful" voter on his list; fourth, he is able definitely to know that every man entitled to a ballot in his precinct and who intends to vote for his party candidates will be on hand on election day; fifth, he will know at precisely what hour each voter can most conveniently cast his ballot and what voters must be brought to the polls in carriages or wagons."

While this list of qualifications for an ideal precinct committeeman appears somewhat formidable, the realization of

that ideal, from the viewpoint of practical experience, seems almost impossible. If it is attained anywhere it is realized in Indiana, where a love of politics is a well-nigh universal passion.

The stumbling-block in the pathway of the energetic poll-taker is the "independent" voter, who resents inquiries regarding his political convictions as an interference with his personal liberties. In a case of this kind the adroit committeeman generally "gets a line" on the political intentions of the secretive citizen by consultation with the latter's friends and familiars.

There are thirty-four hundred voting precincts in Indiana, and to canvass each of them requires the service, both parties considered, of fully ten thousand men and an expense of at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Probably the cost will foot up much more than that, as many canvassers have to be furnished with livery hire in addition to being paid ordinary day wages.

From the party poll-lists are formulated the "wagon books" used on election day, by the precinct committeeman, in gathering in the voters. Each "wagon man" is handed a set of slips, each bearing the name and address of a voter. It is the ambition of the precinct commander to close the day of election without a slip remaining in his wagon book—a condition indicating that he has brought out the full vote of his party in his territory. How closely this work is done is suggested by the fact that, four years ago, every Republican vote in Fulton county, Indiana, was brought out save nineteen. Allowing for the sick and infirm, this is a remarkable testimony to the perfection of party machinery in the Hoosier state.

Often the first or second poll in a campaign reveals the fact that there are certain precincts in which the party has not enough men to act as election officers—men who are to be relied upon by the party managers. This means that men

must be moved into those precincts for that purpose, and the expenses thus incurred are paid out of the party funds.

In addition to the poll-takers, each party employs a corps of special "sentiment testers." These men are not known locally and are employed as a kind of secret service by the State Central Committee. They are selected for their familiarity with certain classes of voters. One may be a freight handler, another a commercial traveler, another an itinerant preacher, another a professional agriculturist. Their work is accurately to determine any particular drift of sentiment among voters of their own class, to foster it if it is favorable to the party employing them, and to overcome it if it is antagonistic. Each party in Indiana employs about twenty-five of these special agents, and in New York state fully fifty are used. In the selection of these scouts racial lines are carefully observed.

The connection between the spellbinder and the "straw ballot" departments of a national campaign committee is far more direct than would seem possible to the layman. The purpose of a preliminary poll is, as I have said, accurately to determine, in advance of the election, the drift of political sentiment. While the nominal mission of the orator is to create and control sentiment, every spellbinder is also a spontaneous missionary of the straw ballot department in that he is constantly observing the sentiment of the people, wherever he goes, and is regularly reporting his observations to the manager of the Speakers' Bureau. From every point at which he speaks the spellbinder sends in to bureau headquarters a report upon the character of the meeting, the attendance, and the information he is able to gain in private conversation with citizens concerning the state of political feeling in that particular locality. He is especially watchful to discover any dangerous "undertows" of sentiment, and, if these are sufficiently important, the ex-

perienced spellbinder will not wait to report by letter, but will do so by wire, especially if the campaign is nearing its close.

National Committees are decidedly reticent about giving out figures regarding the number of orators that they employ or the cost of conducting the "eloquence department" of a national campaign. It may be said, however, that the Spellbinders' Bureau of each National Committee, so far as the Eastern Headquarters are concerned, have this year sent out at least three hundred and fifty speakers, while the Western end of the campaign has had under its control at least three hundred orators in each party. Of these comparatively a small percentage are volunteers. Cabinet officers, United States Senators, members of the National House of Representatives and distinguished party leaders and officeholders seldom ask for any compensation, and those who are in comfortable financial circumstances—as most of them are—do not, as a general rule, accept their traveling expenses from the bureau.

It is not easy to arrive at the definite cost of the eloquence which is turned loose upon the country by the National Committees in the course of a presidential campaign; but a conservative estimate of this expenditure, from a somewhat inside knowledge of the situation, would place the expense at not less than three hundred thousand dollars for each of the two great parties. By far the heaviest item is that of traveling expenses, for your professional spellbinder does not consider it consistent with his dignity to skimp himself in this matter. He is prone to remember that he is the chosen mouthpiece of a great party and that a presidential campaign comes only once in four years. Unless he possesses an uncommonly prudent disposition, he is inclined to apply the same expression to his expenses that Vanderbilt is said to have applied to the people.

About the top price paid to any campaign orator by the National Committee of either party is two hundred dollars a week, and probably neither committee employs men at less than fifteen dollars a week. It is not always the most celebrated orator who receives the highest salary. Probably no spellbinder in the employ of the Republican Bureau is better paid than a certain man whose name is unknown to the majority of the readers of any literary magazine. Only a few years ago this "champion" spellbinder was an iron molder, and I am not altogether certain that he does not still follow his trade in the intervals between state and national campaigns.

The men who receive the minimum rate of salary are, of course, the novices on the stump. To a considerable extent this class is recruited from the universities, colleges and high schools, and it is the verdict of both the National Speakers' Bureaus that the timber brought into party service from this source is of excellent quality. Young men trained in the modern college and abounding in patriotic enthusiasm and lung power developed on the athletic field make good records as spellbinders. As one Bureau Director puts it: "The college yell is the best teething ring for infant spellbinders that has yet been devised."

It is only a slight exaggeration to say that the spellbinders sent out by the National Committees represent all stages of human development to be found between the cradle and the grave. The youngest of these orators are not yet upon familiar terms with their razors, while the eldest of them boast of having campaigned for Lincoln or for Douglas.

Campaign novelties are by no means confined to the regular "novelty department" of a National Committee, but intrude themselves into the Speakers' Bureaus. One orator, for example, whose work is just closing as this page is being printed, has entertained his audiences

with stereopticon pictures showing scenes in our colonial possessions, group pictures of "the nation's new charges," moving pictures of Senator Fairbanks delivering his speech of acceptance, pictures of Judge Parker's home at Esopus, of President Roosevelt's Sag Harbor home, and of the great estates of Mr. Davis in West Virginia. Other orators go forth armed with cunningly devised maps and charts of wage scales with which to illuminate their appeals to the intelligent voter. One of the most effective workers employed by either committee is a witty Irishman, who collects his street audiences by his skill as a performer on the fife. After his music has attracted a goodly crowd he makes a homely speech, sprinkled with the ready wit of his race, and seldom fails to score a hit with his hearers. Perhaps the most novel, and certainly the most picturesque, adjunct of the Spellbinder's Bureau is the deaf and dumb orator, who is employed for the purpose of delivering his speeches by sign language to groups of unfortunates who are not able to receive the spoken word.

It is a curious fact that most of the ministers of the gospel who engage with the National Campaign Committees, stipulate that they shall not "travel under the cloth"; they prefer to drop their ministerial connection and appear as individuals, unhampered by their clerical affiliations.

The word "booster," as used in the Spellbinders' Bureau, is a technical term intended to designate those applicants for assignments who not only fortify themselves with an elaborate list of references, but who think to stimulate their chances of appointment by causing applications for their services to be sent in to the National Committee from various points where they have acquaintances. Sometimes, perhaps, this plan of inspired calls deceives the men at headquarters, but this occurs only in rare instances, and

then the plan is manipulated with uncommon shrewdness and tact. Generally, however, this system of boosting operates as a boomerang and completely foils the efforts of the candidate for oratorical honors. In one instance, a Republican applicant for assignment caused a call for his services to be sent in from the town in Arkansas where he had lived years before. At once, on receipt of this letter, an inquiry was sent from the bureau to a political leader in that community asking if the spellbinder in question was known there. The answer came back: "He did live here once, but nobody seems to know anything about him. As this county has never failed to give a big Democratic majority, it would not be safe to send any speaker here who is not true and tried. This is the enemy's country and we don't want any experiments." While the logic of this report caused a ripple of laughter in the family council of the bureau managers, it was decided that the applicant was a "self-rising booster," and that his valuable oratory would better be under the control of the Central Committee of his own state.

The modern Spellbinders' Bureau is an example of high organization in the commercial as well as the political sense of the term. The entire routine of the office is reduced to system, and all the appliances of the most highly developed commercial house are here employed. Card catalogue cabinets are the most conspicuous decorations of the room. Probably the most valuable volume in the office, aside from the book of requisitions on the treasurer, is called the Speakers' Record. This portly folio contains the name of every speaker sent out under the auspices of the National Committee in the previous campaigns. Under each orator's name is a concise but complete record of his services, the dates which he has filled, the places at which he has spoken, the approximate attendance upon his meetings, the acceptability of his efforts as

commented upon by the local committee at each point, and last, but not least, the quality of his service as indicated by his tactfulness or his blunders. And it must be confessed that the blunder column is well filled, especially in connection with the cheaper class of speakers.

All of these orators are graded according to an alphabetical classification which at once indicates their relative standing and desirability, based on their actual services and the results obtained in the hustlings.

One of the busiest and most important employes in the Speakers' Bureau is the "routing man," whose duty it is to fill out the route forms for each speaker, showing him, in black and white, the railway lines and their connections by which he is to make his various appointments. Usually this functionary has seen service in the passenger office of a railroad and is thus equipped with a special technical training for his position.

The "transportation man" is another individual whose duties in the Spellbinders' Bureau are scarcely less important than that of the director himself. As his title implies, he is the person who secures from the various railroads the mileage and transportation used by the speakers, and it should be said that his pathway in no manner resembles a bed of roses, particularly if he chances to belong to the party least popular with the great railroad interests.

When the oratorical part of the national campaign is in full blast the movements of all speakers of great importance, who are scheduled to fill "close dates," are manipulated by telegraph in a manner corresponding to that by which a train despatcher governs the movements of trains over his division. Each Speakers' Bureau has an expert telegraph operator, at the end of a special wire, stationed in a room close to that occupied by the Director, in order that he may be called into service on all emergencies.

The question of race is an important one to the Spellbinders' Bureau, which must see to it that all the nationalities numerously represented in our American civilization are appealed to in their native tongues. Each party has in its employ a small but carefully selected corps of speakers who are not only accomplished linguists but sound orators. While many orators speaking the German, French, Bohemian, Polish, Italian, Greek and Armenian tongues are employed, the colored race has altogether the most numerous representation in the department of "special" speakers; and it is admitted at both party bureaus that the negro race has a marvelous natural gift of oratory.

It should be remembered that a National Committee does not make direct assignment of speakers, but leaves this detail to the State Central Committees of the various commonwealths, on the theory that the men on the ground should be better posted regarding local conditions and requirements than a National Committee could possibly be.

One of the most difficult tasks which the Bureau of Spellbinders has in hand is that of satisfying the demands of local campaign committees. These bodies are decidedly exacting and almost invariably insist that any speaker assigned to them from the National Committee's headquarters shall be an orator of national celebrity, and very generally the local committee will name a list of two or three star speakers and will not take "No" for an answer when informed that the engagements already made for the men specified will not permit them to respond to the call. As a usual thing these incidents result in disappointment and dissatisfaction, the local campaign committee being disgruntled and in an attitude to receive any substitute, no matter how excellent an orator he may be, with ill grace, if not with actual complaint.

Occasionally, however, the reverse of

this general proposition proves true and by his tact and eloquence the substitute is able to reconcile his audience to the disappointment at first felt because the speaker originally requested was not to be had. Back in the '80's, when the late President McKinley and "Tom" Reed were making their reputations on the floor of the House, the Republican citizens of Yonkers, New York, undertook to organize the greatest political rally in the history of that place. Consequently their first effort was to secure a campaign orator of the highest order, and the committee on speakers, after much debate, decided that only Mr. McKinley or Mr. Reed would measure up to the standard. Their request was forwarded to the Chairman of the State Central Committee, who at once made requisition on the Spellbinders' Bureau, at national headquarters, for the services of one or the other of these distinguished statesmen.

There was great gloom at Yonkers when a telegram was received there reading substantially as follows: "Impossible to send either McKinley or Reed. Their time all taken. Will send you Hon. William E. Mason." Almost instantly this was answered by a curt message reading: "Don't send Mason. He is not known here. Will postpone rally one week so that you can give us either McKinley or Reed." At this point the chairman of the New York State Central Committee saw that the time had come for him to take things into his own hands—a condition which often arises when it becomes evident that the party leaders in any community are given over to a stubborn insistence that they will take no substitute for the particular star orator upon whom they have set their hearts. The only reply sent to the second telegram from the Yonkers committee was a non-committal one indicating that matters would be all right if they would go ahead with the rally and do everything to make it a success.

An hour or two before the time set for the introduction of the speaker the reception committee met the incoming train and looked upon the jovial face and rotund form of "Billy" Mason, who was then in the lower House of Congress and who has later represented Illinois in the United States Senate.

The reception which they gave to this prince of campaigners was anything but cordial. The disappointment and resentment at the failure of the State Central Committee to send either Mr. McKinley or Mr. Reed was ill concealed and at once apparent to Congressman Mason, who had been forewarned that he would have to "thaw out" both the local committee and the audience.

After the "unknown" speaker of the day had listened to a nicely qualified and adroitly noncommittal introduction of himself he arose and began his address in these words:

"As the servant of the National Committee, and subject to its dictates, I have been sent here against your will and against mine to do service as a substitute for Mr. McKinley or Mr. Reed. It may shock the modesty and good taste of some of the inhabitants of this beautiful and aristocratic place, but I am bound to tell you, right at the start, that I can make a better political speech than either William McKinley or Tom Reed—even if I am 'not known here.' Now, if I fail to make good this boast you can, when I have finished my speech, call me down publicly and as severely as you wish."

At this astounding announcement the entire audience drew a long breath and began to sit up and take notice. Before the address was half delivered Mr. Mason's hearers were shouting with laughter and delight at his stories, his inimitable flashes of wit and his cutting characterization of Democratic doctrines and foibles. At the conclusion of his speech Mr. Mason was almost carried bodily from the platform and later in the day he

was waited upon by a committee of wealthy Republicans, who offered to buy him a beautiful residence overlooking the Hudson if he would remove from Illinois and become a citizen of Yonkers. A telegram was sent to the state committee indicating that the Republicans of Yonkers accepted the substitute which it had sent and that in the future they wanted "Billy" Mason and no other.

Almost every spellbinder, especially if not seasoned by long and hard service on the stump, carries with him, when he starts out into the open to "save the country," a lurking dread of the unexpected, of the absurd blunders or the malicious devices of the enemy by which a speaker is confused, confounded or suddenly swept off his feet and turned into a public laughing-stock at the moment when he would be most eloquent, dignified and impressive. It is scarcely too much to say that not an orator is sent out under the auspices of a National Campaign Committee who does not encounter, in the course of the campaign, experiences of this disagreeable sort. No man could possibly have a keener appreciation of the terrors of the unexpected than has Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, Director of the Speakers' Bureau at National Republican headquarters in Chicago. The cause of his fellow feelings for those orators who suffer from unexpected and disturbing incidents arises from his own experience as a campaigner. The particular episode of this kind which has left the most lasting scar on Congressman Tawney's memory is so thoroughly typical of this class of campaign experiences that it can not be omitted from this article. It will be recalled that Hon. Charles A. Towne, the eloquent advocate of free silver, was once a large figure in Minnesota politics and, for a few weeks, represented that state in the United States Senate. In the days of "Charley" Towne's greatest power and popularity, Congressman Tawney went to fill an en-

gagement where Mr. Towne was billed to speak a week later. One of the first questions which the man who has now command of the Republican spellbinders in the West asked of the local committee was: "Have you provided any music for to-night?" When he was answered in the negative and was given the information that there was an excellent colored glee club in the village that might possibly be secured, the orator of the evening said: "Well, they may not care to come on so short a notice, but you just tell the leader of the club that Mr. Tawney would greatly appreciate his services." This message very much flattered the manager of the club, who sent back word that he would "sho'ly hab somet'ing fine foh Mistah Towney." That evening, after the audience had assembled and the speaker and the chairman and several distinguished citizens had taken seats on the platform, the glee club came marching from the wings of the stage, formed the traditional semi-circle of the minstrel show and waited for the signal from their leader. Each dusky face was the picture of grinning good nature, and the speaker of the evening felt that the colored glee

club was certainly a most happy inspiration. But, when the end man gave out the theme and the circle took it up, Congressman Tawney's face was white and purple by turns—for the song which was ringing through the hall was the one invariably sung by all the Towne glee clubs and celebrated, in melodious measures, the glories of Mr. Bryan, sixteen-to-one and the whole Democratic platform, with a ringing refrain devoted exclusively to "Charley" Town-e." Before the second stanza was finished, however, Congressman Tawney realized that what he had at first blush considered a trick of the enemy was in fact only an innocent mistake; that the leader of the glee club had confused the name "Tawney" with that of "Town-e," and was under the impression that the brilliant free silver leader of Minnesota was the orator of the evening. The song, it is needless to say, did not get beyond the second stanza, and the speaker, by a few tactful words, explained the cause of the mistake and turned the incident into an effective introduction to certain remarks which applied most pertinently to Mr. Towne and the campaign he was then making.

DUMB ANIMALS

By Richard Burton

WE call them dumb—yet daily there uprise
 A million piteous calls of agony,
 Pleading for peace, and to be let alone;
 For every inch of earth there is a moan,
 Through all the air, athwart the land or sea,
 God, how the wailings storm the very skies!

Call them not dumb, until the master, man,
 Slow-taught by fellow-feeling, learns to give
 Each humblest creature in the Mystic Plan
 The privilege of breath, the chance to live:
 Then haply shall the clamor die away,
 Lost in the love of that diviner day.

AN INCIDENTAL COMEDY

By Elliott Flower

AUTHOR OF "THE SPOILSMAN," ETC.

NATURALLY, when Harry Beckford married he began to take a more serious view of life. If anything at all of thoughtful consideration in a man, marriage it out: he begins to plan. Some one dependent upon him, for whom he must provide. He should "trust to luck" before his affair; that he should "trust to luck" now is quite another mat-

ter. In the case of Beckford, as in the case of most other young men, this feeling was of gradual growth. He was open and happy; his future looked bright; he had ample time in which to accumulate a comfortable fortune—he wasn't even beginning. His wife so enjoyed life that they were enjoying all that he made. It was a large sum, but it was enough to make them comfortable and contented, to give them all reasonable pleasure—he thought of this only in a general sort of way—they would be safe. There was plenty of time for them, for they were both young, and he proved himself of sufficient value to his employer to make his rapid advancement practically certain. The em-phasis of a big corporation, the general feeling of which had taken a deep per-centage in him, and the opportunity was limitless. But the feeling of reality that came to him with marriage gradually took practical form, per-haps because the girl who sat opposite him at the breakfast table was so very real. She was loving, lovable, de-void of whimsical, but also unreason-

ably impractical in many ways. Before marriage she never had known a care; after marriage her cares were much like those of a child with a dollhouse—they gave zest to life but could be easily put aside. If the maid proved recalcitrant, it was annoying, but they could dine at a restaurant and go to the theater afterward, and Harry would help her with breakfast the next morning. Harry was so awkward, but so willing, that it all became a huge joke. Harry had not passed the stage where he would "kiss the cook" under these circumstances, and an occasional hour in the kitchen is not so bad when there is a fine, handsome young man there, to be ordered about and told to "behave himself." So even marriage had not yet awakened Isabel Beckford to the stern realities of life.

It was her impracticalness, her delightful dependence, that finally brought Harry to the point of serious thought. What would she do, if anything happened to him? Her father had been successful but improvident: he would leave hardly enough for her mother alone to live in modest comfort; and, besides, Harry was not the kind of a youth to put his responsibilities on another. He began to think seriously about cutting expenses and putting something aside, even at this early day. The really successful men had begun at the beginning to do this. Then there came to his notice the sad case of Mrs. Baird, who was left with nothing but a baby. Baird had been a young man of excellent promise and a good income, but he had left his widow destitute. He had put nothing aside, intending, doubtless, to begin that later.

them and lies and pleads and tries desperately to gain that which he did not want until he found he could not get it. Thus, in minor degree, the opposition of Beckford's wife served only to impress on Beckford's mind the necessity and advantage of some such provision for the future. Perhaps the explanation of this is that in trying to convince her he had convinced himself. At any rate, the subject, at first taken up in a desultory way, became one of supreme importance to him, and he went to see Dave Murray—Dave, the jovial friend and business enthusiast. If any one could straighten the matter out for him, he was assured that Dave could do it. The moment he mentioned insurance a friend had said to him: "See Dave Murray. There isn't a better fellow or a more upright man in the city. The only thing I've got against him is that he'll insure a fellow while he isn't looking and then make him think he likes it. But if you want insurance, go to him." So Beckford went, and presently he found himself telling Murray a great deal more than he had intended to tell him.

"The fact is," he explained, "my wife was violently opposed to the idea at first."

"Not unusual," said Murray, and then he added sententiously, "wives don't care for insurance, but widows do."

Beckford smiled as he saw the point.

"It doesn't do a widow much good to care for insurance, if she objected to it as a wife," he suggested.

"It may," returned Murray. "It isn't at all necessary that a wife should know what's coming to her when she becomes a widow. She may be provided for in spite of herself."

"That would be rather difficult in my case," said Beckford, "for my wife knows just what my salary is, and we plan our expenditures together. It's a pretty good salary, but we have been living right up to the limit of it, so I can't pro-

vide for premiums without her knowledge, although I can do it easily with it."

"That complicates matters a little," remarked Murray.

"Besides," Beckford added, "we have been so frank with each other that I would be unhappy with such a life-secret, and, if I acted on my own judgment and took the policy home to her, she says she would tear it up and throw it away."

"I knew a woman to do that once," said Murray reflectively. "Her husband insured his life before going on the excursion that ended in the Ashtabula disaster. A few days later her little boy came in to ask if anything could be done about the policy that she had destroyed."

"I don't think Isabel would really destroy it," said the troubled Beckford, "but it would distress her very much to have me go so contrary to her wishes in a matter that we had discussed."

"It would distress her very much to be left penniless," remarked Murray.

"I think," said Beckford thoughtfully, "I really think, if I had known that she was going to take this view of the matter, that I would have insured myself first and talked to her about it afterward. Then the situation wouldn't be so awkward. But I thought that all women favored life insurance."

"Not at first," returned Murray, "but usually there comes a change."

"When?" asked Beckford, hopefully.

"When they begin to think of the needs and the future and the possible hardships of the first baby," replied Murray, whereat Beckford blushed a little, even as his wife had done a few days before, for young people do not consider and discuss prospective family problems with the same candor that their elders do. "Woman, the true woman," Murray continued, "is essentially unselfish; she thinks of others. Careless for her own future, she plans painstakingly for those she loves. The insurance premium that is for her own benefit she would rather

have to spend now, but you never hear her object to the investment of any money that is to benefit her husband or children, even when she has to make sacrifices to permit it."

"But that doesn't help me," complained Beckford. "I don't want any insurance on her life; I don't need it, and there is no reason to think that I ever will need it. It's for her that I am planning, but she won't listen to anything but this dual arrangement."

"I quite understand the situation," returned Murray. "What insurance you are able to take out must be to protect her."

"Precisely; and I never knew before that a woman could be so unreasoningly wilful in opposition to her own interests."

"My dear sir," said Murray, with some feeling, "you have a great deal to learn about women. I have more than twenty thousand dollars in commissions that I have lost, after convincing the men interested, charged up to them. But if I can help you to provide for this one perverse sample of femininity, in spite of herself, I shall feel that I have taken a Christian revenge on the whole sex." Beckford rather objected to this reference to his wife, but there was nothing of disrespect in the tone, and somehow the quaintness of the sentiment made him smile. "I wonder," Murray went on, "if we could refuse the risk without frightening her."

"I'm afraid not," returned Beckford, "but," and an inspiration lighted his face, "couldn't you put in some restrictions that would frighten her away?"

Murray leaned back in his chair and gave the matter thoughtful consideration. Somehow he had become unusually interested in this young man's effort to do a wise and generous thing for his wife in the face of her opposition. If the man had been seeking to gain some benefit for himself, Murray would not have listened

to even a suggestion of deceit. But the aim was entirely unselfish, and Beckford had brought a letter of introduction that left no doubt as to his responsibility and integrity. Then, too, the situation was amusing. Here were two business men plotting—what? Why, the welfare of their opponent, and that only.

"So many women have beaten me," said Murray at last, "that I would really like to beat one of them, especially when it's for her own good. Bring your wife up here, and I'll see what I can do."

But here again feminine capriciousness was exemplified. Having apparently won her point, Isabel Beckford began to wish she had lost it.

"I'm afraid," she said. "Suppose I should find that something frightful was the matter with me. Those insurance doctors are awfully particular, and—and—I'd rather not know it, if I'm going to die very soon."

"Oh, very well," acquiesced her husband. "We'll go back to my original plan and put the whole ten thousand dollars on my life."

"No, no, no!" she protested. "It would be even worse, if I learned that there was anything wrong with you. I couldn't bear it, Harry; I couldn't, really! There wouldn't be anything left in life for me. Let's not go at all."

"That's foolish, Isabel," he argued. "I'm all right, and the very fact that I am accepted as a good risk will remove every doubt."

"That's so," she admitted. "We'll be sure, then, won't we?"

"Of course."

"Then we'll both go," she announced, with a sudden reversal of judgment. "I hadn't thought of it that way, but I'll feel a lot better and stronger when I'm insured, because the companies are so particular, and it will be comforting to know that you are all right. It's worth something to find that out, isn't it? And sometimes a family physician won't tell

you the truth, because it won't do any good and he doesn't want to frighten you. We'll go right away."

"Hardly this evening," he answered, smiling, although he was sorely troubled. "We'll go to-morrow afternoon."

"But it's so long to wait," she pouted.

He regretted the delay quite as much as she did, for his experience up to date led him to think that there might be another change. First she had refused to consider the matter at all; then she had insisted that they should go together; after that she had backed out; next she had demanded that he should give up the idea, also; and now she was again determined that it should be a joint affair.

"No man," he muttered, as he dropped off to sleep, "knows anything about a woman until he marries, and then he only learns enough to know that he knows nothing at all."

Then he mentally apologized to his wife for even this mild criticism, and dreamed that, through some complication, he had to insure the cook and the janitor and the grocer's boy before he could take out a policy on his own life, and that, when he had attended to the rest, he had no money left for his own premiums, so he made all the other policies in favor of his wife and hoped to thunder that the cook and the janitor and the grocer's boy would die before he did.

However, she was still of the same mind the next day, so they went to see Murray.

"Of course," she said, as they were on the way, "if this thing wrecks our happiness by showing that the grave is yawning for either of us, it will be all your fault."

That made him feel real nice and comfortable—so nice and comfortable that he heartily wished he never had mentioned life insurance. Still, he cheered up a little when Murray took charge of matters in a masterly, confident way.

"I understand, Mrs. Beckford," said Murray, "that both you and your husband wish to have your lives insured."

"Yes," she replied, "and for some reason he has selfishly wanted to put all the insurance we can afford on his own life."

"So he has told me."

"What right had he to discuss family matters with you?" she demanded with asperity.

Thus Murray was jarred out of his air of easy confidence the first thing.

"Why—why, he didn't exactly tell me," he explained, "but my experience enabled me to surmise as much. Most men are like that."

"I never thought Harry would be," she said, looking at him reproachfully. "But it's all right now," she added.

"Yes, it's all right now," repeated Murray. He had intended to argue first the advisability of accepting her husband's plan, but he deemed it unwise. He had suddenly lost faith in his powers of persuasion, so he resorted to guile. "Of course, you understand that life insurance is hedged about by many annoying restrictions," he went on.

"I didn't know it," she returned.

"Oh, yes," he said glibly, with a wink at Beckford. "Do you use gasoline at all?"

"Why, I have used it occasionally to take a spot out of a gown," she admitted.

"Barred!" asserted Murray.

"I can't do even the least little mite of cleaning with gasoline!" she exclaimed in dismay.

"None at all! It's dangerous! Might just as well fool with nitroglycerine. People who handle it at all become careless."

There were indications of a rising temper. That a mean, old insurance company should have the audacity to tell her what she could, or could not, do was an outrage!

"And you can't use street-cars," added Murray.



Drawn by George Brehm

**SHE WAS LOVING, LOVABLE, DELIGHTFULLY WHIMSICAL, BUT ALSO
UNREASONINGLY IMPRACTICAL IN MANY WAYS**

"Can't use street-cars!" she cried. "What will Harry do?"

"Oh, that rule doesn't apply to men," returned Murray calmly, "for men don't get off the cars backward and all that sort of thing. Street-cars are considered, in our business, a danger only for women."

"Well, it's a hateful, insulting, unfair business!" she cried, rising. "I wouldn't let such a contemptible lot of people insure me for anything in the world."

"But please don't blame me," urged Murray insinuatingly. "I want to do the best I can for you."

"Oh, I don't blame you," she returned magnanimously.

"I admit that it sounds unfair," Murray persisted, "but there was a time when we wouldn't take risks on women at all, so, even with the restrictions, it's quite a concession."

"Oh, very likely, very likely," she admitted, "but I have too much pride to accept any such humiliating conditions. Harry can do as he pleases," with dignity, "but nothing could induce me to be insured now. I'm going home."

Harry took her to a cab, and then returned to Murray's office.

"Well, it's settled," said Murray, with a sigh of relief.

"Yes, it's settled," returned Beckford, "but I don't feel just comfortable about it."

"She sort of bowled me over the first thing," commented Murray. "I haven't quite recovered yet. But it's her welfare that we're considering. Better put in your application and take the examination before there are any more complications."

"Perhaps that's wise," admitted Beckford gloomily, for he was not at all at ease about the matter. She had said he could do as he pleased, but there had been something in her tone that was disquieting; she might think there was disloyalty in his patronage of a company that had

so offended her. And this was the first cloud that had appeared in the matrimonial sky; in all else there had been mutual concession and perfect agreement.

He was thinking of this when he went home—and found her in tears.

"I know what's the matter," she wailed. "I didn't think of it at first, but I did afterward, and I've been crying ever since. I have heart trouble; that's why he didn't want to give me a policy."

"Nonsense!" he protested.

"Oh, I know it; I know it!" she cried. "He didn't want to tell me, so he put in all that about street-cars and gasoline. But it's heart trouble or consumption! Those insurance men are so quick to see things that no one else notices. Why, I could see that he was worried the very first thing!"

Beckford got on his knees beside the bed on which she was lying and tried to comfort her, but she was inconsolable. He insisted that she was the strongest and healthiest woman of her size in the world; that he knew it; that Murray himself had commented on it later; that the company physician, who happened to be in the outer office as they passed through, had spoken of it; that even the clerks were impressed; but he failed to shake her conviction that she had some fatal, and hitherto unsuspected, malady. Finally, assuring her that he would have that matter settled in thirty minutes, he rushed to the nearest cabstand and gave the driver double fare to run his horse all the way to Murray's house.

Murray was just sitting down to dinner, but Beckford insisted that he should return with him immediately.

"You've got to straighten this matter out!" he told him excitedly. "You've got to give her all the insurance she wants without any restrictions! Make it fifty thousand dollars if she wants it! I'll pay the premiums, if we have to starve!"

"But I can't give her a policy to-night!" protested Murray.

"You can tell her about it to-night, can't you?" demanded Beckford. "And you can take her application to-night, can't you? Why, man! she has convinced herself that she's going to die in a week! We can settle the details later, but we've got to do something to-night."

"Oh, well, I'll come immediately after dinner," said Murray.

"You come now!" cried Beckford. "If you talk dinner to me, I'll brain you! Insurance has made a wreck of me already."

"I haven't been getting much joy out of this particular case myself," grumbled Murray, but he went along.

The moment he reached home, Beckford rushed to his wife's room.

"It's all a mistake!" he exclaimed joyfully. "You—you mustn't cry any more, dearest, for it's all right now. Mr. Murray didn't understand at first—thought you were one of these capricious, careless, thoughtless women that do all sorts of absurd and foolish things on impulse—but he knows better now. There aren't any more restrictions for you than for me, and he's waiting in the parlor to take your application for all the insurance you want."

"Really?" she asked, as the sobs began to subside.

"Really."

"And there isn't anything the matter with me?"

"Of course not, sweetheart."

"Well," she said, after a pause, "I can't see him now, because my eyes are all red, but I wish he'd write that out for me. I'd feel so much more comfortable."

"Indeed he will," asserted Beckford, "and we can fill out the application in here, and I'll take it back to him."

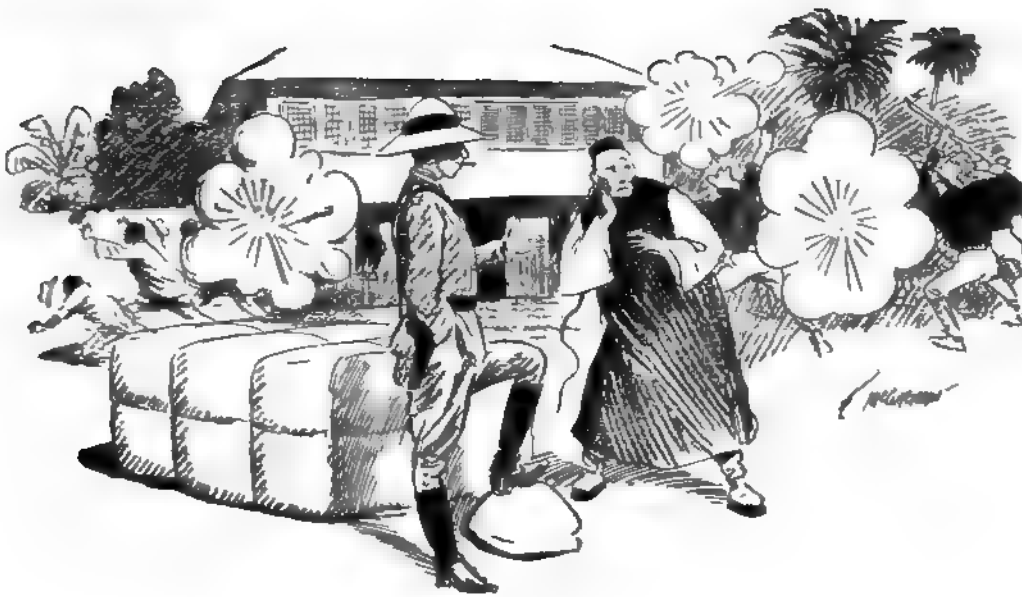
Hopefully and happily the young husband returned to Murray and told him what was wanted. Murray sighed dismally. He had missed his dinner for a woman's whim, and the woman was merely humiliating him. Still, he felt in a measure responsible for the trouble; he ought never to have resorted to duplicity, even for so laudable a purpose. So he wrote the following: "Investigation has convinced me that the restrictions mentioned this afternoon are unnecessary in your case, and I shall be glad to have your application for insurance on the same terms as your husband's."

Mrs. Beckford read this over carefully. Then she read the application blank with equal care. After that she wrote at the bottom of the note: "Insurance has almost given me nervous prostration now, and I don't want to have anything more to do with it. If Harry can stand the strain, let him have it all."

"Give him that, Harry," she said, "and get rid of him as soon as possible, for I want you to come back and comfort me. I'm completely upset."

Murray lit a cigar when he reached the street, and puffed at it meditatively as he walked in the direction of the nearest street-car line.

"What's the matter with nervous prostration for me?" he muttered. "One more effort to defeat a woman who is fighting against her own interests will make me an impossible risk in any company; two more will land me in a sanitarium."



THE GREAT HEMP DEAL

By John T. McCutcheon

AUTHOR OF "BIRD CENTER CARTOONS," ETC.

THE one purpose in the life of Mr. Seymour Hutton, the war correspondent of a big American daily, was to catch the twelve-thirty launch at the dock of the Captain of the Port. It was his last chance to join the military expedition scheduled to sail at one o'clock.

When his *carommatta* clattered out on the broad Plaza Calderon he turned an anxious eye to the clock in the Binondo Church and saw that he was twenty minutes ahead of his calculations.

If Hutton had not looked up at that clock he never would have become a Napoleon of Hemp. He did look up, however, and that made all the difference in the world.

When he found that he had twenty minutes to spare, he poked his *cochero* and pointed off to where a narrow street led from the Plaza.

"*Pronto, hombre, to* Señor McAndrews," he said, briefly. Hutton spoke

Spanish briefly at all times. If he had tried to do otherwise he should have repeated himself, for he knew only a few eloquent and vital words, and "*pronto*" was one of them. It meant "*hurry*," and if spoken with sufficient emphasis, it meant "*hurry*" with a large "*H*."

"I'll just have time to see McAndrews, and get some pointers about these Southern ports. He knows the islands from end to end, and if he can't tell me, no man can. What's the use of knowing these merchant princes if you can't use them now and then?"

While Mr. Hutton was reflecting, Mr. McAndrews, head of the great importing and exporting firm of McAndrews & Company, was preparing for his noonday siesta. He was leaning over his desk in his private office and his eyes were drooping heavily. A punkah was swishing lazily above his desk and he knew by instinct that the time had come for the rest

that he had taken every day at this hour during twenty-five years of life in the tropics. A few minutes before he had heard the big bell in the Binondo Church strike twelve and immediately afterward he had heard the busy drone in the adjoining counting-room die away to silence; and then a few minutes later he had heard the roar of traffic in the Plaza Calderon grow fainter and fainter, until only an occasional *carommatta* clattered over its blazing cobblestones. The city was "knocking off" for its midday rest.

He was aroused by a sudden rattle of wheels in the street below and he became mildly interested when the vehicle stopped with a jerk at his door and flying foot-steps echoed in the court and then on the stairs that led up from it.

"One of those Americans," he thought. "No one else would be crazy enough to rush about that way in the middle of the day."

An instant later Mr. Seymour Hutton swooped in upon him. He had not stopped to be announced, but unceremoniously had rushed through the counting-room and had pushed open the flapping screen-doors that led into Mr. McAndrews' private office.

"Well, well, Hutton, what's the hurry?"

"I can't stop a minute, Mr. McAndrews. I've dropped in for some information and you're the only man that can give it. In the first place, I'm going on that expedition that leaves to-day."

"I hadn't heard," said McAndrews, with a mild show of interest.

"Of course not; it's a secret expedition. We sail at one o'clock—two cruisers, a battery of artillery, a fleet of transports and four weeks' supplies—lots of fighting expected, and nobody's supposed to know where we're bound for."

"Well?"

"Now, I've had a 'bamboo' tip that we're going down to open up those Southern ports."

A clerk who had paused near the screen-doors looked up sharply as he caught these words and then, fumbling with some books, listened with eager ears.

"What ports?" mechanically asked McAndrews. "You don't mean—?"

"That's right—the hemp ports. And I wanted to—"

"Great Scott—the hemp ports at last!" exclaimed the merchant, sitting bolt upright.

"Why, what's the matter?"

McAndrews was tapping a pencil nervously on the table.

"The hemp ports at last." He spoke slowly, half to himself, but his mind was on fire. "When does the expedition leave?" he asked, hoarsely.

"At one—it's supposed to."

The clerk softly left the screen-doors and disappeared downstairs. Five minutes later he was excitedly whispering something in the ear of a great English merchant whose hemp offices were nearby.

"Too bad, too bad, it's too late to send a man," muttered McAndrews. Then his face lightened and he leaned forward and said in a low tone: "Hutton, why don't you buy some hemp down there?"

"Buy hemp! Great guns, I couldn't buy enough hemp to make a clothes-line. And what in the world do I want with hemp?"

"Listen. I'll give you all the money you want. Don't you see? There's a world famine in hemp since the hemp ports have been blockaded. Why, Lord, man, hemp has been going up until it's almost worth its weight in silver, but the people in the blockaded ports don't know it. They haven't had any news from the outside world in four months. Hemp is now worth three times as much as it was before the blockade, and yet the store-houses in the hemp ports are full. The people down there need money. You'll be the first buyer on the spot when the ports are opened. Don't you see? You can give twice what they've ever received and

still make money. It's the chance of a lifetime."

Hutton's face underwent a series of sharp changes. He glanced nervously at the clock.

"Two firms here in this city," McAndrews went on, hastily, "have contracted to deliver two hundred and fifty thousand bales of hemp in Liverpool in May. They haven't got it! They can't get it! You can buy all the visible supply—and—Lord, how we can make 'em sweat!"

He rose, looked anxiously at the clock and then sat down, breathing fast. He leaned forward.

"You can make a fortune if you want to—half a million if you're lucky. Hemp has been as low as eight dollars Mexican a 'picul,' or sixteen dollars a bale, before the blockade. The ports have been closed for months, and you'll be the first buyer. The supply in Europe and America is cornered by a syndicate, and the farmers and cordage people are howling for relief. Now, I'll give you *carte blanche* to buy as much as you can, with authority to sign contracts and checks in my name. You can pay as high as twenty-three dollars fifty cents a 'picul' and be safe—no higher, though, understand,—but I know you can get thousands at fourteen dollars and sixteen dollars. I'll make a blank contract, and all you'll have to do is to locate the hemp, buy it at the lowest figure possible, and have the seller sign the contract. We'll divide the profits half and half. What do you say?"

"How much can you stand?" Hutton asked. He could think of nothing better to say, for his mind was on the clock.

"You may sign my checks up to a million dollars. Only remember the maximum price—twenty-three dollars fifty cents, and don't go above that."

Hutton was overwhelmed.

"Why not?" he thought. "Everything to gain and nothing to lose. I'll just chance it, anyway." And then he said:

"Well, I'll make a try at it—but re-

member, I don't know a blamed thing about buying hemp." He started violently as he glanced at the clock. "For heaven's sake, hurry up with the blank checks and contracts and three or four letters of introduction to some of the principal hemp people down there—something to show that I have authority to sign contracts in your name."

Ten minutes later Hutton's *carom-matta* dashed up the narrow street, and not one of the great traders in the buildings along the way dreamed that there was passing a future Napoleon of Hemp.

The fleet sailed at one o'clock. And scarcely had the black smoke begun to curl over the wakes of the vessels when an English merchant in the city, away across the shining waters of the bay, drove furiously up to the cable station to send a cablegram. It was addressed to his agent in one of the big open shipping ports of the South.

"Thompson, care Welles, Sheldon Co., prepare Mactan take fifty thousand cash, proceed direct Pagloban, wait till expedition opens port, land instantly, buy all hemp possible, part payment cash, expedition started to-day to open hemp ports; you be first buyer present, great opportunities—S. B."

And then, with a gleeful heart, the English merchant leisurely drove away.

The expedition was an imposing one. Black plumes of smoke curled from a dozen funnels. At night there was singing and band playing, and the lights of the vessels resembled constellations of stars moving in stately columns across the restless bosom of the China Sea. There was jubilation in the hearts of all, for many a gallant "rooky" had before him the prospect of his first fight—and was happy. There also was an ominous oiling of Krag rifles and Colt revolvers.

Hutton sat by the rail with his feet cocked up and his eyes fixed dreamily far off beyond the horizon. Going to war was an old story with him, for he had

"hiked" to battle and scrap and skirmish over many a rice-field where the bamboo groves, silent to oppressiveness one minute, were echoing the next with the rattle of a thousand Mausers. But this thing of being a financier, a "captain of industry," was new, and he reflected rosily.

"Say, I get fifty thousand 'piculs' at sixteen dollars," he thought. "If we sell at twenty-four dollars, there is a profit of eight dollars a 'picul'—four hundred thousand dollars. Half of that is two hundred thousand dollars. Or, suppose I pay more,—even at twenty dollars, I could make one hundred thousand dollars."

At dawn on the third day the fleet reached the first of the hemp ports. Hundreds of soldiers were piled into lifeboats and towed ashore by the ships' launches. In one of the first boats to land was Hutton, carrying a camera and a mysterious roll of papers. And when the soldiers, with rifles in readiness, rushed along the rickety piers, Hutton was at their heels.

There was no fight, for the garrison had fled before the invaders landed.

In half an hour the town was full of "amigos" and Spanish merchants who appeared as if by magic from stone cellars and from behind stone walls and from the neighboring jungle of palm trees.

Early in the forenoon Hutton disappeared, but from time to time he was seen talking earnestly with various swarthy Spaniards, who seemed much mystified.

That night on shipboard Hutton made a confession to Barton, the representative of the Consolidated Press.

"Barton," he said, and he looked about him to see that others might not overhear him, "Barton, I'm trying to buy some hemp on the side down here. That's what I was dickering on when you saw me talking to those Spaniards to-day. I have authority from a big merchant to buy—any amount—clear up to a million dollars," he added impressively. Barton stared. "But, confound it, I can't speak Spanish well enough to make these

darned idiots understand what I want. They don't know whether I want to buy hemp or 'huevos.' Now, say, old man, you speak it perfectly, and you've simply got to help me out. It's a great chance, and you'll come in on the plunder. What do you say?"

Barton was not long in deciding. The dazzling prospect of the venture, or rather adventure, appealed to him with force. And, furthermore, the impressive mention of one million dollars was powerful enough to reach out and fairly yank him into the hemp business. He was willing to be a tradesman.

The taking of the second hemp port was a great event. For a time there was a deadly short-range duel between the transports and the huge earthworks on the shore. Several hundred soldiers landed far down the beach and enfiladed, while the cruisers opened up with shrapnel. Thirty or forty insurgents were trapped in a stone warehouse, partly surrounded, and as they fled across the open plaza, through which lay their only way of escape, they were shot down, one by one, as marksmen shoot clay pigeons as they fly from traps. The plaza was thundering with bursting shells and the old stone warehouses were echoing back and forth the angry clatter of rifle shots. Dozens of insurgents lay twisted and torn by Krag and shrapnel, while two great hemp "go-downs" were roaring from the fire caused by exploding shells.

Out of the white blanket of smoke that rested on the water a boatload of soldiers left a transport and crept painfully toward the shore through the spatter of Mauser bullets. As the boat grounded in shallow water a figure leaped out, splashed ashore, then raced up to the plaza and looked hastily about. It was Hutton with his roll of hemp contracts.

He joined the skirmish line that charged across the plaza, jumped a trench and paused before a wounded insurgent.

"Say, *hombre*, where does Don Rodriguez, the hemp merchant, live?" He showed a letter of introduction on which was written "Sr. Don Rodriguez, Mercante de Abaca."

"*Alli*," groaned the Filipino, pointing, and an instant later Hutton was flying down the street toward a prosperous-looking dwelling-house. Bullets were whipping up the dust and clipping the banana leaves at his sides. Twice were shots fired pointblank at him from the shacks at the roadside.

"This must be the place," he said, and he pounded the brass door-knocker vigorously. A nipa hut nearby was roaring in flames and the bursting bamboo was popping loudly. From all sides came the sound of rifle and revolver shots, but as the minutes passed the firing slackened and seemed to recede.

Hutton's efforts to find Señor Rodriguez were in vain, for the Señor had departed to his country seat to wait until the shooting was over. The whole town was deserted, and the streets lay empty under the broiling sun.

At dawn a ghostly procession of ships crept out of the harbor and sailed for the South.

Conditions were unpropitious for calm business transactions for the next few days. As soon as the fleet reached a port the natives and merchants fled for their lives. Even by landing with the first boat's crew, and racing madly into town, Hutton was unable to arrest the swifter progress of the hemp merchants. A few twelve-pounder shells overtook some of them, but it was past human speed to do it. And, what was worse, the merchants ran so far in one day that they could not return in a week's hard walking. So commerce languished and Hutton's dreams of opulence were tinged with disappointment.

Even in the face of such discouraging conditions, it must not be inferred that the firm of Hutton & Barton despaired of

success or that they relaxed in their efforts. On the contrary, they redoubled their attempts to transact business. They became desperate, for the chances were growing slimmer and slimmer. Of the three remaining ports two proved hopelessly impossible for peaceful commercial transactions.

As Hutton put it, "There's lots of hemp here, but how can we get men to talk business when the town's burning up and the air is full of shells?"

Everything now depended upon the one last port that remained to be occupied. Fortunately it was a very important one—in a hemp sense—and the two Napoleons prepared for some valiant work with the local merchants.

The expedition arrived at daybreak. A little white steamer flying a British flag lay anchored a short distance from the shore. Her nameplate, clear in the sunlight, read "Mactan." On the beach, through the mists of early morning, were seen dimly the figures of many people walking up and down the waterfront. Two or three earthworks paralleled the shore, and with glasses, a number of men in insurgents uniforms were distinguished. From many of the finer buildings fluttered Chinese and British flags as indications of the neutrality of the occupants, while from the windows of one pretentious building a number of Chinamen looked with evident confidence that their flag could insure them safety.

Hutton was studying the shore with a critical eye.

"That looks like a hemp warehouse," he thought; "and so do those two. By jingo, there's hemp here, all right!"

Soldiers with their service-gear strapped on were restlessly waiting near the sea-ladders for something to happen. Officers were hurrying back and forth as they inspected the troopers. There was little talking and no noise save the constant shuffling of feet and the clatter of accoutrements.

Barton was talking with Lieutenant Hare up forward. Presently he came back to where Hutton was standing with his glasses glued on the hemp warehouses.

"I'm afraid we're up against it, old man," he said. "You see that little 'hooker' over there? Well, there's the man we'll have to look out for."

"What do you mean?"

"He's a hemp merchant up from Cebu with a barrel of cash. Hare sent a boat over there a little while ago, and the Englishman on board said he had just come up from Cebu to buy hemp as soon as the port was opened. He represents Welles, Sheldon & Company, and he has lots of ready money, so Hare says."

"Oh, ho," said Hutton. "Well, as they say in the melodrama, 'we'll just block his little game'."

"Then, we'll have to get ashore first, for if he lands with all that money I can see what happens to us."

"Well, by the great Lord Harry, he'll not land first—not if I have to swim ashore before the town is taken. Not by a thundering sight! I can see ourselves being outmaneuvered by a Britisher with a few 'dobey' dollars, and a 'ballyhoo' of a coaster."

"Then we must get in the first boat," said Barton emphatically.

"Say, Bart, those 'Chinos' over there have hemp—I'm sure of it. And we must round 'em up the minute we get ashore."

At the expiration of an hour the landing boats in tow of the launches started for shore, and immediately all signs of life in the town disappeared. This indicated resistance—trenches for combatants, typhoon cellars for non-combatants and the "boskies" for those who had neither rifle nor typhoon cellar.

The shore was oppressively silent as the landing party drew nearer and nearer the pier. In one of the foremost boats Hutton and Barton looked inquiringly at the apparently deserted buildings, while the soldiers clutched their Krags more

firmly in preparation for the expected volley.

Three hundred yards—two hundred—a hundred and fifty, and still that ominous silence.

"See, the Englishman hasn't started yet," whispered Barton.

"Good. Now, just as soon as we strike the beach, we'll make straight for that 'Chino's' house over—"

Boom! Crash! A tumbling shell screamed angrily over their heads and struck the water a few hundred yards behind them.

"Hurry up there, you men. Point blank," yelled an officer in the first boat. "Fire!"

A volley followed and an instant later a shrapnel shell from one of the cruisers burst with a splitting crash over one of the earthworks.

"There goes the Colt's automatic," cried Barton as the never-to-be-forgotten clack, clack, clack of the machine-gun joined the chorus.

The first boat landed at the pier, but the succeeding one pushed farther in and beached on the shelving sand. There was a mad charge through the streets; volleys were sweeping the exposed places, and from the bamboo groves came the pop of scores of Mausers.

"You try that door and I'll try this one," a voice was heard to yell above the din. "If you can't get in, try that next house—the one with the British flag."

The first door, however, swung open as Hutton pressed against it, and an instant later he and Barton were beaming affably upon a throng of terrified Chinese merchants who were seeking protection from the bullets, in the first stone story of the building.

In the half-darkened interior were thousands of bales of hemp piled high on either side!

"Here's our chance, Barton," cried Hutton, joyously, as his eyes swept the mountains of clean, dry hemp.

A Chinaman dressed with scrupulous

care in rich silks nervously led them upstairs to a great room with polished floors and splendid furniture. Several other Chinamen, talking excitedly, followed them with astonishment and curiosity expressed on their faces.

The windows were thrown open and a flood of light illuminated the room.

"This is Señor Hutton, the great hemp merchant," began Barton, in Spanish, as he introduced Hutton to the Chinaman, who was unable to speak English. The correspondent made a desperate effort to look like a great merchant. His trousers were wet and bedraggled, several days' beard was on his face, while the battered camera-case swung from his shoulder. The Chinaman looked at him with interest but not awe. "He wishes to speak with you in private," continued Barton.

The three men entered a small room and each, bowing with profuse Spanish politeness, settled down in chairs at the side of a small table. The bay lay stretched out before them.

"Now, Barton," said Hutton, "tell him that I am here to buy his hemp if he has any to sell, and that I am prepared to give him the very best price for it. Put it on strong. Give him a letter of introduction as a starter."

The Chinaman listened to Barton's interpretation with profound interest and read the letter, punctuating it with many "Ahs" of recognition and pleasure.

"Ah, you represent Señor McAndrews of Manila? I know him well. He is a great merchant,—also."

The "also" sounded suspiciously like an afterthought.

"I see that you have some hemp here," said Barton. "Is it contracted for—no? How much have you?"

"I have ten thousand 'piculs,' Señor, in the storehouse below."

"Well," after a few words with Hutton; "Señor Hutton wishes to buy it. He will give you a good price for it."

"What will he give, Señor?"

"Well," said Hutton, very thoughtfully, with a pretense at looking over some imaginary contracts in his hands, "if it is *very* good hemp I might be able to go as high as sixteen dollars a 'picul.' But it must be extra good. That's a high figure, you know."

"Oh, Señor, no—no; I can not think of it," cried the Chinaman after hearing the interpretation.

"What? not sell at sixteen dollars? Why, what do you expect?" And then to Barton, in English: "Do you suppose this slant-eyed celestial has heard what hemp is worth?"

"He seems to be 'on,' surely. Try him at seventeen dollars and see how he takes it."

"Well, to be fair, Señor,—let's see; what is your name, Señor?"

"Artega—Señor."

"Yes, Señor Artega,—that's a good Chinese name, isn't it, Barton? You needn't translate that, though. Tell him that I'll give him seventeen dollars, but that such a high figure cuts down my profit considerably."

"It's not enough, Señor. Hemp is very high," solemnly said Artega.

Hutton and Barton leaned close to each other and pretended to discuss the Chinaman's last words.

"Is he 'on' or is he just sparring for better terms? We must pretend to be firm."

"Señor," said Barton, as if imparting a great secret, "hemp has recently been pretty high, but the opening of all the hemp ports has thrown such a quantity on the market that prices have gone down. We wish to be fair, but we shall expect you to be fair, too. Señor Hutton is now offering more than he has offered anyone else—more than you have ever received for your hemp before. What better terms can you expect?"

"I have heard, Señor," said Artega, watching them through half-closed eyes, "that hemp is now worth much more than

you offer. A friend has told that he can sell for twenty-two dollars a 'picul.' "

"Ha, ha," laughed Hutton, leaning back. "He has been deceiving you, surely. Ah, Señor, we can't do any business with you. We can get shiploads of the best kind for eighteen dollars, and even less."

"Let's try him at nineteen," whispered Barton.

"No, not yet, old man; we mustn't be too eager. Let's leave him to think over it and bye and bye we'll drift back and tackle him again."

They laughed good-naturedly and gathered up the contracts and prepared to go. Señor Artega made no effort to restrain them.

"He's standing pat, isn't he?" murmured Barton. "He doesn't act like a fellow who's losing a good thing."

They shook hands in preparation for departure. Barton scratched a match to light a cigarette and his eyes wandered casually out toward the placid harbor.

"Great Scott, Hutton," he whispered; "the Englishman is warping in toward the pier."

"What!"

"Don't show any excitement, but that's what he's doing." Barton's voice quivered, but he tried to speak as if he were merely commenting on the weather.

"Well, if he sees this Chinaman it's all off with us. We must not leave this room until we have that hemp. That Englishman has cash and may offer the top-notch figure—possibly twenty-four dollars. We must get busy."

So he looked at his watch, yawned slightly, and then appeared to be deeply interested in a picture that hung nearby. Señor Artega deferentially watched them.

"Where is he now, Barton?" and Barton handed him a cigar as if in answer to a request.

"About a hundred yards from the pier. He's on the bridge, and he is looking over toward this house now. This is the man he's after."

"Well, back to the bargain-counter, then. Tell the 'Chino' that we want to close a contract to-day. Try him at nineteen dollars and tell him that is the very last figure." And as if to illustrate the finality of his remark, he adjusted his hat and made a movement as though to go. The Chinaman smiled affably as he listened to the interpretation, but exhibited no sign of acceptance. He even partly opened the door to allow the "great merchant" a free exit.

Hutton and Barton held a whispered conference.

"Let's tempt his cupidity," suggested the latter. "Show him figures and dollar marks. See, confound him, he's watching the Englishman."

Barton pretended to be arguing with the Napoleon of Hemp.

"Oh, very well," the latter said, resignedly, and his face revealed absolute indifference.

"Señor Artega," Barton began, turning to the Chinaman, "Señor el Mercante asks me to offer you twenty dollars." And as he spoke these words with momentous deliberation, he wrote down on a slip of paper a figure—10,000. "You have ten thousand 'piculs.' At twenty dollars a 'picul'—let's see—twenty times ten thousand—two hundred thousand. Two hundred thousand dollars. And the money will all be sent to you when the Señor sends his ship here in ten days."

What a look of amazement shot over the face of Artega as he looked at the figures! He snatched up the paper and glared at it in trembling incredulity. He ran out into the large room, where a swarm of Chinamen flocked around him, and a buzz of excited chatter, like the hum of a Roman mob, arose when he exhibited the paper.

"Look!" he whispered, with intense meaning, "he's a fool. He doesn't know how to buy hemp. See those figures; he offers twenty dollars alike for first grade

and fourth grade." His hand shook with avaricious pleasure. "I'll sell him the hemp and McAndrews will murder him."

Hutton and Barton watched, but tried to appear indifferent. One was ostensibly examining a picture, while the other was winding his watch.

"In the name of heaven, why doesn't he hurry? The Englishman is now at the pier and is making fast."

"We mustn't let Artega talk to him for a second."

But the Chinaman evidently entertained a fear that the Englishman would talk to them. He ran back to the room and hastily closed the door.

"What ails this heathen, anyway?" thought Hutton, as with vague misgiving, he noticed the Chinaman's eagerness.

"We will sell you our hemp," Artega announced, as he bustled about in search of pen and ink.

Barton filled out the blank contract. The articles stated that Señor Artega did then and there sell ten thousand piculs of hemp—one thousand eight hundred piculs first grade, three thousand six hundred second grade,—four thousand four hundred third grade and two hundred fourth grade, at twenty dollars a "picul," to Señor McAndrews, represented by Señor Hutton.

There was absolute silence in the room. Barton was busily writing. Artega was feverishly watching the formation of the words, his long, lean fingers working convulsively. Hutton smoked with assumed calmness, but his blood was leaping through his veins. The Englishman was walking toward the house and a number of agitated Chinese were thronging about him.

"Five minutes more," thought Hutton, "and forty thousand Englishmen may come, for all I care."

What's this? Artega's long finger nail was indicating something in the contract. He spoke a few words tremblingly.

"Say, Hutton, he wants something added to this contract—'*sin rebaja ninguna del precio convenido*,' which means 'without rebate.' Shall I put them in?"

"What in thunder has rebate got to do with it? McAndrews didn't say anything about rebate to me, and we can't ask the Chinaman without showing our ignorance. McAndrews told me to fill out the printed contract in duplicate of the one he made out, but there's nothing about rebate in the duplicate."

"I'll be hanged if I know what it means." The sound of a strong, clear voice came from the outer room.

"The Englishman is out there. For heaven's sake, hurry. Put in the words. I don't think they cut much figure, anyway—probably wear or tear, or something of that sort. Put 'em in and we'll take our chances."

Alas for Mr. Hutton and alas for Mr. Barton. And alas for Señor McAndrews! Barton wrote these fatal words—"*sin rebaja ninguna del precio convenido*," and Artega's eyes gleamed exultantly as he added his name to the foot of the contract. Hutton signed his name and then breathed a sigh of great relief. He hardly noticed the uproar of voices out in the big room as Señor Artega announced that he had just sold ten thousand "piculs" at twenty dollars "without rebate." If Hutton had understood, that smile of complacency which wreathed his face would have frozen into a sickly grin. Hemp at twenty dollars a picul *without rebate*! Great Confucius! *Without rebate*!

Thirty seconds after the contract was signed a Chinaman rushed down the stairs and told a fellow hemp merchant that Artega had sold his hemp for twenty dollars a "picul" *without rebate*, which, of course, meant that—with the customary rebate—a price equivalent to thirty dollars had been paid. He neglected to add that Artega had tricked the buyer. Two minutes later a second Chinaman had told another that hemp was worth more

than thirty dollars a "picul," and the latter rushed off to tell others that the market price of hemp was far above thirty dollars. In an hour the conviction among hemp merchants was firmly fixed that the actual market price was at least thirty-five dollars.

The news flew on the wings of the wind.

Two hours after the deal was consummated a Chinaman rushed in to see Artega. He said that he had just heard from somebody that hemp was worth thirty-five dollars a picul. Artega, who had been exulting over his cleverness in tricking the Americans, turned pale. Suppose it was true and that it was he, instead of the Americans, that had been victimized. His exultation turned to perplexity, and from perplexity to doubt, and from doubt to terror.

He was so alarmed that he rushed off to call a meeting of hemp merchants at once. He carefully explained that he had received twenty dollars a picul for his hemp—*without rebate*, and in answer to his statement, a number of his fellow merchants testified that they had heard positively from somebody that hemp really was worth thirty-five dollars—possibly more, for all they knew. Artega was heartbroken. The more he thought of it the more he regretted having sold even at such a splendid price. He felt convinced that the Americans had tricked him and that by waiting he surely would have received a much better price. There was but one faint hope left for him and he resolved to cling to it.

It is safe to say that news never spread more quickly through the Southern islands than did the stupendous announcement that a mysterious dealer in hemp had arrived and had bought hemp at twenty dollars a "picul"—twenty dollars a picul *without rebate*. It was as if our own farmers had awakened from a long sleep to find corn worth two dollars a bushel.

Hutton looked uneasily from the window.

"Barton, for some unknown reason, we seem to have raised particular thunder in commercial circles here. Look, there goes the Britisher. And see, the Chinese won't listen to him; they won't have anything to do with him."

"Hutton, do you suppose we actually got the best of the trade with a 'Chino'? It doesn't seem possible."

In the dusk of the evening of that eventful day, as Hutton and Barton sat smoking on the afterdeck of the transport, a Chinese coolie came gliding out of the shadows and made a profound bow.

"Señor Artega wishes to speak with Señor Mercante in private," he said pointing to a dim figure on the shore. The two correspondents walked down the gangplank, and were greeted with a deferential salaam from Artega.

"Señor," he said to Barton, "how soon will the ships come for the hemp?"

"In about six days, I think. We reach Manila in three. A ship is waiting there already to sail and should be here in three more."

"Well, to protect myself, Señor, would Señor Hutton object to signing an agreement, saying that if his ship does not come within fifteen days the contract will be void?"

"Why, what's the matter? Aren't you satisfied with the contract as it now stands?"

"Yes, yes, Señor, but just to protect myself, you see," he smirked apologetically.

"How about it, Barton? I guess it's all right, isn't it? It won't cut any figure, anyway, for the ship'll be here in less than ten days at the outside."

Half an hour later an agreement was signed, and it is said in effect that if a ship did not call for the hemp within fifteen days from date, the contract would expire. A Filipino notary made out the agreement and murmured frequently—

"That's a very high price for hemp, Señor. Mucho, mucho." Hutton told him to shut up. He knew what he was doing. Señor Artega was disturbed and uneasy, but he felt that he had done all he could in preparing a possible escape in case hemp really had reached such a fabulous price. It was his last faint hope.

"You shall pay me one hundred thousand dollars cash when your ship comes for the hemp, and the remaining hundred thousand you shall pay to my partner in Manila, Señor Pando," he said in parting.

Never was a voyage more joyous than the one the two hemp kings now made to Manila. The world was full of sunshine and every little China Sea wave that touched the transport's bow sang a song of gold. Hutton and Barton didn't know how much they had made, but their profits would be up in the thousands, so they exulted greatly and left a trail of happiness wherever they went. They were so happy and jubilant that it was perhaps well that they did not know clearly what a change a few words can make in a hemp contract.

In three days Hutton walked briskly into the private office of McAndrews.

"Ah, back at last," shouted the merchant, leaping to his feet. "What luck?"

"Only fair, only fair—I picked up ten thousand at twenty dollars."

"Grand, grand, splendid!" McAndrews rubbed his hands enthusiastically, sent for cigars and chocolate, and his face was glowing with satisfaction. "Ah, you see we have made a nice little sum—about forty thousand dollars, for to-day the market is twenty-four."

Hutton carelessly tossed the folded contract to the merchant and a great feeling of happiness welled up within him. The sun seemed brighter, the din of distant traffic was music to his soul, and the whole world about him was radiant. His share was to be twenty thousand dollars. And he tried hard to keep from leaping up and whooping for sheer gladness.

McAndrews was scanning the contract. He grew rigid as he read.

Hutton glanced apprehensively at him as he felt the change of temperament and one look at the astonished eyes and trembling hands of the merchant told him in shrieking tones that something was wrong. He nerved himself for the blow.

"This—this—" screamed McAndrews, pointing to the words written at the foot of the contract—" *sin rebaja ninguna*—without rebate."

"What?"

"Why, Great God, man, you've given more than thirty dollars for that hemp!"

"Where—what? What do you mean?"

"Don't you see, you've given twenty dollars without rebate? Without rebate! Heavens, Hutton, what were you doing?"

"Doing—confound it all; what difference does the rebate make?"

"Difference—what difference? Oh, Lord!" He flung the contract aside and buried his face in his hands. "Difference, why, man, it means that I'll lose sixty thousand dollars. That's all the difference."

There was an uncomfortable silence, broken only by the noiseless wreckage of air castles, that, to Hutton's ears, sounded like the din of a thousand thunderstorms.

Señor McAndrews gulped, jumped up and walked back and forth across the room twice, and then sat down. In a strained voice, which he controlled only by an effort, he finally spoke:

"I suppose it was my fault, Hutton. I shouldn't blame you. We were in too much of a hurry and I couldn't explain fully. I'll try to tell you now, Hutton. Oh, Lord! In the first place, hemp comes in four grades—prime, second, third and fourth. When we make a hemp contract, we stipulate only the price of the first grade. It then is understood that the prices of the other grades are regulated by the first—a fixed ratio. For instance, second is just twenty-five per cent. less than first; third is forty per cent. less

than first, and fourth is about fifty per cent. less than first."

"Great guns!" exclaimed Hutton.

"If you buy hemp at twenty dollars a 'picul', it means that the first grade is twenty dollars, the second fifteen, the third twelve, and the fourth ten, dollars. Here you have added the words 'Without Rebate,' which makes the whole lot come to twenty dollars. Now, you have, I see, eighteen hundred piculs of first grade, thirty-six hundred second, forty-four hundred third, and two hundred fourth, grade. The first grade at twenty dollars amounts to thirty-six thousand dollars; the second, at fifteen, amounts to fifty-four thousand; the third, at twelve, comes to fifty-two thousand eight hundred, and the fourth, at ten, to two thousand dollars; making a total of—let's see—of a hundred and forty-four thousand and eight hundred dollars. You have given two hundred thousand dollars. That's all—fifty-five thousand and two hundred more than you thought you were giving. At that rate, you have paid about thirty-one dollars a picul. An enormous price."

"Well, Great Scott! no wonder those Chinese were excited. I thought the rebate thing meant some little wear or tear, or loss on account of shipping, or something like that. I never dreamed it made such a big difference. I wouldn't have allowed the 'chino' to put in those words if it hadn't been for the arrival of an Englishman with money. We had to work quick on account of him."

He leaned back and whistled when he thought of the commotion he had caused. The whole blunder was caused by the multiplying of ten thousand by twenty, and Artega had seen the process, and had taken advantage of their ignorance.

"Yes, sir; it's no wonder they were excited. Why, we simply raised thunder down there," and a smile dawned and spread broadly over his face. He leaned back and laughed long and loudly, while

McAndrews looked at him in rueful amazement. Thirty-one dollars a picul—the greatest price ever paid for hemp!

"Good joke, isn't it?" finally said the merchant, with undisguised sarcasm, for he was thinking of his loss of many thousand dollars. "Go on; enjoy yourself."

"Look at that," shouted Hutton, again bursting into laughter, and he handed over the second agreement. "I don't think the joke's on us."

"Fifteen days—how did you get this?"

"Why, that's the joke. Artega wanted it himself. I guess he thought he was 'done' in the trade, and tried to get out of it, hoping something might happen to prevent our sending for the hemp in time. He thought he was doing me when he got me to sign it," and again there was a roar of laughter.

"Well," said McAndrews, rather sadly, "that clause saves us. We can let the contract die. But we should have made a good thing out of it if you hadn't allowed the rebate clause to go in. Still, we're lucky to get out of it as well as we do. The next time you'll know better, Hutton, so there's no use crying over spilt milk. We'll let it expire."

But that was not the end of it.

On the same transport that brought Hutton from Leyte were two letters to famous hemp dealers in Manila.

In substance they stated that a new buyer of hemp had come and paid about thirty-one dollars a picul. The news had spread so that not an ounce could be bought for less than that price. The native hemp dealers and Chinese middlemen were crazy and would not listen even to offers of twenty-five dollars. And, worst of all, the news was spreading all over the islands as fast as horses and swift sails could carry it.

Hemp began to leap in price. The Manila merchants who were "short" were panic-stricken. They sent agents out to every known port to buy all the hemp they could find in storage.

On the evening of that day hemp had risen to twenty-seven dollars!

The two firms that had contracted for big shipments to Liverpool were well-nigh crazed. Who could the mysterious hemp dealer be and what great corner was he working? What was his object and whom did he represent?

A letter also came from Señor Artega to his partner, Señor Pando, in Manila, saying that an American representing Señor McAndrews had bought his hemp at twenty dollars and without rebate. The partner was dazed, for he knew that the product was worth only twenty-four dollars with rebate. He hastened to see McAndrews to learn why such a huge price had been paid, but McAndrews was not to be seen. So he stationed watchers at the waterfront to report to him when McAndrews' ships sailed for the hemp. But the vessels lay idle at their moorings, and Pando was mystified and then reflective.

On the third day hemp was up to twenty-eight dollars and a half, and the hemp houses of Manila were torn by whirlwinds of excitement and panic. And still the ships of Señor McAndrews lay peacefully at their moorings. What could it mean?

More letters came from the Southern agents repeating the dreadful news that hemp sellers were sticking to their demand for outrageous prices. Some even wanted thirty-five dollars a picul. The agents were desperate and wanted to know what they should do.

At Señor McAndrews' office there was nothing to be learned, although a stream of men sought admission and information. He declined to talk to the partner who came to learn when the ships were going for the hemp.

On the fourth day hemp was up to twenty-nine dollars in Manila and the feeling was spreading that the high price was due to some horrible mistake. The partner of Artega swore and raved in doubt and uncertainty.

"There is a faint possibility," said McAndrews to Hutton that day, "that the price may get to thirty-two dollars, so that even yet it may pay us to go after the hemp."

"Well, anyway, we have this 'chino' here in Manila on the verge of insanity. He's sweating blood, and we can at least have the satisfaction of holding our option until the very last minute of the fifteenth day. Artega played me a nasty trick with the rebate clause, and I'm going to 'get back' at his partner. I hope hemp goes down to fifteen."

On the fifth day the price was thirty dollars and a half. The panicky feeling among hemp firms had abated somewhat and the air was charged with a conviction that relief would come from some source—they knew not where. The hemp world held its breath and hoped and wondered.

The house of Pando & Artega was in convulsions. McAndrews' ships rocked idly against the docks and no blue peter flew at the fore. It was at this time that Señor Pando felt the force of the boomerang. He had exulted wildly when he read the letter from Artega detailing the magnificent price their hemp had brought. He had read wonderingly, but with jubilation, of how Artega had added the words "Without Rebate," and he chuckled to think that any buyer should be fool enough to sign such a clause. He had read, too, the mild agreement declaring the contract void if vessels did not call for the product within fifteen days. That clause had not seemed significant at first, but now that five days had elapsed and no ships had been sent for the hemp, he became worried and the blood-freezing truth began to dawn upon him. The fool-hardy American had made a gigantic blunder and was going to let the option period expire. In the meantime he could not sell the hemp and the price would go down again. Great Confucius,—and the price now at thirty dollars and a half.

Pando raced to Señor McAndrews and

begged on his knees that the contract be canceled so that he might sell on the tremendous bulge.

"You must see Señor Hutton," said McAndrews very firmly.

Down the Calle Anloague—down the Escolta—across the Bridge of Spain, sped Señor Pando to Hutton's house as fast as his fast horse could take him.

The correspondent was stretched out luxuriously on a steamer chair when Señor Pando was announced by Ah Foo, the number-one boy.

"Tell the Señor that I am busy; tell him to drop around later," said Hutton, with a grim smile.

The Chinese boy marveled as he saw the wealthy merchant denied admittance.

Four times that day Señor Pando came to the house. By this time he was almost a nervous wreck. His face was haggard and his hands were trembling. Each time the number-one boy was instructed to tell him that Señor Hutton was busy. Once it was because his master was napping, once because he was engaged in novel-reading, once because he was taking a bath and once because he was just going out to ride on the Luneta, and therefore could not be detained.

Hutton did ride on the Luneta that evening and every time he thought of the unhappy merchant a determined smile curled his lips. When he returned to his home Pando was awaiting him.

"I'll see you presently," Hutton said to him.

The twilight aged into the first darkness of night. Lights began to glow in the shell windows, and still Señor Pando, sick with worrying, waited to see the inexorable Napoleon of Hemp.

After two hours of this miserable existence the merchant was "received." Hutton did not so much as rise from his chair when the rich Chinaman made his profound bow.

"Well?" came the stern, snappy question from the chair.

"Señor, the contract," Pando began in faltering English. "Why you not send for hemp? Five day makee pass—no steamer sail."

"Well, Señor, I haven't decided to send my vessels down just yet. A few days later will do just as well. I have ten days more, you know."

"Yes, Señor, I understand. You no send for hemp at all. I sabey."

"Well, whether I send for it or not," exclaimed the correspondent, rising and striking the table with his fist, "I'll keep it for the full fifteen days, anyway. If you dare to touch that hemp before my option expires I'll have you in prison. I may send a vessel for it in four or five days if the price goes higher. But, remember, don't you dare to touch it for ten days."

Pando saw that a change of tactics was necessary. He knew that until the twelfth day he could not touch the hemp, for even on the twelfth day there would be time for a vessel to reach Leyte and get the hemp before the expiration of the option period. At the same time, he saw that Hutton had no intention of sending for the product, but was going to have his revenge by holding until the last minute. He also knew that the present abnormally high price could not last and that the twelfth day might again see the price back to its natural level. If he could have the contract annulled he now could sell for thirty dollars, whereas the real value was only twenty-four dollars. He must sell now or lose the difference between thirty dollars and twenty-four dollars, which on ten thousand piculs would be sixty thousand dollars. So he decided to compromise.

"Señor, how much you want for contract—to-day?" he slowly asked, watching Hutton through half-closed eyes.

"Ah, ha," thought the Napoleon of Hemp; "here's where little Seymie begins to get the sweet revenge." Then aloud: "Señor, I intend to retain the contract in its present form."

"I will give five thousand dollars for contract now."

"No, sir."

"Ten thousand?" Pando asked, breathing fast. But Hutton had taken up a book, and, to all appearances, was deeply interested in it.

"Fifteen thousand?" whispered the great merchant, and his breathing almost ceased in his expectancy.

"Ah Foo," called Hutton in a business-like voice, "you may show Señor Pando out."

"No—no, no, no," pleaded the merchant, piteously; "please do not—"

"You heard, Ah Foo. Make haste, I—"

"Señor, listen—please, please, please," wailed the trembling, heart-sore merchant.

Then—and the words came hard: "I give you twenty thousand dollar for contract—now!"

Hutton's thoughts flew to Barton, to home. The spirit of cold revenge had heard the voice of selfishness—and charity.

He arose and assumed the air of a great man of business—of the Napoleon that he felt himself to be. Then, as though suffering a sacrifice, he said to the helpless merchant:

"It's a bargain, Señor. Give me your check for twenty thousand dollars now, and you may tear up the contract before me. And in communicating the result of this transaction to Señor Artega, please express to him my very best wishes for a prosperous season next year."



WITHOUT PREJUDICE

By Israel Zangwill

AUTHOR OF "THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH," "MERRYLY MARY ANN," ETC.

KRUGER IN EXILE

MY first personal impression of the Boers was gained at the last Paris Exposition. A full-size model of a Transvaal farmhouse was invariably thronged by a curious and for the most part sympathetic crowd. And, indeed, the homely pastoral life, revealed in every touch, the primitive Biblical simplicity, might well give one pause at the thought of wiping out such a community. But in the bedroom I heard the other side of the question. The jug and basin of the washing-stand were scarcely larger than a milk jug and a plate, and a British voice exclaimed: "The dirty beggars—good riddance to them!" I reflected that the water jug in my Paris hotel was scarcely less Lilliputian, and that if we set about eliminating the non-tubbing races, we should have our hands full. I was not even able to trace distinct proofs of larger ewers in the majority of our maffickers.

I had also the conviction that Oom Paul was a great man. My conviction was based not on anything his enemies said, but on a saying of his own. When, after the capture of Pretoria and most of his other towns, he was carrying on the affairs of state in a railway carriage, he was asked how he could go on fighting when his capital had fallen. "The capital!" he exclaimed. "The capital is where I and my councillors are. The capital is this railway carriage." That is the true heroic ring—the note of the classic world. You will not easily beat it even in Plutarch.

Wherefore I followed the epical struggle without the cheerful British assur-

ance of righteousness, and it was with a throb of interest that I learnt—on arriving at Mentone toward the end of 1902—that Kruger had preceded me. He had arrived at midnight, and since then had shut himself up in his den like a sick lion, seeing absolutely no one from the outer world. The war was over, the dead were buried, but Oom Paul had just published his autobiographical apologia, and the halo of majesty still hovered over his exiled head. Even the modest little villa in the Garavan quarter (not half an hour's walk from Italy) took on something of the dignity of a palace. Indefatigable interviewers clamored at the gates, but they did not open. Kruger was too wise to say a word. But the interviews appeared, one may be sure. Moreover, experienced snapshooters discovered that though he was never to be caught gazing from the front window at the sea, he still found a stoop in his back terrace, and sat there of an afternoon, brooding before the mountains. They found out the best spot in the back path at which to place themselves. They also registered the exact moment for his few steps in the garden. As a creature of regular habits, your Dutchman is the kodak's destined quarry.

The satellites of greatness were less in obscurity. A lady of his family occasionally took the air; his secretaries walked about like common mortals; Dr. Leyds himself dandered on the parade. It was not, therefore, impossible to establish communication with Oom Paul, especially as the English publisher of his memoirs had asked me to draw his atten-

tion to some corrections. At first I was mechanically told that "the president"—nobody ever spoke of him otherwise, though his rule was shattered and superseded—was absolutely invisible. Ever long, however, a secretary wrote to me that the president would make an exception in my favor and would receive me at eleven on Saturday morning. "His Honor" also begged me to keep this very private, as otherwise he would be assailed by others, and he was refusing everybody.

Accordingly on the morning of Saturday, January 31, 1903, I passed through the jealously-guarded portal. At the entrance, in a narrow passage whose only notable feature was a telephone, I was received by an under-secretary, who looked like a Dutch Jew, and was by him introduced to the chief secretary, a charming man with the leonine head and white beard of Max Nordau, and even with the same accentuation of English. The room looked on the mountains. There were some traces of affairs—a scattering of letters, papers in Dutch pinned on the wall, a copying press. The white-bearded secretary politely inquired about a tramway accident at which I had unfortunately assisted. The conversation passed on to Roosevelt and other things. But no mention of Kruger. At last the secretary said apologetically: "The president does things on Saturday morning that make him a little late. For instance, he shaves."

I could have blessed the man for this delicious touch. The simple Dutch farmer, shaving himself for Sunday, has remained my strongest impression of the ruler of the Transvaal, the mighty hunter before the Lord.

But still the hero dallied. Both secretaries went in and out to see if he was ready, occasionally reporting progress. Once I was told, "His Honor has not finished smoking."

At last I was ushered into his presence. And truly it was a presence. The

room was so dominated by Kruger's massive figure that the rest of it was blotted out. And although he towered so, he was not standing. He was seated statuesque in an armchair before a great family Bible on a reading-stand. The Bible was open at Matthew, was in Dutch but in German type, and had a commentary running down the sides. Kruger's most conspicuous feature was the lower lip, monstrously thick and pendulous with age. The lower eyelids were pouched. His upper lip and cheeks were bare—after that Saturday shave—but there was a short beard. His scanty hair was combed back sprucely, and there were no indications of a Lilliputian ewer. In fact, there was a very cleaned-up and Sunday-fied air about him in his very neat black suit, with a locket and a perpendicular gold chain in his waistcoat. Perhaps he had got himself up for my edification, and hence the tardiness of the reception. His eyes, he told me, were apt to water, and yet he could see to read without glasses. The forehead was narrow and fanatical, the lower part of the face heavy. He spoke in an assured, rather grating voice. His hands rested almost throughout impassive on his knees—coarse red hands. He looked healthy and still vigorous, with years before him, and rebellions still to brew. I felt that the centuries had rolled back and that I was speaking with a great seventeenth century figure, a figure in the heroic mold, but of a period that had only been preserved by the air of the veldt and the remote fastnesses of the kopjes. He stood—as Ibsen had said—for something that must pass away before more modern forces, as the native races themselves had been ousted by the Boers. But philosophical considerations do not lessen the tragedy of human transience.

The conversation between us was formal and lifeless, carried on through the secretary-interpreter, who had, moreover, begged me not to discuss politics with his Honor. Kruger, I had been assured

by outsiders, spoke and understood English quite well enough, but he always waited till my remarks had been translated before betraying the faintest comprehension. Then he would answer in Dutch in measured, strident accents. His very first remark was a repetition of the request that I should say nothing to the journalists. He told me that his family in South Africa were beginning to rebuild their houses and farms, that he proposed to remain in Mentone and the neighborhood, without ever driving as far as Monte Carlo: Perhaps he felt he had gambled desperately enough.

Our nearest approach to politics was his adverting to his sympathizers in England. He read the papers, he said, and knew a good deal of what was going on. I might have improved the occasion and continued in this vein, but I was so afraid of trespassing on his time and strength, and so deadened by the interpreting, that I expressed my sense of his kindness and rose to go. He did not rise then, nor throughout, but gave me his great hand, which I shook. And so back into the Mentone sunshine and the gay life of the strand.

Well, he is dead, sooner than I should have thought, for the patriarchs lived long. His life was undoubtedly a menace to the peace of the Transvaal. Not a year ago I heard from the spot that had he appeared in Johannesburg—so great were the popular discontents—he would have been cheered by Boers and Britons alike.

SHOULD CHURCHES BE WOUND UP?

"GEE how these Christians love one another." A new illustration of the old irony is afforded by the Napoleonic campaign organized by the "Wee Kirkers" against the United Free Churches of Scotland, coming, as it does, at a time when the war of religious education has made England a vast slough of passive resistance and threatens to

make gallant little Wales a cockpit of active resistance. And on the top of this hurly-burly a writer in the *Church Quarterly* has the face to contend that if the United States had been blessed with a State Church, America's religious life would have gained in sanity and reflectiveness. "A national church, elastic enough to provide channels for fresh manifestations of spiritual life, yet anchored to the past . . . might have saved the United States from many of those grotesque and worse than grotesque features which have, at various times, disfigured their spiritual life." Now this is the ideal picture of a church, but it never works out in practice. "Anchored to the past"—yes, that condition is fulfilled in abundance. But "elastic enough to provide channels for fresh manifestations of spiritual life"—where is such a church to be found? The Church of England has notoriously failed in elasticity—at this very moment even the Archbishop of Canterbury is unable to make it express his view of the Athanasian creed. And far from its anchoring the spiritual life of the English people, they have violently torn themselves away from it in the secessions of Methodism, Wesleyanism, Quakerdom, etc. As to preserving them from grotesque religious features, the aberrations of English sectarianism fully equal those of America, when the difference of geographic area is considered and the absence of supervision over great spaces. Sandemanians, Walworth Jumpers, Joanna Southcottians, Seventh Day Baptists, Peculiar people—such are a few of the British aberrations, some of which have counted distinguished followers. Faraday was a Sandemanian, and so in his young days was George R. Sims. The bequests to foster even the Southcott mania were treated as sacred by the court of chancery. Jump-to-Glory-Jane is an English type put into poetry by an English poet, George Meredith. The

nessed this fervor of its fathers, it has been nourished in the warmth of the doctrine, its education is imprinted with the true fiery stamp. It is still near the Holy Ghost. In the third generation the waves radiated from the primal fire have cooled in their passage through time; the original momentum tends to be exhausted. Now is the period of the smug Pharisees profiting by the martyrdoms of their ancestors, and babbling rhetorically—between two pleasures—of their fidelity to the faith of their fathers. If the third generation of a church can get through with fair spiritual success, it is often only because of a saving persecution. But this would be abolished in the “Eutopia” of my dream, and so the third generation would be absolutely the limit of the spiritual stirring. In the fourth generation you shall ever find the young people sly skeptics or sullen rebels, and the Vicar of Bray coming in for high preferment. Here then is the limitation dictated by human nature. The life of a church should be wound up by the state. The birth of a heresy must be free to all, and should be registered like the birth of a child. It would expose its adherents to no disadvantages, either religious or secular. But after three generations it must be wound up.

Of course, it should be perfectly open for the church to reconstitute itself immediately, but it should do this under a new constitution, and preferably under a new name. If it started again afresh, the compulsory winding-up would have acted as a species of persecution, and thoroughly revitalized the content of the particular credo. The third generation would have strained every sinew to realize their faith and bring it home to the young and fourth generation. This latter, ere reestablishing the church, would have rediscovered its truth, and thereby given it fresh momentum to carry it through another three generations. This simple system would allow children to continue the faith of their fathers from

conviction instead of compulsion, and by terminating the right to property would save posterity from the asphyxiation of benefactions.

The life of a generation is computed by biological statisticians at thirty-three years. Three generations would thus make ninety-nine years. A century brings such changes in thought and things that the excerpts from the *Times* of a hundred years ago read like the journalism of another planet.

The bequests by which eleven old gentlewomen of a certain parish that has been swept away, receive groats of an abolished currency, on a day that has disappeared from the calendar, to perpetuate the memory of a benevolent megalomaniac would, on a similar principle, be limited to the natural run of a century. It is something to be allowed a dead finger in the pie of posterity, but “a century not out” must never be written over any human will or institution.

If this time limit seems a trifle harsh, apply it, dear reader, not to your own creed, but to something esoteric like the doctrine of the Dalai Lamas of Tibet, which has for so many centuries paralyzed a priest-ridden Arabian population. Do you think this theory of reincarnation deserved a longer run than three generations?

THE INFANT PHENOMENON

“HE is having his legs washed.” This was the unexpected image summoned up to my consciousness when I asked for the little musical prodigy who had set the Thames on fire. It was at a garden party, and the pocket Paganini, in disporting himself among the other children, had tumbled down and made himself “in a state.” A little daughter of the house volunteered to take me in search of the genius who was being scoured. As we went along hand in hand, she prattled about the difficulty of playing with him, because he *would*

speak only in German. A true child of Albion, it did not occur to her that she would speak only in English. Nor was she at all weighed down by her play-mate's miraculous reputation.

We were not in time to see the wadding of the legs, for lo! the great little boy was using them to descend the steps that led from the lavatory and they seemed up to the normal standard of propriety. He was clad in a sailor's suit and looked a sturdy little fellow, who might very well go to sea as a cabin-boy. I took his hand and politely trusted that he had not hurt his legs. In reply he tore himself away with all the rudeness and shyness of childhood, stepping at a safe distance to stare back upon me like a wary animal. And this little creature if I am to believe my papers, for my ears have not yet submitted me to his magic—is an "infant phenomenon," before whom the most suspicious doctors of Mr. Crummies have laid down their arms: the wonder-child, whose folding has enchanted Europe, whose first appearance marked a red-letter day in the history of music and was only to be compared with the *début* of young Mozart: whose master, the venerable Joachim, folds him to his breast, with ecstatic public kisses, declaring that he has no more to learn, that he will never play better.

The love of the marvelous undoubtedly magnifies even what is truly great, but if half of what is said about the boy be true—and I see no reason to doubt more than fifty per cent. of it—there is much curious matter offered for our cogitation in the fact that a child of eleven can wring from a violin all the maturest secrets of passion and pathos. Of him assuredly it may be said that, "he plays like an angel." For of such must be the kingdom of heaven: instrumentalists by intuition. We can not imagine the angels of Dante or Botticelli acquiring their skill by painful practice during raw cacophonous periods. They play by grace, not

by works. We find nothing unnatural in this instinctive perfection of touch, albeit we know that on earth it must be preceded by fustlings and strappings innumerable. But since the perfection is ultimately attainable, our imagination is ready to leap over the gulf of preparation, and accept all that marvelous swiftness and sureness of finger movement as if it could be a native gift. The latest psychologic teaching is that many coordinated movements be latent in the nervous organization of the young of man and animals, such as flying, walking, climbing—facilities which are not taught, but come of themselves by the mere ripening of the nerve-centers. There are birds that peck at insects when they are only half out of their shell. The bee is a born geometer and architect. We are tempted to relegate the labor of learning to earlier generations, and attribute all such acquisitions to heredity, yet at bottom the problem is very much the old question of whether the egg came first, or the hen. We know appallingly little of the origin of anything, and there is no more real difficulty in understanding how a child can be born with an adult faculty for the violin than in understanding almost anything else. Consider the lilies of the field: they tell not, neither do they spin. Our little Paganini is a musical lily: the petals of his soul shape themselves harmoniously by an inner law of which he is merely the unconscious medium. We need not fly to fantastic theories that there is "a man in possession": that the soul of some ancient musician has taken lodgment and reincarnation in the boy violinist. In a sense, of course, there is a working of heredity, and the musical gifts and labors of past generations may be summed up and fused in his genius. But by what electric spark?

The ancient theory of the "daimon" presents another imaginative interpretation of the mystery of genius. And, indeed, when we see Gadarean swine painting delicate pictures or composing sacred

music, we feel that a demon housing in them is the only explanation. But what determines the demon's perching point? Why is the body of a Socrates chosen for the enshrining of its activities; why does it lack the taste to choose a more beautiful habitation?

If our Paganini in a sailor jacket confounds our philosophy, there is also much that he illumines. He sweeps away, for example, that absurd definition of Carlyle's, that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. The lad may, perhaps, have an infinite capacity for taking pains by tumbling about and hurting his legs, but in no other sense does he corroborate the Carlylean cant. For the doctrine of "grace, not works" remains eternally, a-morally, true. The silliness of schools in taking credit for their prize pupils was never more vividly indicated. If schools and colleges are to claim any credit for their teachers and systems, it is always the average pupil to whom they should point, never the abnormal pupil. Yet, lists of medals and distinctions are always their stock glory and advertisement. These honors are the mere accidents of boy-distribution. Again our infant phenomenon explains for us the superfluosity of intellect in the interpretative arts. We need not be taken aback to find an actor, a singer, or a performer as brainless as a baboon. His gift has little or nothing to do with intellect—it may be, if you please, higher than the intellect, like the beauty of the lily. But intellect it is not. Hence the eternal clash of playwrights and players—hence these tears.

In the more intellectual fields of art no "infant phenomenon" has ever arisen. Chatterton himself,

"The marvelous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in its
pride,"

can not hold a candle to the devil that lurked in Mozart or musical prodigies,

generally. Literature requires consciousness, not unconsciousness, to flower to its greatest perfection, the "native wood-notes wild" notwithstanding. A juvenile dramatist, too, has not been known in the world's history, for the exacting technique of the drama requires the keenest consciousness. A good play by a boy would be indeed a miracle play. But if it be true that the boy violinist has nothing to learn and will never play any better, what a light this throws upon all the jargon with which we are flooded by the critics, whose ears extract from the twanging of catgut such profound impressions of the passion and maturity of one artist, or the development that will come to another with experience of life and love. Our infant phenomenon holds all this experience already in solution, albeit unconsciously; like the baby in the Bab Ballads, he was born elderly. What a tragic fate! He alone of all humanity can not improve. In vain he strives and practices, he might as well—like the other minstrel boy—tear his chords asunder. Even experience of life, even improper passions, can touch his strings to no finer music. Poor outcast from all the excuses of genius.

Meantime the mystery of genius remains where it was. To me genius seems one of those jumps which nature is always making in her evolutionary efforts. Never was there a falsier adage than that *Natura non facit saltum*. It may be classed with Carlyle's for unveracity most absolute. The savage can not count half a dozen, but civilized men can multiply and divide in their heads, and occasionally the infant phenomenon of mathematics arises in the shape of a "calculating boy," whose feats in rapid figuring are as marvelous as any in rapid fingering. Such a consciousness, which nature arrives at by leaps and bounds, seems to me an early example, a foreshadowing of what the old dame presently means to do for all of us. The abnormal faculty is what Darwin has

taught us to call an "accidental variation" (without any teaching as to the cause of the accident). But if only the variation could be preserved and transmitted, a race of lightning calculators would be added to the planet. Similarly, the appearance of a baby Paganini is nature's promise that we shall all one day play the violin in three lessons, though it may need the new science of Eugenics to take advantage of the accident and force the stately pace of Evolution.

Nietzsche has made us familiar with the *Ueberschensch*, the Beyond-Man. What is the Beyond-Man but the genius? And what is the infant phenomenon but the Beyond-Boy?

In these phenomena nature is leaping to her next goal, as she was leaping toward man when an ape of intellect appeared to disconcert his fellows. Presently—in an æon or two—we shall all be leveled up and the infant that is not a genius will be a phenomenon.

LOVE THAT FALTERED

Florence Earle Coates

LOVE that faltered for an hour
 Had not felt the awful power
 Of the god whom gods adore:
 Of the god before whose portal
 Kneel the deathless and the mortal,—
 Suppliant for ever more!

Love that faltered had not heard
 Love's divine, compelling word,
 Or it instant had obeyed:
 Giving with the glad devotion
 Of the river for, the ocean,—
 Doubting not, and unafraid!

For with Love alone is joy
 Free from shadow of alloy;
 And before his sacred shrine,
 Sorrow, in her deepest sadness,
 Guards a hope more blest than gladness,
 And through worship grows divine!

THE MAN ON THE BOX

By Harold MacGrath

AUTHOR OF "THE PUPPET CROWN," "THE GREY CLOAK," ETC.

XXIII

TICK-tock, tick-tock went the voice of the little friend of eternity on the mantel-piece; the waxen sheets (to which so much care and labor had been given) writhed and unfolded, curled and crackled, and blackened on the logs; the cold wind and rain blew in through the opened window; the lamp flared and flickered inside its green shade; a legion of heroes peered out from the book-cases, no doubt much astonished at the sight of this ordinary hero of mine and his mean, ordinary clothes. I have in my mind's eye the picture of good D'Artagnan's frank contempt, Athos's magnificent disdain, the righteous (I had almost said honest!) horror of the ultra-fashionable Aramis, and the supercilious indignation of the bourgeois Porthos. What! this a hero? Where, then, was his rapier, his glittering baldric, his laces, his dancing plumes, his fine air?

Several times in the course of this narrative I have expressed my regret in not being an active witness of this or that scene, a regret which, as I am drawing most of these pictures from hearsay, is perfectly natural. What must have been the various expressions on each face! Warburton, who, though there was tumult in his breast, coolly waited for Karloff to make the next move; Annesley, who saw his terrible secret in the possession of a man whom he supposed to be a stableman; Karloff, who saw his house of cards vanish in the dartling tongues of flame, and recognized the futility of his villainy; the girl, . . . Ah, who shall describe

the dozen shadowy emotions which crossed and recrossed her face?

From Warburton's dramatic entrance upon the scene to Karloff's first movement, scarce a minute had passed, though to the girl and her father an eternity seemed to come and go. Karloff was a brave man. Upon the instant of his recovery, he sprang toward Warburton, silently and with predetermination: he must regain some fragment of those plans. He would not, could not, suffer total defeat before this girl's eyes; his blood rebelled against the thought. He expected the groom to strike him, but James simply caught him by the arms and thrust him back.

"No, Count; no, no; they shall burn to the veriest crisp!"

"Stand aside, lackey!" cried Karloff, a sob of rage strangling him. Again he rushed upon Warburton, his clenched hand uplifted. Warburton did not even raise his hands this time. So they stood, their faces within a hand's span of each other, the one smiling coldly, the other in the attitude of striking a blow. Karloff's hand fell unexpectedly, but not on the man in front of him. "Good God, no! a gentleman does not strike a lackey! Stand aside, stand aside!"

"They shall burn, Count," quietly; "they shall burn, because I am physically the stronger." Warburton turned quickly and with the toe of his boot shifted the glowing packet. "I never realized till tonight that I loved my country half so well. Lackey? Yes, for the present."

He had not yet looked at the girl.

"Ah," Karloff cried, intelligently lighting his face. "You are my father!" and during his voice.

James smiled. "You are quite remarkable."

"Who are you? I demand to know."

"First and foremost, I am a citizen of the United States; I have been a soldier besides. It was my common right to destroy these plans which indirectly menaced my country's safety. These," pointing to the book-pages, "are yours, I believe. Nothing further requires your presence here."

"Yes, yes; I remember now. Fact that I have been." Karloff struck his forehead in helpless rage. "I never observed you closely till now. I recall. The secret service: Europe, New York, Washington; you have known it all along. Spy."

"That is an epithet which easily rebounds. Spy? Why, yes; I do for my country what you do for yours."

"The name, the name! I can not recollect the name! The beard is gone, but that does not matter," excitedly.

Warburton breathed easier. While he did not want the girl to know who he was just then, he was glad that Karloff's memory had taken his thought away from the grate and its valuable but rapidly disappearing fuel.

"Father? Father, what is it?" cried the girl, her voice keyed to agony. "Father?"

The two men turned about. Annesley had fainted in his chair. Both Warburton and Karloff mechanically started forward to offer aid, but she repelled their approach.

"Do not come near me; you have done enough. Father, dear!" She slapped the colonel's wrists and unloosed his collar.

The antagonists, forgetting their own battle, stood silently watching hers. Warburton's mind was first to clear, and without a moment's hesitation he darted from the room and immediately returned with

a glass of water. He held it out to the girl. Their fingers clasped, a thousand mute, eager questions in her eyes, a thousand mute, humble answers in his. She unloosed the glass and her hand trembled as she dipped her fingers into the cool depths and beckoned the drops over the unconscious man's face.

Meanwhile Karloff stood with folded arms, staring mechanically into the grate, where his dreams had disappeared in smoke.

By and by the colonel sighed and opened his eyes. For a time he did not know where he was and his gaze wandered vaguely from face to face. Then realization came back to him, realization breathing with terror. He struggled to his feet and faced Warburton. The girl put her arms around him to steady him, but he gently disengaged himself.

"Are you from the secret service, sir? If so, I am ready to accompany you wherever you say. I, who have left my blood on many a battle-ground, was about to commit a treasonable act. Allow me first to straighten up my affairs, then you may do with me as you please. I am guilty of a crime; I have the courage to pay the penalty." His calm was extraordinary, and even Karloff looked at him with a sparkle of admiration.

As a plumb plunges into the sea, so the girl's look plunged into Warburton's soul; and had he been an officer of the law, he knew that he would have utterly disregarded his duty.

"I am not a secret service man, sir," he replied, unevenly. "If I were," pointing to the grate, "your plans would not have fed the fire."

"Who are you, then, and what do you in my house in this guise?" proudly.

"I am your head stableman . . . for the present. It was all by chance. I came into this room yesterday to get a book on veterinary surgery. I accidentally saw a plan. I have been a soldier. I knew that such a thing had no rightful

place in this house. . . . I was coming across the lawn, when I looked into the window. . . . It is not for me to judge you, sir. My duty lay in destroying those plans before they harmed any one."

"No, it is not for you to judge me," said the colonel. "I have gambled away my daughter's fortune. To keep her in ignorance of the fact and to return to her the amount I had wrongfully used, I consented to sell to Russia the coast fortification plans of my country, such as I could draw from memory. No, it is not for you to judge me; only God has the right to do that."

"I am only a groom," said Warburton, simply. "What I have heard I shall forget."

Ah, had he but looked at the girl's face then!

A change came over Karloff's countenance; his shoulders drooped; the melancholy fire died out of his face and eyes. With an air of resignation and a clear sense of the proportion of things, he reached out and took up the note upon which Annesley had scrawled his signature.

Warburton, always alert, seized the count's wrist. He saw the name of a bank and the sum of five figures.

"What is this?" he demanded.

"It is mine," replied the count, haughtily.

Warburton released him.

"He speaks truly," said the colonel. "It is his."

"The hour of madness is past," the Russian began, slowly and musically. The tone was musing. He seemed oblivious of his surroundings or that three pairs of curious eyes were leveled in his direction. He studied the note, creased it, drew it through his fingers, smoothed it and caressed it. "And I should have done exactly as I threatened. There is, then, a providence which watches jealously over the innocent? And I was a skeptic!

. . . Two hundred thousand dollars," picking up the packet of bank-notes and balancing it on his hand. "Well, it is a sum large enough to tempt any man. How the plans and schemes of men crumble to the touch! Ambition is but the pursuit of mirages. . . . Mademoiselle, you will never know what the ignominy of this moment has cost me . . . nor how well I love you. I come of a race of men who pursue their heart's desire through fire and water. Obstacles are nothing; the end is everything. In Europe I should have won, in honor or in dishonor. But this American people, I do not quite understand them; and that is why I have played the villain to no purpose."

He paused, and a sad, bitter smile played over his face.

"Mademoiselle," he continued, "henceforth, wherever I may go, your face and the sound of your voice shall abide with me. I do not ask you to forget, but I ask you to forgive." Again he paused.

She uttered no sound.

"Well, one does not forget or forgive these things in so short a time. And, after all, it was your own father's folly. Fate threw him across my path at a critical moment . . . but I had reckoned without you. Your father is a brave man, for he had the courage to offer himself to the law; I have the courage to give you up. I, too, am a soldier; I recognize the value of retreat." To Warburton he said: "A groom, a hostler, to upset such plans as these! I do not know who you are, sir, nor how to account for your timely and peculiar appearance. But I fully recognize the falseness of your presence here. Eh, well, this is what comes of race prejudice, the senseless battle which has always been and always will be waged between the noble and the peasant. Had I observed you at the proper time, our positions might relatively have been changed. Useless retrospection!" To Annesley: "Sir, we are

equally culpable. Here is this note of yours. I might, as a small contribution toward righting the comparative wrong which I have done you, I might cast it into the fire. But between gentlemen, situated as we are, the act would be as useless as it would be impossible. I might destroy the note, but you would refuse to accept such generosity at my hands. Which is well."

"What you say is perfectly true." The colonel drew his daughter closer to him.

"So," went on the count, putting the note in his pocket, "to-morrow I shall have my ducats."

"My bank will discount the note," said the colonel, with a proud look; "my indebtedness shall be paid in full."

"As I have not the slightest doubt. Mademoiselle, fortune ignores you but temporarily; misfortune has brushed only the hem of your garment, as it were. Do not let the fear of poverty alarm you," lightly. "I prophesy a great public future for you. And when you play that *Largo* of Handel's, to a breathless audience, who knows that I may not be hidden behind the curtain of some stall, drinking in the heavenly sound made by that loving bow? . . . Romance enters into every human being's life; like love and hate, it is primitive. But to every book fate writes *finis*."

He thrust the bank-notes carelessly into his coat pocket, and walked slowly toward the hallway. At the threshold he stopped and looked back. The girl could not resist the magnetism of his dark eyes. She was momentarily fascinated, and her heart beat painfully.

"If only I might go with the memory of your forgiveness," he said.

"I forgive you."

"Thank you." Then Karloff resolutely proceeded; the portière fell behind him. Shortly after she heard the sound of closing doors, the rattle of a carriage, and then all became still. Thus the handsome barbarian passed from the scene.

The colonel resumed his chair, his arm propped on a knee and his head bowed in his hand. Quickly the girl fell to her knees, hid her face on his breast, and, regardless of the groom's presence, silently wept.

"My poor child!" faltered the colonel. "God could not have intended to give you so wretched a father. Poverty and dishonor, poverty and dishonor; I who love you so well have brought you these!"

Warburton, biting his trembling lips, tiptoed cautiously to the window, opened it and stepped outside. He raised his fevered face gratefully to the icy rain. A great and noble plan had come to him.

As Mrs. Chadwick said, love is magnificent only when it gives all without question.

XXIV

Karloff remained in seclusion till the following Tuesday; after that day he was seen no more in Washington. From time to time some news of him filters through the diplomatic circles of half a dozen capitals to Washington. The latest I heard of him, he was at Port Arthur. It was evident that Russia valued his personal address too highly to exile him because of his failure in Washington. Had he threatened or gone about noisily, we should all have forgotten him completely. As it is, the memory of him to-day is as vivid as his actual presence. Thus, I give him what dramatists call an agreeable exit.

I was in the Baltimore and Potomac station the morning after that unforgettable night at Senator Blank's house. I had gone there to see about the departure of night trains, preparatory to making a flying trip to New York, and was leaving the station when a gloved hand touched me on the arm. The hand belonged to Mrs. Chadwick. She was dressed in the conventional traveling gray, and but for the dark lines under her eyes she would

have made a picture for any man to admire. She looked tired, very tired, as women look who have not slept well.

"Good morning, Mr. Orator," she said, saluting me with a smile.

"You are going away?" I asked, shaking her hand cordially.

"Way, 'way, away! I am leaving for Nice, where I expect to spend the winter. I had intended to remain in Washington till the holidays; but I plead guilty to a roving disposition, and I frequently change my mind."

"Woman's most charming prerogative," said I, gallantly.

What a mask the human countenance is! How little I dreamed that I was jesting with a woman whose heart was breaking, and numbed with a terrible pain!

Her maid came up to announce that everything was ready for her reception in the stateroom, and that the train was about to draw out of the station. Mrs. Chadwick and I bade each other good-by. Two years passed before I saw her again.

At eleven o'clock I returned to my rooms to pack a case and have the thing off my mind. Tramping restlessly up and down before my bachelor apartment house I discerned M'sieu Zhames. His face was pale and troubled, but the angle of his jaw told me that he had determined upon something or other.

"Ha!" I said, railingly. He wore a decently respectable suit of ready-made clothes. "Lost your job and want me to give you a recommendation?"

"I want a few words with you, Chuck, and no fooling. Don't say that you can't spare the time. You've simply *got* to."

"With whom am I to talk, James the groom, or Warburton the gentleman?"

"You are to talk with the man whose sister you are to marry."

I became curious, naturally. "No police affair?"

"No, it's not the police. I can very well go to a lawyer, but I desire absolute secrecy. Let us go up to your rooms."

I led the way. I was beginning to desire to know what all this meant.

"Has anybody recognized you?" I asked, unlocking the door to my apartment.

"No; and I shouldn't care a hang if they had."

"Oho!"

Warburton flung himself into a chair and lighted a cigar. He puffed it rapidly, while I got together my shaving and toilet sets.

"Start her up," said I.

"Chuck, when my father died he left nearly a quarter of a million in five per cents; that is to say, Jack, Nancy and I were given a yearly income of about forty-five hundred. Nancy's portion and mine are still in bonds which do not mature till 1900. Jack has made several bad investments, and about half of his is gone; but his wife has plenty, so his losses do not trouble him. Now, I have been rather frugal during the past seven years. I have lived entirely upon my Army pay. I must have something like twenty-five thousand lying in the bank in New York. On Monday, between three and four o'clock, Colonel Annesley will become practically a beggar, a pauper."

"What?" My shaving-mug slipped from my hand and crashed to the floor, where it lay in a hundred pieces.

"Yes. He and his daughter will not have a roof of their own: all gone, every stick and stone. Don't ask me any questions; only do as I ask of you." He took out his check-book and filled out two blanks. These he handed to me. "The large one I want you to place in the Gold bank, to the credit of Colonel Annesley."

I looked at the check. "Twenty thousand dollars?" I gasped.

"The Gold bank has this day discounted the colonel's note. It falls due on Monday. In order to meet it, he will have to sell what is left of the Virginian estate and his fine horses. The interest will be inconsiderable."

"What . . ." I began, but he interrupted me.

"I shall not answer a single question. The check for three thousand is for the purchase of the horses, which will be put on sale Saturday morning. They are easily worth this amount. Through whatever agency you please, buy these horses for me, but not in my name. As for the note, cash my check first and present the currency for the note. No one will know anything about it then. You can not trace money."

"Good Lord, Bob, you are crazy! You are giving away a fortune," I remonstrated.

"It is my own, and my capital remains untouched."

"Have you told her that you love her? Does she know who you are?" I was very much excited.

"No," sadly, "I haven't told her that I love her. She does not know who I am. What is more, I never want her to know. I have thrown my arms roughly around her, thinking her to be Nancy, and have kissed her. Some reparation is due her. On Monday I shall pack up quietly and return to the West."

"Annesley beggared? What in heaven's name does this all mean?" I was confounded.

"Some day, Chuck, when you have entered the family properly as my sister's husband, perhaps I may confide to you. At present the secret isn't mine. Let it suffice that through peculiar circumstances, the father of the girl I love is ruined. I am not doing this for any theatrical play, gratitude and all that rot," with half a smile. "I admire and respect Colonel Annesley; I love his daughter, hopelessly enough. I have never been of much use to any one. Other persons' troubles never worried me to any extent; I was happy-go-lucky, careless and thoughtless. True, I never passed a beggar without dropping a coin into his cup. But often this act was the result

of a good dinner and a special vintage. The twenty thousand will keep the colonel's home, the house his child was born in, her mother before her. I am doing this crazy thing, as you call it, because it is going to make me rather happy. I shall disappear Monday. They may or they may not suspect who has come to their aid. They may even trace the thing to you; but you will be honor-bound to reveal nothing. When you have taken up the note, mail it to Annesley. You will find Count Karloff's name on it."

"Karloff?" I was in utter darkness.

"Yes. Annesley borrowed twenty thousand of him on a three months' note. Both men are well known at the Gold bank, Karloff having a temporary large deposit there, and Annesley always having done his banking at the same place. Karloff, for reasons which I can not tell you, did not turn in the note till this morning. You will take it up this afternoon."

"Annesley, whom I believed to be a millionaire, penniless; Karloff one of his creditors? Bob, I do not think that you are treating me fairly. I can't go into this thing blindly."

"If you will not do it under these conditions, I shall have to find some one who will," resolutely.

I looked at the checks and then at him. . . . Twenty-three thousand dollars! It was more than I ever before held in my hand at one time. And he was giving it away as carelessly as I should have given away a dime. Then the bigness of the act, the absolute disinterestedness of it, came to me suddenly.

"Bob, you are the finest lover in all the world! And if Miss Annesley ever knows who you are, she isn't a woman if she does not fall immediately in love with you." I slapped him on the shoulder. I was something of a lover myself, and I could understand.

"She will never know. I don't want her to know. That is why I am going away. I want to do a good deed, and be

left in the dark to enjoy it. That is all. After doing this, I could never look her in the eyes as Robert Warburton. I shall dine with the folks on Sunday. I shall confess all only to Nancy, who has always been the only confidante I have ever had among the women."

There was a pause. I could bring no words to my lips. Finally I stammered out: "Nancy knows. I told her everything last night. I broke my word with you, Bob, but I could not help it. She was crying again over what she thinks to be your heartlessness. I *had* to tell her."

"What did she say?" rising abruptly.

"She laughed, and I do not know when I have seen her look so happy. There'll be a double wedding yet, my boy." I was full of enthusiasm.

"I wish I could believe you, Chuck; I wish I could. I'm rather glad you told Nan. I love her, and I don't want her to worry about me." He gripped my hand. "You will do just as I ask?"

"To the very letter. Will you have a little Scotch to perk you up a bit? You look rather seedy."

"No," smiling dryly. "If she smelt liquor on my breath I should lose my position. Good by, then, till Sunday."

I did not go to New York that night. I forgot all about going. Instead, I went to Nancy, to whom I still go whenever I am in trouble or in doubt.

XXV

Friday morning.

Miss Annesley possessed more than the ordinary amount of force and power of will. Though the knowledge of it was not patent to her, she was a philosopher. She always submitted gracefully to the inevitable. She was religious, too, feeling assured that God would provide. She did not go about the house, moaning and weeping; she simply studied all sides of the calamity, and looked around to see

what could be saved. There were moments when she was even cheerful. There were no new lines in her face; her eyes were bright and eager. All persons of genuine talent look the world confidently in the face; they know exactly what they can accomplish. As Karloff had advised her, she did not trouble herself about the future. Her violin would support her and her father, perhaps in comfortable circumstances. The knowledge of this gave her a silent happiness, that kind which leaves upon the face a serene and beautiful calm.

At this moment she stood on the veranda, her hand shading her eyes. She was studying the sky. The afternoon would be clear; the last ride should be a memorable one. The last ride! Tears blurred her eyes and there was a smothering sensation in her throat. The last ride! After to-day Jane would have a new, strange mistress. If only she might go to this possible mistress and tell her how much she loved the animal, to obtain from her the promise that she would be kind to it always. How mysteriously the human heart spreads its tendrils around the objects of its love! What is there in the loving of a dog or a horse that, losing one or the other, an emptiness is created? Perhaps it is because the heart goes out wholly and without distrust to the faithful, to the undeceiving, to the dumb but loving beast, which, for all its strength, is so helpless.

She dropped her hand and spoke to James, who was waiting near by for her orders.

"James, you will have Pierre fill a saddle-hamper; two plates, two knives and forks, and so forth. We shall ride in the north country this afternoon. It will be your last ride. To-morrow the horses will be sold." How bravely she said it!

"Yes, Miss Annesley." Whom were they going to meet in the north country? "At what hour shall I bring the horses around?"



Drawn by Harrison Fisher

"DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOU HAVE NOT GUESSED THE RIDER?"

"At three o'clock, promptly, James."

She entered the house and directed her steps to the study. She found her father arranging the morning's mail. She drew up a chair beside him, and ran through her own letters. An invitation to lunch with Mrs. the Secretary of State; she tossed it into the waste-basket. A dinner-dance at the Country Club, a ball at the Brazilian Legation, a tea at the German Embassy, a box party at some coming play, an informal dinner at the Executive Mansion; one by one they fluttered into the basket. A bill for winter furs, a bill from the dressmaker, one from the milliner, one from the glover, and one from the florist; these she laid aside, reckoning their sum-total, and frowning. How could she have been so extravagant? She chanced to look at her father. He was staring rather stupidly at a slip of paper which he held in his trembling fingers.

"What is it?" she asked, vaguely troubled.

"I do not understand," he said, extending the paper for her inspection.

Neither did she at first.

"Karloff has not done this," went on her father, "for it shows that he has had it discounted at the bank. It is canceled; it is paid. I did not have twenty thousand in the bank; I did not have even a quarter of that amount to my credit. There has been some mistake. Our real-estate agent expects to realize on the home not earlier than Monday morning. In case it was not sold then, he was to take up the note personally. This is not his work, or I should have been notified." Then, with a burst of grief: "Betty, my poor Betty! How can you forgive me? How can I forgive myself?"

"Father, I am brave. Let us forget. It will be better so."

She kissed his hand and drew it lovingly across her cheek. Then she rose and moved toward the light. She studied the note carefully. There was nothing on

it save Karloff's writing and her father's and the red imprint of the bank's cancellation. Out of the window and beyond she saw James leading the horses to the watering trough. Her face suddenly grew crimson with shame, and as suddenly as it came the color faded. She folded the note and absently tucked it into the bosom of her dress. Then, as if struck by some strange thought, her figure grew tense and rigid against the blue background of the sky. The glow which stole over her features this time had no shame in it, and her eyes shone like the waters of sunlit seas. It must never be; no, it must never be.

"We shall make inquiries at the bank," she said. "And do not be downcast, father; the worst is over. What mistakes you have made are forgotten. The future looks bright to me."

"Through innocent young eyes the future is ever bright; but as we age we find most of the sunshine on either side, and we stand in the shadow between. Brave heart, I glory in your courage. God will provide for you; He will not let my shadow fall upon you. Yours shall be the joy of living, mine shall be the pain. God bless you! I wonder how I shall ever meet your mother's accusing eyes?"

"Father, you *must* not dwell upon this any longer; for my sake you must not. When everything is paid there will be a little left, enough till I and my violin find something to do. After all, the world's applause must be a fine thing. I can even now see the criticisms in the great newspapers. 'A former young society woman, well known in the fashionable circles of Washington, made her *début* as a concert player last night. She is a stunning young person.' 'A young queen of the diplomatic circles, here and abroad, appeared in public as a violinist last night. She is a member of the most exclusive sets, and society was out to do her homage.' 'One of Washington's brilliant young horsewomen,' and so forth. Away down

at the bottom of the column, somewhere, they will add that I play the violin rather well for an amateur." In all her trial, this was the one bitter expression, and she was sorry for it the moment it escaped her.

Happily her father was not listening. He was wholly absorbed in the mystery of the canceled note.

She had mounted Jane and was gathering up the reins, while James strapped on the saddle-hamper. This done, he climbed into the saddle and signified by touching his cap that all was ready. So they rode forth in the sweet freshness of that November afternoon. A steady wind was blowing, the compact white clouds sailed swiftly across the brilliant heavens, the leaves whispered and fluttered, hither and thither, wherever the wind listed; it was the day of days. It was the last ride, and fate owed them the compensation of a beautiful afternoon.

The last ride! Warburton's mouth drooped. Never again to ride with her! How the thought tightened his heart! What a tug it was going to be to give her up! But so it must be. He could never face her gratitude. He must disappear, like the good fairies in the story-books. If he left now, and she found out what he had done, she would always think kindly of him, even tenderly. At twilight, when she took out her violin and played soft measures, perhaps a thought or two would be given to him. After what had happened, this contemptible masquerading and the crisis through which her father had just passed, it would be impossible for her to love him. She would always regard him with suspicion, as a witness of her innocent shame.

He recalled the two wooden plates in the hamper. Whom was she going to meet? Ah, well, what mattered it? After to-day the abyss of eternity would yawn between them. How he loved her! How he adored the exquisite profile, the warm-

tinted skin, the shining hair! . . . And he had lost her! Ah, that last ride!

The girl was holding her head high because her heart was full. No more to ride on a bright morning, with the wind rushing past her, bringing the odor of the grasses, of the flowers, of the earth to tingle her nostrils; no more to follow the hounds on a winter's day, with the pack baying beyond the hedges, the gay, red-coated riders sweeping down the field; no more to wander through the halls of her mother's birthplace and her own. Like a breath on a mirror, all was gone. Why? What had *she* done to be flung down thus ruthlessly? She, who had been brought up in idleness and luxury, must turn her hands to a living! Without being worldly, she knew the world. Once she appeared upon the stage, she would lose caste among her kind. True, they would tolerate her, but no longer would her voice be heard or her word have weight.

Soon she would be tossed about on the whirlpool and swallowed up. Then would come the haggling with managers, long and tiresome journeys, gloomy hotels and indifferent fare, curious people who desired to see the one-time fashionable belle; her portraits would be lithographed and hung in shop-windows, in questionable resorts, and the privacy so loved by gentlewomen gone; and perhaps there would be insults. And she was only on the threshold of the twenties, the radiant, blooming twenties!

During the long ride (for they covered something like seven miles) not a word was spoken. The girl was abiding her time; the man had nothing to voice. They were going through the woods, when they came upon a clearing through which a narrow brook loitered or sallied down the incline. She reined in and raised her crop. He was puzzled. So far as he could see, he and the girl were alone. The person, for whom, he reasoned, he had brought the second plate, was nowhere in sight.

A flat boulder lay at the side of the stream, and she nodded toward it. Warburton emptied the hamper and spread the cloth upon the stone. Then he laid out the salad, the sandwiches, the olives, the almonds, and two silver telescope-cups. All this time not a single word from either; Warburton, busied with his task, did not lift his eyes to her.

The girl had laid her cheek against Jane's nose, and two lonely tears trailed slowly down her velvety cheeks. Presently he was compelled to look at her and speak.

"Everything is ready, Miss." He spoke huskily. The sight of her tears gave him an indescribable agony.

She dropped the bridle-reins, brushed her eyes, and the sunshine of a smile broke through the troubled clouds.

"Mr. Warburton," she said gently, "let us not play any more. I am too sad. Let us hang up the masks, for the comedy is done."

XXVI

How silent the forest was! The brook no longer murmured, the rustle of the leaves was without sound. A spar of sunshine, filtering through the ragged limbs of the trees, fell aslant her, and she stood in an aureola. As for my hero, a species of paralysis had stricken him motionless and dumb. It was all so unexpected, all so sudden, that he had the sensation of being whirled away from reality and bundled unceremoniously into the unreal. . . . She knew, and had known! A leaf brushed his face, but he was senseless to the touch of it. All he had the power to do was to stare at her. . . . She knew, and had known!

Dick stepped into the brook and began to paw the water, and the intermission of speech and action came to an end.

"You . . . and you knew?" What a strange sound his voice had in his own ears!

"Yes. From the very beginning I knew you to be a gentleman in masquerade; that is to say, when I saw you in the police-court. The absence of the beard confused me at first, but presently I recognized the gentleman whom I had noticed on board the ship."

So she had noticed him?

"That night you believed me to be your sister Nancy. But I did not know this till lately. And the night I visited her she exhibited some photographs. Among these was a portrait of you without a beard."

Warburton started. And the thought that this might be the case had never trickled through his thick skull! How she must have laughed at him secretly!

She continued: "Even then I was not sure. But when Colonel Raleigh declared that you resembled a former lieutenant of his, then I knew." She ceased. She turned to her horse as if to gather the courage to go on; but Jane had her nose hidden in the stream, and was oblivious of her mistress's need.

He waited dully for her to resume, for he supposed that she had not yet done.

"I have humiliated you in a hundred ways, and for this I want you to forgive me. I sent the butler away for the very purpose of making you serve in his stead. But you were so good about it all, with never a murmur of rebellion, that I grew ashamed of my part in the comedy. But now . . ." Her eyes closed and her body swayed; but she clenched her hands, and the faintness passed away. "But for you my poor father would have been dishonored, and I should have been forced into the arms of a man whom I despise. Whenever I have humiliated you, you have returned the gift of a kind deed. You will forgive me?"

"Forgive you? There is nothing for me to forgive on my side, much on yours. It is you who should forgive me. What you have done I have deserved." His tongue was thick and dry. How much did she know?

"No, not wholly deserved it." She fumbled with the buttons of her waist; her eyes were so full that she could not see. She produced an oblong slip of paper.

When he saw it, a breath as of ice enveloped him. The thing she held out toward him was the canceled note. For a while he did me the honor to believe that I had betrayed him.

"I understand the kind and generous impulse which prompted this deed. Oh, I admire it, and I say to you, God bless you! But don't you see how impossible it is? It can not be; no, no! My father and I are proud. What we owe we shall pay. Poverty, to be accepted without plaint, must be without debts of gratitude. But it was noble and great of you; and I knew that you intended to run away without ever letting any one know."

"Who told you?"

"No one. I guessed it."

And he might have denied all knowledge of it!

"Won't you . . . won't you let it be as it is? I have never done anything worth while before, and this has made me happy. Won't you let me do this? Only you need know. I am going away on Monday, and it will be years before I see Washington again. No one need ever know."

"It is impossible!"

"Why?"

She looked away. In her mind's eye she could see this man leading a troop through a snow-storm. How the wind roared! How the snow whirled and eddied about them, or suddenly blotted them from the sight! But, on and on, resolutely, courageously, hopefully, he led them on to safety. . . . He was speaking, and the picture dissolved.

"Won't you let it remain just as it is?" he pleaded.

Her head moved negatively, and once more she extended the note. He took it and slowly tore it into shreds. With it he

was tearing up the dream and tossing it down the winds.

"The money will be placed to your credit at the bank on Monday. We can not accept such a gift from any one. You would not, I know. But always shall I treasure the impulse. It will give me courage in the future . . . when I am fighting alone."

"What are you going to do?"

"I? I am going to appear before the public," with assumed lightness; "I and my violin."

He struck his hands together. "The stage?" horrified.

"I must live," calmly.

"But a servant to public caprice? It ought not to be! I realize that I can not force you to accept my gift, but this I shall do: I shall buy in the horses and give them back to you."

"You musn't. I shall have no place to put them. Oh!" with a gesture full of despair and unshed tears, "why have you done all this? Why this mean masquerade, this submitting to the humiliations I have contrived for you, this act of generosity? Why?"

Perhaps she knew the answers to her own questions, but, womanlike, wanted to be told.

And at that moment, though I am not sure, I believe Warburton's guarding angel gave him some secret advice.

"You ask me why I have played the fool in the motley?" finding the strength of his voice. "Why I have submitted in silence to your just humiliations? Why I have acted what you term generously? Do you mean to tell me that you have not guessed the riddle?"

She turned her delicate head aside and switched the grasses with her riding-crop.

"Well," flinging aside his cap, which he had been holding in his hand, "I will tell you. I wanted to be near you. I wanted to be, what you made me, your servant. It is the one great happiness that I have known. I have done all these

things because . . . because, God help me, I love you! Yes, I love you, with every beat of my heart!" lifting his head proudly. Upon his face love had put the hallowed seal. "Do not turn your head away, for my love is honest. I ask nothing, nothing; I expect nothing. I know that it is hopeless. What woman could love a man who has made himself ridiculous in her eyes, as I have made myself in yours?" bitterly.

"No, not ridiculous; never that!" she interrupted, her face still averted.

He strode toward her hastily, and for a moment her heart almost ceased to beat. But all he did was to kneel at her feet and kiss the hem of her riding-skirt. He rose hurriedly.

"God bless you, and good-by!" He knew that if he remained he would lose all control, crush her madly in his arms, and hurt her lips with his despairing kisses. He had not gone a dozen paces, when he heard her call pathetically. He stopped.

"Mr. Warburton, surely you are not going to leave me here alone with the horses?"

"Pardon me, I did not think! I am confused!" he blundered.

"You are modest, too." Why is it that, at the moment a man succumbs to his embarrassment, a woman rises above hers? "Come nearer," a command which he obeyed with some hesitation. "You have been a groom, a butler, all for the purpose of telling me that you love me. Listen. Love is like a pillar based upon a dream: one by one we lay the stones of beauty, of courage, of faith, of honor, of steadfastness. We wake, and how the beautiful pillar tumbles about our ears! What right have you to build your pillar upon a dream of me? What do you know of the real woman, for I have all the faults and virtues of the sex; what do you know of me? How do you know that I am not selfish? that I am constant? that I am worthy a man's loving?"

"Love is not like Justice, with a pair

of scales to weigh this or that. I do not ask *why* I love you; the knowledge is all I need. And you are *not* selfish, instant, and God knows that you are worth loving. As I said, I ask for nothing."

"On the other hand," she continued, as if she had not heard his interpolation, "I know you thoroughly. I have had evidence of your courage, your steadfastness, your unselfishness. Do not misunderstand me. I am proud that you love me. This love of yours, which asks for no reward, only the right to confess, ought to make any good woman happy, whether she loved or not. And you would have gone away without telling me, even!"

"Yes." He dug into the earth with his riding-boot. If only she knew how she was crucifying him!

"Why were you going away without telling me?"

He was dumb.

Her arms and eyes, uplifted, appealed to heaven. "What shall I say? How shall I make him understand?" she murmured. "You love me, and you ask for nothing? Is it because in spirit my father has committed a crime?" growing tall and darting a proud glance at him.

"Good heaven, do not believe that!" he cried.

"What *am* I to believe?" tapping the ground with her boot so that the spur jingled.

A pause.

"Mr. Warburton, do you know what a woman loves in a man? I will tell you the secret. She loves courage, constancy, and honor, purpose that surmounts obstacles; she loves pursuit; she loves the hour of surrender. Every woman builds her a castle of romance and waits for Prince Charming to enter, and once he does, there must be a game of hide and seek. Perhaps I have built my castle of romance, too. I wait for Prince Charming, and . . . a man comes, dressed as a groom. There has been a game of hide

and seek, but somehow he has tripped. Will you not ask me if I love you?"

"No, no! I understand. I do not want your gratitude. You are meeting generosity with generosity. I do not want your gratitude," brokenly. "I want your love, every thought of your mind, every beat of your heart. Can you give me these, honestly?"

She drew off a glove. Her hand became lost in her bosom. When she drew it forth she extended it, palm upward. Upon it lay a faded, withered rose. Once more she turned her face away.

He was at her side, and the hand and rose were crushed between his two hands.

"Can you give what I ask? Your love, your thoughts, your heart-beats?"

It was her turn to remain dumb.

"Can you?" He drew her toward him, perhaps roughly, being unconscious of his strength and the nervous energy which the sight of the rose had called into being.

"Can we give those things which are . . . already . . . given?"

Only Warburton and the angels, or rather the angels and Warburton, to get at the chronological order of things, heard her, so low had grown her voice.

You may tell any kind of secret to a horse; the animal will never betray you. Warburton would never tell me what followed; and I am too sensible to hang around the horses in hopes of catching them in the act of talking over the affair among themselves. But I can easily imagine this bit of equine dialogue:

Jane: Did you ever see such foolishness?

Dick: Never! And with all this good grass about!

Whatever *did* follow caused the girl to

murmur: "This is the lover I love; this is the lover I have been waiting for in my castle of romance. I am glad that I have lost all worldly things; I am glad, glad! When did you first learn that you loved me?"

(Old, very old; thousands of years old, and will grow to be many thousand years older. But from woman's lips it is the sweetest question man ever heard.)

"At the Gare du Nord, in Paris; the first time I saw you."

"And you followed me across the ocean?" wonderingly.

"And when did you first learn that you loved me?" he asked.

(Oh, the trite phrases of lovers' litany.)

"When I saw you in the police-court. Mercy! what a scandal! I am to marry my butler!"

Jane: They are laughing!

Dick: That is better than weeping. Besides, they will probably walk us home. (Wise animal!)

He was not only wise but prophetic. The lovers *did* walk the horses home. Hand in hand they came back along the road, through the flame and flush of the ripening year. The god of light burned in the far west, blending the brown earth with his crimson radiance, while the purple shadows of the approaching dusk grew larger and larger. The man turned.

"What a beautiful world it is!" he said.

"I begin to find it so," replied the girl, looking not at the world but at him.

THE END

Postscript:

I believe they sent William back for the saddle-hamper and my jehu's cap.



"When all the world was young, lad"

A VISIT TO THE FARM

Drawn by WILL VAWTER

AND REPRODUCED IN FIVE COLORS



III. HARD AT WORK

IV. AT THE DAY'S END



Other drawings in this series will appear in December



THE READER MAGAZINE

III. HARD AT WORK

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IV. AT THE DAY'S END





SCENE FROM JOHN DREW'S SUCCESSFUL NEW PLAY "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE"

"is 'Once a widow, always cautious,'" and ringing the change on this same idea, she adds later: "One's reputation is the result of caution."

Then comes the Duke, despairing of ever winning the lady Henrietta; alone with Welby, his friend of the Chumley type, he finds little responsiveness:

"I'm utterly, hopelessly wretched," he cries.

"I told you not to eat iced truffles," is the rejoinder.

"I didn't. I wish I had. No. It's my heart that's wrong."

"Then give up smoking."

"Fool!"

"Fool! Well, birds of a feather flock together, -and here we are!"

"Seriously; I am at my wits' end," pleads the Duke.

"Oh, well, it's always darkest before the dawn."

"Dark, dawn? I wasn't talking about the weather."

This is the Marshall pace; and the characters are admirably cast; we doubt whether a more keen-spirited quartette could be

brought together than Mr. Drew, Miss Dale, Miss Brough, and Mr. Gottschalk.

MRS. Violet Jacobs, author of "The Interloper," may fall short as a love-romancer, but she has a very pretty notion of eccentricity; and, take it for all in all, the eccentric characters of fiction outlast the lovers by several generations. "The Interlopers" is worth reading, if only to become acquainted with a horse-riding, frowsy gentlewoman with a red wig, a great heart and an inimitable manner of expressing herself, who furnishes the caustic wit and the one profound touch of pathos in the book. To see her at the County Fair, seated on a blooded mare, and queen-ing it over the country folk, is a sight indeed, as it is to witness her impetuous delight at seeing before her eyes, for sale, a water butt of the exact description which she has long desired in which to drown puppies. "Ride, Robert, ride, for God's sake, and buy the water butt!" she cries to her escort, who forthwith, knowing the ardor of her desires, sets spur to horse and secures the coveted article.



CHARLES WAGNER
Author of "The Simple Life"

IT is not surprising that M. Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," finds in America his best audience. He has never had the typical French mind. The profound conscientiousness, the subjectivity of his thought—never morbid—are characteristics of the English mind, as so frank a critic as M. Taine was wont to concede. M. Wagner, it is reported, is not a great celebrity in his own country, but there is no denying that here in America he has attained a popularity as an essayist and moral guide second only to Maeterlinck.

THE satisfaction will be universal when it is learned that Joseph Conrad's coming novel, "Nostromo, a Tale of the Seaboard," unlike his preceding one, is to be all his own. The partnership of Mr. Conrad and Mr. Hueffer, like most literary partnerships, was a thing to be regretted. A book is, after all, no matter what its subject, an exposition of temperament, and the

enjoyment which the reader has in it springs from the sensation of being made acquainted with an unusual, or if the book be great, with a dominating personality. It is an acquaintance of an intimate sort, in which the reader gives as little or as much as he pleases—appreciation being his part of the contract—and the writer gives all that he has in him to give. But the reader, though he is so indulged and personally so reticent, like all selfish persons, exacts a great deal. He wishes for a continuity, not only of ideas, but of personality, of what, for lack of a better word, may be termed magnetism. He is annoyed at the overlapping of one intellectual photograph upon another. His impressions are blurred. He suffers from confusion, from a sense of not being taken into the confidence of the writer, and from the feeling that he is being played with. The wise reader believes in his books. Once he resigns himself to a biography, a history or a novel, he puts himself more or less in the position of a little child and desires to be credulous. It is through his credulity and his unquestioning confidence that he derives his pleasure. But how shall he put confidence in two relators who supplement each other, yet seem not in perfect accord as to their conception of characters, or their understanding of a psychical situation, or their agreement about the arrangement of the hero's house? The unreality of the tale obtrudes itself. It is no longer as a ship, full-rigged, with swelling sails, pounding along before the breeze; but a miserable makeshift of a craft, her ribs half covered, her rigging wrong, tumbling in the trough and bound for no port!

It is easy to understand that in some felicitous hour, two fellow writers, full of after-dinner beneficence, may agree to collaborate; but they do themselves an injustice, and they lose the regard of the public.

THE death of Mrs. Kate Chopin removes from the West one of its most talented writers. Mrs. Chopin was an artist of exquisite refinement, the beauty and singularity of whose work passed unnoticed, or all but unnoticed in a day of the swift triumph of more spectacular work. Her home was in St. Louis, where she moved with the

French rather than the American group, but found in neither, perhaps, the companions who would incite her to sustained work. Her talent was treated by her and probably by her friends as something casual, whereas it was so fine a thing as to deserve comparison with that of George W. Cable. It is not because their subjects were similar that this comparison is suggested so much as because of the finish and fascination of their work. Both had a trick of insinuating rather than baldly relating a fact; both knew how to give a quality of elegance to a character without specifying that it was elegance, and both could present a simple situation in such a manner as to make it dramatic. Both were deficient in plots; both were at their best in their delineation of naïve characters. Mrs. Chopin's published books ought to have been supplemented by others; but she was a sensitive and a proud woman, and the indifference of the public to work which she must have known was of an exceptional quality, discouraged her. She practically ceased to write. Had she lived in the East or in England, or had she written twenty years ago, her fine abilities would have brought her appreciation. But she chanced upon an expository time, and her beautiful and finished miniatures took up too small a space on walls devoted to striking and gawdy canvases, for them to receive their due.

"SCIENCE and Immortality" is the interesting subject of an essay soon to appear by Dr. William Osler of Johns Hopkins Hospital. It is not known by the writer that Dr. Osler's contention will be the proof of immortality, or of inextinguishable continuity by means of mathematics; but such a proposition has received enthusiastic consideration by a certain well-known back-yard astronomer, and it is likely that Dr. Osler may have undertaken the same problem. Dr. Osler has been asked to join the faculty of Oxford University, England. He has the especial approval of King Edward to succeed Sir John Burdon Sanderson, a very distinguished physician, as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. This honorable recognition of Dr. Osler's abilities follows that of Harvard in granting him its highest honorary degree.

LILIAN Bell is a clever writer of conversation, and "At Home With the Jardines," her new novel, is said to exploit this entertaining talent of hers. The pertinent inquiry and the swift retort are instinctive with her. She can "build"—as the gown-makers say—a provocative and diverting book.

"ANNA, the Adventuress" has gone into the fourth edition in America and the third in England. Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has as adroit a fashion of handling London life, as Benson or Hichens. Nothing succeeds better than cleverness. It is the age of electricity, and displays of illuminations are popular.

ROSALIND Richards, the daughter of that charming story teller, Mrs. Laura E. Richards, has taken to book writing, which is not surprising considering her mother, and the fact that her grandmother is Julia Ward Howe. Her first venture is a collection of stories for children called "The Nursery Fire."



ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

Author of "The President" reviewed elsewhere

"THACKERAY'S Letters to an American Family," which have been running in the *Cornhill Magazine*, are to appear in book form. These letters were addressed to the family of Mr. George Baxter, of New York City, a home where the novelist found a welcome which he appreciated. The introduction and notes to the book are by Miss Lucy Baxter; and many characteristic drawings and little odd sketches and comments made by the author of "Vanity Fair" are reproduced.

IT is reported that the advance orders on "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and others, twice made it necessary to enlarge the size of the first edition, previous to the appearance of the book upon the market. "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm" has been translated into German.

KATE Douglas Wiggin, the Misses Jane and Mary Findlater, and "Allan McAulay" are answerable for "The Affair at the Inn." Critics have pronounced it a success, and the unusual instance of a collaboration of four authors prompts the query: "How did they do it?"

Far south in Devon, in beautiful Torquay, these four women, well known in the literary world, met last summer at "Mount Stuart," the villa of the Misses Findlater, and there they were wont to hold converse over the teacups on matters of life and literature. One day, when this Woman's Parliament was in session, Mrs. Wiggin, voicing, as usual, the inventive spirit of America, suddenly cried: "Here are we, four authors, idling away these sunny days when we might, by putting our combined wits together, be producing some little comedy of life and manners, and amusing ourselves hugely at the same time." The other three were reluctant to accept the idea. Argument and comment followed, broken in a few minutes by other matters, and destined not to be resumed until the whole party had left Torquay for the moors and secluded themselves in a Devonshire farmhouse.

One memorable morning, soon after their arrival, when the storm of wind and rain was so fierce as to make walking or driving impossible, the indomitable Mrs. Wiggin returned to the attack begun in Torquay.

"This is too stupid!" she cried. "Let us at least play a literary game and make a story for fun!" She produced pencils and paper and, deaf to the remonstrances of her fellow authors, forced the tools of their trade upon them.

"The scene of our story is to be an inn on Dartmoor," she insisted. "Four travelers meet at this hostelry, and there the romance will be marked out. Each one of us must take a character, explain it, introduce it at the inn, and the story will be begun. We will take half an hour for the first scene." In a moment all was silence, save for the buzz of pencils and rustle of paper. The half-hour over, the authors' reading began. Each one protested, of course, that she had done nothing worth while and had had no ideas; but as the reading went on modesty became a thing of the past, and peals of laughter greeted each new record.

Behold, the relationships had established themselves! The pieces had fallen into line for the immortal game of "Love's Checkmate." Virginia Pomeroy, a Richmond (U. S. A.) beauty; Mrs. Macgill, an inconsequential invalid of Tunbridge Wells; Cecelia, her downtrodden companion; and lastly, a hero with a mouth-filling name, Sir Archibald Maxwell Mackenzie of Kindarroch!—such was the beginning of the story.

Enthusiasm continued to burn. Walking or driving, the little moorland comedy was constantly under discussion, and the favorite diversion was the writing of a chapter. The general plan of procedure at each sitting was to read what had been written up to date, and then talk over and decide upon the next event. That point settled, each author wrote her own version of the episode, and all were read and compared at the close of the sitting.

The readings were always times of great amusement. The pieces on the board woke to life and took matters into their own hands. Sir Archibald was "dour," and Mrs. Macgill grew so spiteful that it became next to impossible to live under the same roof with her.

But finally the king and queen assumed their rightful places; the knights and pawns supported their lord and the bishop announced the banns,—and thus the little comedy came to a happy end.



Yours very sincerely
Kate Douglas Wiggin
1904

A NEW book of poems is to appear from the pen of Mary Mapes Dodge. The title is a modest one—"Poems and Verses." It consists of a gathering together of the best product of her pen for many years.

OCCASIONALLY we are given sporadic productions of our great dramatists; yet the present generation of Americans still remains in ignorance of the world's greatest plays. We glance over a year's repertoire of the Comédie Française, and recognize Racine, Corneille, and Molière side by side with modern playwrights. But to most of the American play-going peoples, to mention *Les Précieuses Ridicules* would be to name an unknown quantity. We have no National Theater at present; still, we believe a manager would find more profit in a brisk translation of Molière than in "Military Mad" and "Jack's Little Surprise," the first of the season's failures. In lieu of good plays we are often given bad plays, and the old masterpieces, though new to us, are passed by. But between the antipodes of our modern pleasure, that is to say, between spectacular and farce on the one hand, and society plays and Ibsenism on the other, is there not some room for the world's great dramas?

MR. Leslie W. Quirk has written a book about "How to Write a Short Story." Without paying much attention to style he addresses himself to plot, which he seems to consider all important. After outlining several ideas which he thinks are taking in character he says:

"Suppose the girl over there should come to you, silently and mysteriously, and place a roll of greenbacks in your hand, with the words, 'To pay for your burial.' How would it end?"

"Or suppose you stumbled over that bush there and dropped into a deep hole, where you lay, far below the surface, listening to the drip! drip! of water near you. And suppose you became thirsty, and crawled nearer for a drink, and instead of water found a stream of red blood gurgling among the rocks."

And he wishes to know how you would explain that. If you did explain it vivaciously enough, you would have, according to his ideas, a good short story.

Mr. Quirk advises against the use of the first person and of dialect, and of the letter or diary form. He would have the short story the relation of associated incident. As to selling the story after it is written, he says: "Study the market."

The subject of plots is a provocative one, and a number of authors have written about it, some seriously, and others whimsically. Mr. Bernard Capes published an article on the subject. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has a fanciful chapter in his "Ponkapog Papers" on plots, the following being weird enough to tempt the excursive and adventurous writer to take a throw at the subject, so to speak. "Imagine," he says, "all human beings swept off the face of the earth, excepting one man. Imagine this man in some vast city—New York or London. Imagine him on the third or fourth day of his solitude sitting in a house and hearing a ring at his doorbell!"

Poe and Hawthorne both left memoranda of remarkable ideas for stories which they never used, and it is suggested that some of our hard-pressed writers who begin their stories in a vacuum and end them in a limbo, would do well to utilize them to their own salvation and the mitigation of world's woe on the part of their readers.

The writer cherishes one or two very good ideas for stories, which he offers in confidence. One is that of an incident witnessed on the streets of Boston. Two well-dressed, fine-looking women were seen walking along the crowded thoroughfare in broad daylight, tugging between them a heavy trunk. They were not laughing, they did not look distressed. They merely "toted" the trunk, which was far beyond their strength to carry, and their faces made no apology for the act, though they walked a long way, and when last seen were continuing their journey undisturbed by the amazed scrutiny of the passers-by. Another incident occurred in a church in Boston, where a distinguished divine was preaching to a large audience. A woman arose from her seat, came forward, and interrupted the sermon by addressing some remark to the preacher. He stopped in astonishment, leaned forward and asked her to repeat her remark. When she had done so she returned to her seat and the sermon was continued.

There are other ideas waiting at the same source for authors out of subjects, and they may be had upon application. Also titles, of which there is a long list awaiting the appropriate tale, "A Fearsome Foursome" being the title of a golf story—just by way of example—which there has not yet been time to write. Of course only the belief that this confidence is made to friends too scrupulous to betray these ideas to any save those capable of utilizing them in the best way, induces the writer to make this frank mention of them.

MARY Manning, author of "Judith of the Plains," is working on a group of Western stories. These are to appear in *Harper's Magazine*. Miss Manning has a love of things extraordinary and treats her west with a bold jocularly that suits it well. It must be confessed that "Judith of the Plains," diverting as it was, lacked unity, and that the heroine almost disappeared from view behind a crowd of more fascinating and surprising characters, but Miss Manning did as well as most with her first novel—did so well, indeed, that fiction lovers are eager to see something else from her pen. In the short story she will be at her best.

O. HENRY had been writing—and well—for three or four years, but had met with no very wide recognition, until a certain story of his seemed, somehow or other, to light a fuse and the boom went off, and has been lively ever since. Not that it all depends on his name. "While the Auto Waits," one of his stories, he signed James L. Bliss. An editor of one of the thirty-five-cent magazines wrote James L. Bliss (the first time O. Henry had used the name) that he had been following all "Bliss'" work with great interest, and would like to see some of it. The fact that it was unrecognizable is hardly strange, so varied is O. Henry's talent. Though he lives now quietly in New York, his life has been full of diverse incident. He has as many to tell, and as strange stories as Othello. Perhaps it is a case of "passion remembered in tranquillity." Experiences in the South and West, and South America, and even as a druggist have left their ef-

fects in no end of material. In New York, moreover, his eye is sharp and he has lately been training his humor on metropolitan subjects,—in weekly stories for the *New York Sunday World*. He is somewhat of a recluse, being quite in earnest and quite consistent about keeping his real name quiet, except among his real friends. His



JANE AND MARY FINDLATER
Collaborators in "The Affair at the Inn"

manuscripts are remarkable in that, once they are penned, he seems rarely to change even a line. Rather slowly he composes, but surely; and his hand-written pages are a reproach to typewriters. In fact, some time before his latter-day success, his exquisite manuscripts were a bit of a tradition among editors. In conversation,

his humor is as apt and droll as in his writing; it is quiet and dry and crops out in unexpected places, with little or no facial indication. To be a victim of it is first bewildered, then relish; but always pleasurable.

IN the luxuriant and eloquent pages of "Rachel Marr," Morley Roberts' fine novel, appears the identical proposition which furnishes the central idea of that amazing literary production, Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman." The idea is that the woman rather than the man is the pursuer in love, and that her responsibilities toward the race, and the instincts which impel her to attain her destiny, are the vital force of the world, and the core of its activity. Woman is impelled by the most fundamental and dominating of laws, to preserve the race. She has arranged life so that man shall be her supporter and protector that she may realize her destiny. The arts,



SIR GILBERT PARKER

Whose new novel, "The Ladder of Swords," is noticed elsewhere

sciences, commerce, all the conveniences, are to minister to her pleasure, or are devices by which man appears to busy himself that he may conceal from himself, and more particularly from the woman, his comparative uselessness. This is the grotesque fashion in which Shaw presents an ancient idea, which chivalry has long since put out of sight. His book, witty, insolent, clever, true, false and astonishing, has called forth much curious criticism. But when Morley Roberts takes the same theme, dignifies it, poetizes it and presents it with almost religious conviction, the attitude of the reader toward the question is immediately changed.

The spirit is stirred as by the sound of anthem at such a sentence as that which Maeterlinck calls attention to the responsibility of the enamored maiden: "The first kiss of the betrothed is but the seal which thousands of hands, craving for birth, have impressed upon the lips of the mother they desire." But Shaw, by an alchemy of his own, degrades the idea, makes fantastic the conditions which he describes as "The tragi-comic love chase of the man by the woman," and gives to love a banal interpretation. Shaw is disagreeable, sometimes ridiculous and occasionally stupid. For proof of his stupidity, read the "Maxims of a Revolutionist" which supplement his "Man and Superman." But to pass from him, to Morley Roberts, it is not utterly out of the question that the half-conscious source of Mr. Roberts' book may have been the ideas of Shaw. But he has received and transmitted these ideas as they really are. Mr. Shaw is of the opinion that he is the master of the real and one of the few men who beholds facts and mentions them. But as men walked abroad clothed, so do ideas appear draped in the good garments of selection, tradition, and fancy, hung about with jewels of the spirit, made rich with the embroidery of association. The actual facts include these decorations and drappings. To divest them of these things is to present them as they never appear—is, in fact, to misrepresent the circumstances.

Mr. Roberts has taken the story of a young, beautiful and vital girl of the farmer class in Cornwall, and made her love an austere, intense and conscientious young dissenter of her own class. He mar-

ries his cousin to whom he has been espoused in youth, and chokes down his awakening love for Rachel Marr because of her Catholicism, her love of pleasure and his Puritan suspicion that marriage with her means indulgence in delight untempered with sorrow or duty. Circumstances reveal to each their mutual love. The wife of Antony Perran is cruel, tantalizing, suspicious and untruthful. Everything drives the lovers together, and the woman with instinct which sets at naught considerations of custom, openly grasps at love and joy. The man stands to his principles. The warfare of spirit goes on between the two, consuming them both in its ineffectual fires.

Follows a quotation: "What she thought, she knew not, for the body of man thinks not in words, which are a difficult art, but in the processes of the living matter which responds to the myriad rain of influences as the grass of the fields to the rain of heaven. She stayed on the height for a long while, and then leapt almost lightly down a cliff path and came to a golden crescent of sand by the tumbling seas. She sat on a jutting rib of rock and looked out upon the marching array of sparkling waters. As she dreamed and grew and let the sea and the wind have their way with her great heart, sometimes the thoughts that were in her came to the surface as strange creatures of the sea come up to breathe. Once she started and wondered why it was that her soul was so set upon Antony, and something within her said it was because he loved her and was unhappy. But she knew that deeper still there was knowledge that this passion was as inexplicable as time and eternity and space. For the affections of the living body are like the gift of time and space to man. By her affections she existed."

She accepted her destiny with a sense of utter fatality, and drank her dark draft of love to the lees—which were death. The book may not be a judicious one for the young, but there are also the old to be considered—those who, having passed the storms of life, have come into the curious joys of Olympus, and may sit upon the hills watching sinking ships and fighting men—aye, and impassioned women. Mr. Rob-



MRS. FISKE

Whose ambition to make her permanent stock company mean to the present generation what Wallack's and Daly's meant to the past seems likely to be realized

erts' achievement is a large one. His ardent document has been written at a white heat, and might have profited as a literary production, by some editing. But it rises above the close standards of the grammarians, and enters the realm of large and tragic poetry. Its theme is the theme of Tannhauser, of Faust,—of all the masterpieces since the Renaissance—and it is to be hoped that that peculiar scrupulosity which inclines some men to prepare their libraries as if for a juvenile school, will not militate against the success of a vital and profoundly moving composition.

CHICAGO, which is not easily startled, confessed to being so, when, in reading the death announcement of Colonel Ernest Ingraham, it learned that the deceased was the author of one thousand novels! A career so secretively conducted, so to speak, yet with such achievement, was,

indeed, amazing. Colonel Ingraham lived unostentatiously in Chicago, and exercised the most extraordinary energy, producing, on an average, almost four thousand words a day for the thirty-four years of his life as a professional writer. His work found its publication chiefly in family papers, where it usually appeared under a pen name. He made no hullabaloo about the fact that he chanced to be writing instead of dealing in soap or pickles, and went his busy way, earning about seven thousand dollars per annum, and obtruding himself upon no one. He was, in other words, a gentleman who was under the necessity of earning his living and who chanced to adopt writing. He was the author of a

number of plays, one of which, "Montezuma," ran for several years and is well known. He had an appetite for war, and after serving with the Confederacy during the Civil War, offered his services to the Khedive during the Soudanese struggle. He fought with Prussia in the war with France, and served with Cuba during the ten-year fight for independence. His tall, erect figure, with its carefully-buttoned frock coat, its slouched hat and flower in buttonhole, was a familiar sight upon the streets of Chicago. Colonel Ingraham died in the town which was, in a way, the birthplace of the Confederacy—Beauvoir, Mississippi. He was the son of the author of "The Prince of the House of David."

THE PRINTED CORRESPONDENCE

By Jeannie Pendleton Ewing

ONCE my letters were lightly sped;
 Now I strain for a forceful style—
 Phrases wrung from a racking head;
 Little I care if they make you smile—
 Bear with my ravings yet awhile,
 Learn my fashion and take a hint:
 Keep my veriest note on file—
 Our correspondence may yet see print!

Once I scribbled in haste, "Dear Ted,"
 Even beginning with "Dear Old Boy"—
 "Soul of my Soul," and "Cherished,"
 These are the terms I now employ,
 Likely to please if they just don't cloy;
 Tender words that would soften flint;
 Most erotic, and far from coy—
 But hearts are worn on the sleeve, in print.

Once to gossip my pen was wed,
 Or it flung replies to a fond appeal;
 Now if I joke 'tis in language dead,
 And I tell what I "know not," what I "feel"—
 Write of yearnings and moods, and deal
 In the wordy coin of the modern mint—
 Figures of speech till the senses reel,
 But oh, what joy if it all sees print!

ENVOY.

Soul of my Soul, thy radiance shed,
 For the light's switched off, and beneath the glint
 Of a smoky lamp I write, half-dead,
 Correspondence designed for print!

MYRTLE REED

A LITTLE BIOGRAPHY WHICH WILL BE FOLLOWED FROM TIME TO TIME BY OTHER SKETCHES OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE WRITING TO-DAY

IN preparing for a literary reputation, perhaps none of our youngsters have paid as much attention to the foundation on which they build as Myrtle Reed, of Chicago, whose first effort has become a classic, and made her welcome wherever literature of a higher order is recognized. The author of "Love Letters of a Musician" was born in Chicago thirty years ago, the daughter of Hiram V. Reed, a man of scholarly attainments, founder of the *Lakeland Monthly*, the first literary magazine published in that city, and Elizabeth A. Reed, author of "Hindu Literature," "Persian Literature," and "Primitive Buddhism." Miss Reed is the only daughter; and being designed for a literary life, she was taken, when about four years old, to Plymouth, Ind., where for three years she drew sustenance and increased in vigor upon Hoosier soil.

Myrtle Reed's contributions to newspapers and periodicals for the first four or five years were, in many instances, anonymous. She had set her mark high, and she did not propose to obscure it by mediocre work. Her first book, "Love Letters of a Musician," had been simmering in her brain for many months, but was written under inspiration in less than a week. It was considered good enough for the corner-stone,

and then began the real task—securing a publisher. It was offered to a Chicago house through the best critic of literature in that city. He returned it with the observation that neither the fortunes of the house, nor of the author, nor the welfare of

the public would be advanced by its publication. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the book has gone through fifteen or sixteen editions and is still selling better than at first, when it was launched with all the prestige of a "new" book. However, arrangements were made with a publisher of limited editions, and the "Love Letters" were brought out in a dainty volume bound in ooze calf with silk-lined covers. These are now selling at fifty dollars a copy, by the way. Contrary to precedent, the Putnams took up this limited edition



with a view of giving the book a wider circulation, recognizing its salable qualities among folk of discriminating taste. The results justified the expectation, and Mr. George Haven Putnam, who then took a personal interest in the development of Miss Reed's genius, had no trouble in inducing her to write a second series with the prefix "Later" to the title. These confirmed the good impression, and Miss Reed was

fairly launched. "The Spinster Book" followed, and, in course, "Lavender and Old Lace," a New England romance. "The Shadow of Victory," a tale of old Fort Dearborn, and a collaboration issued under the title of "Pickaback Songs," a book of jingles for children, set to music and humorously pictured. The words are Miss Reed's. In the present publishing season she is found with two books, "The Master's Violin," a romance in the vein of "Lavender and Old Lace," and "The Book of Clever Beasts," which is fully explained by its sub-title: "Studies in Unnatural History." It is a satire, more or less gentle, on the prevailing craze for nature study and nature books, and the habit of attributing human instincts and reasoning faculties to wild animals.

To those who claim intimate friendship with Myrtle Reed she is a source of infinite joy. Her good nature is boundless, and she is never so happy or appears to so good advantage as when she is recounting a good story of which she is sometimes the central figure, often the victim; for there is nothing she enjoys so well as playing pranks, even when they rebound on her own head. Her recreations are manifold; she enjoys reading the palms of her friends. This is a side issue and gives full scope to her power of observation, which, no doubt, is also the secret of the success of those empirics who make it a serious business.

To illustrate this young woman's readiness to play a practical joke, and the weakness of her sisters for the occult: A couple of years ago Miss Reed took a steamboat trip to the Straits of Mackinac with a woman friend. Upon their return they desired to stop off at Milwaukee, but having been reckless in the purchase of Connecticut-made souvenirs, they found that their combined capital was seventy-three cents. There being no one on board to whom they could mortgage their jewels, it appeared that the day in Milwaukee would have to be abandoned and the seventy-three cents carefully husbanded for the run home. The friend, however, was far from disconsolate. "You can make money out of anything," she said, "and there's no reason why you shouldn't earn some on the boat." There-

upon she intimated to a talkative woman that Miss Reed was a palmist, and the thing was done. Five or six days of travel had enlightened her considerably in regard to her fellow travelers, and those who were led up to her were dazed with her powers of penetration. A woman on board, who probably saw through the joke, informed Miss Reed confidentially that one of the women who would undoubtedly call upon her was having trouble with her husband on account of a light-haired widow. It was as predicted. The lady came, and Miss Reed began by saying: "You have had much unhappiness and many tears on account of a light-haired widow who has come between you and your husband." The women threw up both hands and screamed: "Mein Gott! Ain't she wonderful!"

Miss Reed is a member of the Illinois Woman's Press Association, of which her mother has been president, and highly enjoys the meetings, especially when a parliamentary "scrap" is on. Usually she takes no part in the proceedings, being content to sit modestly in the rear of the hall and console the timid husbands of those ladies who are taking sides in the discussion—for there is always a discussion at meetings of the Illinois Woman's Press Association.

Like other writers, Miss Reed is frequently asked how she does her work, and curious souls long to behold her in the act of composition. Though her work is done quickly when it is ready for writing, a long period of preparation goes before. She writes nothing until it imperiously presents itself and demands to be written, and then the typewriter is the natural means of expression. Fugitive titles, promising ideas, and frequently whole themes are jotted down in an ever-ready and much worn note-book. "Lavender and Old Lace," merely the title, was in her note-book for three years, without an inkling of the story which belonged with it. Similarly, "The Master's Violin" was written down eighteen months before the story claimed expression. Her working hours usually are between ten and four, and in that time, generally, a chapter is written. When the entire book is finished it is subjected to the most careful and painstaking revision for a long period.

CHARLES WAGNER

IN FRANCE AND AMERICA—A STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL DIFFERENCES

By *Alvan F. Sanborn*

"**I** CHANCE to have read one of Charles Wagner's books, myself," said a young French littérateur whom I approached on the subject of Charles Wagner's French popularity, "because he is a friend of my family, but I don't know of another among all my literary acquaintances who has done as much. In fact, the only persons I have ever met who read Charles Wagner assiduously are two prominent old-maid members of the 'Anti-Alcoholic League.'"

"M. Wagner is utterly without distinction in his writings as he is in his personality," he continued, "and we literary Frenchmen are not in the habit of paying much attention to writers who lack distinction of style, that is, not unless they have something very fresh and forcible to offer in the domain of ideas, which M. Wagner, apparently, has not."

His amazement was so extreme as to be positively comical when I announced to him M. Wagner's extraordinary American vogue.

Lack of distinction, I find, is the almost invariable criticism passed on Charles Wagner's work by such members of the French literary élite as are aware of its existence, who are (as my friend's somewhat brutal but essentially truthful statement of the situation indicated) a decided minority; and this lack of distinction seems to be the principal reason for the ignorance of its existence which characterizes the majority.

M. Wagner, elude the fact as he may by proclaiming the breadth of his sympathies, is, after all, a Protestant clergyman. The marks of the trade are unmistakable. He is primarily a maker of homilies, even in those of his books in which he forces himself to be rigidly non-sectarian; what is more, his homilies are presented in a popular rather than in a distinguished fashion. Now, lettered Frenchmen have a positive

horror of the homily in literature. Nothing but unexceptionable technique can redeem it in their eyes. They will read with zest the empty sermons of long-forgotten monks or court preachers for the purity of the French. They admire, no matter what their own religious views may be, Chateaubriand, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Pascal, Michelet and Edgar Quinet, because they are stylists; and they acclaimed, not so very long ago (even the most catholic of them), the Protestant Sabatier for his *St. Francis of Assisi*, "until," as some one facetiously remarked at the time, "St. Francis became so much the mode that he was worn on bonnets." But Charles Wagner is devoid, to their thinking, of the indefinable something that would lift him into the same category.

The French philosophical élite are as little impressed by Charles Wagner as the literary élite. He can not be taken seriously by the seasoned philosopher to whom he has absolutely nothing to say. And his thought is not strenuous and thoroughgoing enough to satisfy the needs of the young man in the throes of the storm-and-stress period of his intellectual evolution, who is determined and fearless in his quest of a cosmic philosophy. The student who has grappled with his Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, Hume, Spencer, Comte, Lotze, Nietzsche and Schopenhauer will hardly turn to Charles Wagner, thereafter, for enlightenment.

A philosophy whose *parti-pris* of optimism is so flagrant as to make the ultimate test of the truth of a proposition the courage it inspires and that prates glibly of "inner authority," of the "direct faith which dispenses with second-hand information because it has recourse to the source" of "the rationalistic method applied by a religious spirit" and of "correcting reason"

now by conscience, now by faith and now by both, is not a philosophy at all—Heaven knows whether it is a theology!—and bears about the same relation to real philosophy as a “coffee-substitute” bears to the good, brown berry, or a premasticated, predigested breakfast-food to juicy beef.

The truth is M. Wagner is not, strictly speaking, a philosopher, though he aspires eagerly to pass for one, but a French echo of what is currently known in America as the “New Theology”; and it is just possible (it may be remarked in passing, without insistence) that it is because he really says nothing to us on this matter of religion he did not get from us and we are not thrice-over familiar with, that we, as a people, like his homilies so much.

The general French reading public, without being consciously literary, possesses, instinctively, the Latin cult for beauty of phrase and insists, to a degree that appears almost incredible to us (Ponson du Terrail, Georges Ohnet, Jules Mary, Dubut de Laforest and Xavier de Montepin to the seeming contrary notwithstanding) on perfection of literary form. It insists likewise, out of sheer atavism, without being consciously philosophical, on clearness, coherence and courage in the thought of the persons who assume to be its philosophical or religious leaders. It admits no half-way thinking and accepts no provisional, temporizing, compromise beliefs. “Whole hog or nothing” is its unvarying attitude. Its welcome of Charles Wagner, therefore, has not been much more cordial than that of the literary and philosophical élite.

It comprehends absolute faith and no faith; a religion based on authority and rationalism as a revolt against authority; the orthodox churchman and the seceder from the church. But the religion that includes rationalism and the rationalism that includes religion are alike incomprehensible to it. It is constitutionally incapable of grasping the point of view of a system that makes alternate appeals to reason and to authority, that expresses rationalistic ideas in terms of religion and vice versa, that explains away beliefs while pretending to conserve them, that calls itself Christian while throwing overboard the historic doc-

trines of Christianity and that puts forth colossal claims to faith in general and can not be pinned down to faith in anything in particular.

“I think a great deal more of the *curés*, much as I hate them,” said a priest-baiting French workingman to me the other day, “than I do of these ‘liberal’ preacher-fellows who play the *curés*’ game for them, all in pretending to play ours. The *curés* tell you they’re against you, to your face, and fight you like men. But these other ‘liberal’ fellows, faugh! Now you see them and now you don’t, and when you don’t, ten to one they’re behind the *curés*! *Est-ce vrai, pardi?*”

In America, where we are familiar with a hundred sects, and where the birth of a new sect is an every-day occurrence; where, furthermore, really outspoken free-thinkers have been so few; among the intellectual élite, that some sort of a religious label, even if it is meaningless, is held necessary to respectability, we have taken very kindly to the composite, convenient and non-committal (because constantly shifting) product, known as the New Theology, which has already conquered several denominations and is in a fair way to conquer others. This New Theology appeals to our general good sense and accords admirably with our intense modernism which would have our religion, like everything else we have anything to do with, eminently practical and up-to-date. We can see no good reason why, in a civilization where all things are mobile, we should not change our religious formulas,—so that we do not discard religion—as often as we do our postage stamps.

But, in France, where the nation is traditionally divided into two great and equally distinguished camps—of believers and non-believers—both of which prefer fixity to fluidity, the Neo-Protestantism of which M. Wagner is a representative, and which is, in the last analysis, nothing more nor less than American New Theology, transplanted, does not find as ready a hearing.

It would be unjust, however, to M. Wagner, to deny that he exerts a beneficent influence on young men who get into the fog of doubt and have not the patience or the courage to think themselves out, by provid-

ing them with an optimistic, religio-philosophical refuge; or to deny that his abundant animal spirits are highly contagious and tend to hearten even those who can not accept his thought.

M. Wagner's ethical lucubrations are scarcely more popular with his countrymen than those in which religion is involved. The reason for this is to be found in the highly developed French social instinct which makes the Frenchman profoundly indifferent to questions of individual morality.

As an individual, he does not feel the need of advice regarding the way he should live. It would be impossible to imagine a French Tupper, Samuel Smiles, J. G. Holland or Dwight Newell Hillis with a large following. Books of moral counsel stand but a sorry show in France at the present time and have never, so far as I know, been popular there, except when they could produce (like the "Télémaque" of Fénelon, the "Fables" of La Fontaine, the "Maximes" of De la Rochefoucauld and the "Caractères" of Bruyère) some other title to recognition than the advice they gave. When the Frenchman fingers the great French moralists, it is not for guidance, but for their style or for their revelations of human nature.

The typical Frenchman does not know what conscience means—in the introspective and highly individualistic Anglo-Saxon usage of the term. He is not introspective. He takes life as he finds it. His social instinct is so strong that the collective conscience is the only conscience of whose existence he is vitally aware. And this respect for the collective, as against the individual, conscience, is as true, broadly speaking, of the Frenchman who is not a good Catholic as of the Frenchman who is; exaltation of the authority of the individual being as foreign to the spirit of the Latin races as it is foreign to the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church. Problems of conduct do not trouble him; they do not even interest him. Personally and individually, he knows perfectly well what he has to do in any given case. He knows what is usual, what is customary; this suffices him. As to whether this something that is usual, this something that is customary is "right" or "wrong" is not for him but for society to decide. If this some-

thing is "wrong," society has but to change, at this point, its code. He follows the social code. *Ça se fait* or *ça ne se fait pas*; *on fait ça* or *on ne fait pas ça*; these eminently impersonal dicta satisfy all his scruples and are unassailable in his eyes.

Nothing would surprise and puzzle him more in conscientious, individualistic America than the sermons, the newspaper symposiums, the Christian Endeavor, Y. M. C. A. and W. C. T. U., etc., manifestoes and the interminable discussions in literary societies and debating clubs and between private individuals of all grades of society regarding questions of purely personal morality; discussions as to whether this, that or the other way of acting, in this, that or the other contingency for this, that or the other person is "right" or "wrong." The plethora of publications of advice, of one sort and another, to young men just starting in life and the E. P. Roe-Pansy type of fiction would surprise and puzzle him almost as much.

I have said that problems of conduct do not interest the Frenchman. This is not quite just. It would be more correct to say that they do not interest him in their bearings on his individual actions, but only, in the large, in their bearings on collective action, in their general effect on society; as social problems, that is, for society to solve. He is intensely interested, as a matter of fact, none more so, in problems of conduct as problems of society; but, as personal problems, they simply do not exist for him. In a word, his interest in them is of the abstract, impersonal order, and, when he occupies himself with them, it is not subjectively, but objectively—his own personality being practically lost sight of. Young Frenchmen debate ethical ideas as ideas with a view to determining their value as social forces, not with a view to deciding on the spot what they ought or ought not to do this day or the next.

There is never a dearth in the production in France of books *about* morals, as distinguished from books *inculcating* morality, and never a dearth of appreciative readers for them. And if "Jeunesse" stands out from the rest of Charles Wagner's books, in the French estimate, as far and away the best piece of work he has done, it is because,

first, it was marked by a close approach to genuine literary distinction and because, secondly, it contained an admirable, almost masterly, survey and synthesis of the play and interplay of contemporary moral forces, and not because of the specific counsel it gave.

M. Wagner, who is saturated with English and American individualistic ideas and who looks at life, broadly speaking, from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, has written to Frenchmen as if they had individual consciences; in other words, he has written to his compatriots as an American, burdened with a sense of moral responsibility for his fellows, would write to his compatriots—with fervent and reiterated appeals to said (non-existent) individual consciences. It is not surprising, therefore, that Americans rather than Frenchmen have been reached by his efforts.

One prefers to think, as an American, that President Roosevelt's public commendation of "The Simple Life" was the occa-

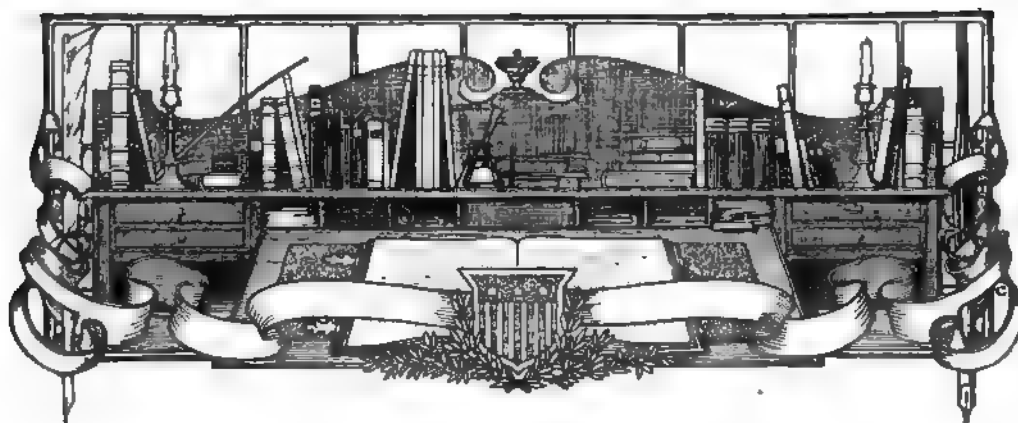
sion rather than the cause of Charles Wagner's popularity in America; that the approval of our President would have produced little or no lasting effect, if M. Wagner's writings had not responded to some pressing need of our American natures. To assert the contrary would be to belittle wantonly our intelligence and intellectual independence as a people. By all means, let us give ourselves the benefit of the doubt, at this point, if doubt there be. But, why, in the name of all that is honest and worthy in our Americanism, have we, as a people, hardened our hearts and sealed our ears so long to our own Thoreau and our own Walt Whitman, who proclaimed the glory of simple living with the authority and the virility of mighty intellects and temperaments, since we yield ourselves so readily to the second-hand Americanism of a foreigner, who rises rarely above mediocrity! Are our own apostles of simplicity too great for us or simply too thoroughgoing that we discriminate against them?

LEONARDO DA VINCI

By Charlotte Becker

LIFELONG he strove to fathom science, art,
The wisdom of the ages, and the ways
He best the laws of beauty might impart,
More wonderful to make those ancient days.

But vain his service, and too high his aim
For aught but dreams. Yet, though he failed the while,—
His griefs were solaced, had he known his fame
Should live for ever in a woman's smile!



THE READER'S STUDY

Will D. Howe, Editor

AMERICAN LITERATURE. II—1765-1809

THE passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 marks the end of colonial literature in America. Beginning with that year, the writings of the following two decades deal especially with the great struggle for independence. The twenty years after 1786, the date of the publication of Freneau's first volume of poems, introduce to the world the first writers of distinction in America—Irving, Cooper and Bryant.

The researches of the late Moses Coit Tyler have made it possible for us to know of the first of these two periods with a completeness not excelled by any other quarter of century of our literary history. Under the guidance of this distinguished historian and critic we may have presented to us a collection of pamphlets, essays, sermons, letters, songs, ballads and satires which lend a new interpretation to one of the great eras of the world's history. Walter Pater has said, "Nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality * * * nothing about which they have ever been passionate or expended time and zeal." This statement is eminently true of the writings of America in the years between 1765 and 1786. In no other country has the written record more accurately expressed the varying degrees of passion, the surging of despair and hope,

the quick alternation of defeat and victory, in short, all the changes of that momentous period. A search through the literary remains of those years shows at first the colonies fearful of the word independence, then the young nation little knowing its power and its reserved force, and finally a republic strong in its purpose and clear in its ideas and ideals. The student of this literary expression will be amply rewarded for his labor, as he will receive a clearer impression of the meaning of the Revolution to the people of the day than he ever had from the pages of history.

Of the writings of 1765 to 1786, those inspired by the struggle for liberty were more numerous, more vital and in every way more important. The names of many of the men who helped to swell the bulk of essays and pamphlets put forth to help or hinder the republican cause will always lie in oblivion, yet some achieved such definite results that their names will forever inspire American loyalty and patriotism. The writings of these men constitute the greatest heritage which Americans possess and which they would least willingly surrender of anything produced in the three centuries of our country's life.

The learned James Otis, filled with the knowledge of the classics, stirred the patri-

ots of 1764 in his "Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved." John Adams pronounced him the most ardent and most influential of all the writers of those early years. The fearless and vigorous John Adams, always pleading with trenchant argument for the rights of the individual man as against any institution or corporate authority; Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, erudite, polished, dignified, ever ready to pierce the armor of his antagonist; John Witherspoon, president of the College of New Jersey, of whom it has been worthily said, "he was the first to illustrate in a high degree the possibilities for influence to be found in the very modern and peculiar function of an American college president;" Samuel Adams, whom John Fiske placed second to Washington in influence upon his time; John Dickinson, whose "Farmer's Letters," running in the papers from 1767 to 1768, brought the author immediate fame and made him the most talked-about man on the continent; Thomas Paine, brilliant, zealous and diligent, whose "Common Sense," in 1776, was "the first open and unqualified argument in championship of the doctrine of American Independence"; Franklin, diplomat and statesman; Washington, always dignified, clear and practical—scant courtesy is paid to these men, their work or their influence by these few words of praise.

Three others, remarkable and interesting, possessed literary gifts of a high order, Francis Hopkinson, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. The first was the most facile, most humorous and most versatile. He wrote essays, pamphlets, poems, satires, fables, everything to catch the eye of the reader. He accepted any subject and adapted it to any style; he knew how to wield the bludgeon or the rapier, to damn or to caress, to stir anger or to excite mirth. The English poets, Butler and Churchill, inspired his satirical verse; he must have known Swift as a model for his sarcasm and his prose satire. To read Hopkinson is delightful even to-day, if we take his satire of Lord Howe's campaign or of Burgoyne's invasion, his portrayal of King George or his treatment of many of the trivial incidents of the war. Great was the influence of such a man, who never lost heart and was

quick with a song or ballad to cheer his drooping countrymen.

Alexander Hamilton, a young West Indian, had entered Kings College and, as an undergraduate of seventeen years, assailed the opponents of independence. In miscellaneous essays, the young collegian massed facts and arguments with unanswerable logic and showed himself complete master of his theme. That a mere boy should write "The Vindication of the Acts of Congress" seems little less than wonderful.

We close the list of these political writers with the name of Thomas Jefferson. Of the men named above, probably no one could have expressed so well the idea for which the young Republic was to stand. He felt the pulse of the people and in his immortal Declaration phrased the conception which was most nearly the national one. Though Jefferson has left us many a fine passage of good prose, he wished that his tombstone should bear only these words, "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence." We shall not pause for criticism of this noble document. Suffice it to say that it represents the enthusiasm and idealism of Jefferson and his fellows, that it has nobly served its purpose through the years of our Republic and that to-day it remains as the best expression of the ideas for which our forefathers fought and died.

We have known these men from the pages of history. How much more interesting they become when we turn the pages of their written work! Some were notable for erudition, some for literary style, some were more versatile, some more logical, all were earnest, zealous, eager for the truth, and wrote with the conviction of the martyr. The reader can not but pause to contrast these men and their writings with the men of the colonies. The latter were casuistical, searching for the mysterious and symbolical, given to forms and fastings. Their eighteenth century descendants worked for the practical end and were not slow in finding the direct means to that end.

To observe the influence of the writings of the men named above is perhaps not difficult. The fame of Dickinson's "Farmer's Letters," of Paine's "Common Sense," of Hamilton's and Madison's "Federalist" was

direct and immediate. Yet these men and others knew that the influences upon the human mind are often quite subtle. They knew the power of rhyme and of the jingle of the ballad. No one can count the firesides and campfires with their anxious groups that were cheered by a late ditty of Hopkinson, Freneau, Trumbull or others of the nameless host of song-writers. Crude the war songs usually were, yet they often served to beguile the long tramp or to pass the time in the winter's camp.

In 1777 Hopkinson lifted the hearts of his countrymen by his ballad. Two stanzas will serve to show the stirring power of this song:

"Make room, oh! ye kingdoms in hist'ry renowned,—
Whose arms have in battle with glory been crowned,—
Make room for America,—another great nation
Arising to claim in your council a station."
* * * * *

"To arms, then, to arms!—'t is fair freedom invites us;
The trumpet, shrill sounding, to battle excites us;
The banners of virtue unfurled shall wave o'er us.
Our heroes lead on, and the foe fly before us."

Most of Hopkinson's verse was but doggerel, but it equaled battles to the weary and disheartened Americans and "gave them the luxury of genuine and hearty laughter in very scorn of the enemy." By many people, Francis Hopkinson is remembered only as the author of the "Battle of the Kegs" (1777). In literary quality this ballad is inferior to many of the things by the same author, but its popularity was immediate in every part of the country and thousands willingly stood by and listened.

"Gallants attend and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty.
Strange things I'll tell which late befel
In Philadelphia city."

As is well known, this ballad was founded upon a real incident. The Americans sent

down the river to Philadelphia kegs of gunpowder to annoy the British shipping. Upon the fear and alarm which these kegs occasioned, Hopkinson composed his famous piece.

Every age sets its stamp of immortality upon the work of some favorite author, little thinking that only a generation later the judgment may be reversed. Who of to-day knows "McFingal"? A century ago the effrontery of such a question would have prevented its asking. The author of this piece, at one time the most popular poem in America, was John Trumbull, who was born fifteen years before the Stamp Act, and lived for twenty years after our second war with England. After a youth, famous for his precocity, Trumbull entered Yale, graduated in 1773, entered upon the study of law at Boston, but gave that up when he found himself best fitted for the writing of satirical poetry. Ever since his graduation Trumbull had been a diligent student of English literature. His work shows the influence of Gray, Dryden, Churchill, and especially Butler. In 1776-1782, he produced the "McFingal," a mock-heroic poem on the war of the Revolution, which soon became the most celebrated piece in America. Tyler calls it "one of the world's masterpieces in political badinage." This poem in iambic tetrameter begins shortly after the Battle of Lexington in a town not far from Boston. The four parts show us the troubles of a ranting, loquacious Squire McFingal, who championed in town meeting the doctrine of submission to parliament. Besides this satire, Trumbull wrote a series of papers in the style of Addison, modeled on the plan of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. He stoutly opposed the slave-traffic, and advocated in prose and poetry the cause of freedom. After the manner of Gray, Trumbull wrote several odes which are the best of his verse. His chief claim to fame lies in his strenuous upholding of the freeman's cause, in the realism of some of his satire and his sympathetic appreciation of some of the great English poets. Though we find a line here and there of real poetry, we lay aside Trumbull's contribution with the feeling that the real poet has not yet appeared.

The coming of the first man of poetic

genius is generally applied to Philip Freneau, born in 1751 and died in 1832, the year of the death of Scott and Goethe. For more than four score years this man lived his active life, always watching the deeds of his country, always fighting for the cause of liberty with a bitterness and hatred unexcelled in years when bitterness and hatred were all too common. During the past few months a new edition of Freneau's poems has in part appeared and is not likely to dim the rising splendor of the first American poet. In Freneau, we find the first elastic verse, the full swing of the long line, the flight of fancy that uplifts, something in short, of the range of the true genius. At first, Freneau felt the chilling effect of the time upon his poetic powers, but he did not yield like Gray. Rather with a *saeva indignatio* of Swift, he began to lash all the enemies of the Revolutionary cause. He hounded King George with persistent zeal, he struck at the Tories and all traitors, he protested against the inhumanity of the British prison ship. Beside his satirical poems, Freneau wrote some which are noteworthy for a touch as light and graceful as it is delightful. "The Wild Honeysuckle," "Indian Burying Ground," "Eutaw Springs," "To a Honey Bee," are pathetic reminders of what Freneau might have been had his lot fallen in pleasanter places. There breathed in him the spirit of the poet. He had read and loved English poetry, and shows the influence of Milton, Gray, Dryden, Pope, Churchill; he knew French poetry, and was well versed in the Latin satirists. A precursor of Wordsworth in love of nature, of Bryant in choice of Indian themes, a companion of Burns and Cowper in sympathy with all forms of animal life, Freneau was not the equal of any of these. He was the first American poet in training and in feeling, in fancy and in metrical skill.

In addition to the verse of these three poets, there were innumerable songs and ballads on the various incidents and characters of the war—made to stir the hearts of the insurgents. Most of these, though mere doggerel, are often lively and humorous and have the power of singing themselves.

While following the successes and re-

verses of the insurgent party in ballad and in song, we may forget that many persons within our borders did not sympathize with the war for independence. This body of Loyalists, or Tories, as they were more commonly called, greatly varied in numbers and in aggressiveness as the war went on. Within the fold were gathered many highly educated and professional men, many conservative thinkers, the majority of office-holders, and finally many of the wealthy men who feared that their property might be endangered by the success of American arms. We should not think for a moment that all these men were actuated by mean and selfish purposes. The writers who espoused the Loyalist cause were, doubtless, often as sincere as their opponents and indeed must at times have suffered greatly by being on the unpopular side. To read Boucher's essays, the papers of the "Halifax Gentleman," and of the "Westchester Farmer," or the poetry of Odell or Stansbury, we receive a different impression of the Tory from that diabolical conception which has come to us from our school histories.

Out from the storm of battle, we pass now into the calm of peace. From 1786 to 1809 the foundations were laid for a real national literature. Other forms such as the drama and the novel had their rise, and America became known as possessed of certain writers. Could there be a greater calm after a storm than to pass to the Journal of John Woolman, the comparatively obscure Quaker who became an apostle of unselfish devotion to the teachings of Christ. John Woolman started his Journal with these words, "I have often felt a motion of love to leave some hints in writing of my experience of the goodness of God, and, now, in the thirty-sixth year of my age, I begin this work." It is difficult to speak of a life so pure, so pious and so helpful in all good things as this gentle but zealous Quaker. Equally difficult is criticism of his writing, reflecting perfectly the stainless character of its author. An Indian, one time in his audience, made this comment upon his preaching, "I love to feel where words come from." Perhaps this illustrates best of all the hold which Woolman had upon all who knew him. Of his writing, William

Ellery Channing once said it was "beyond comparison the sweetest and purest autobiography in the language," and Charles Lamb advised every one to "get the writings of John Woolman by heart." Nothing in the range of American literature is better worth knowing than this simple, unadorned journal, breathing of the peace and love which are not of this world and throwing over everything the cover of genuine Christian faith and hope.

It was inevitable that the new Republic should foster idealists, men who thought the new world indeed the land of milk and honey. A pleasing and illustrious example of this class of men was J. Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, a refined and philosophical gentleman, who in 1782 published a series of letters purporting to come from an American Farmer on the manners and customs of the British Colonies in North America. The situation, pleasures, employments of the American farmer are described, besides natural scenes, the habits of snakes, birds and animals. In one chapter Crevecoeur tries to define an American. "What then is the American, this new man? He is neither an European or the descendant of an European, hence that strange mixture of blood which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman and whose present four sons have four wives of different nations. [One wonders whether Crevecoeur ever read Defoe's "Trueborn Englishman."]

* * * The American is a new man who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas and form new opinions." This book, hopeful and idealistic, interesting and even vivid in its description, soon won a wide circle of readers. Tyler thinks that "its idealized treatment of rural life in America wrought quite traceable effects upon the imaginations of Campbell, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, and furnished not a few materials for such captivating and airy schemes of literary colonization as that of 'Pantisocracy.'"

In 1750, William Hallam, of London, conceived the idea of forming a stock company for the purpose of coming to America to produce plays. We have the names of twenty of the twenty-four plays assigned

for study before leaving England. Some of these were "Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Richard III," the rest were tragedies, comedies and farces by seventeenth and eighteenth century writers. The deck of the "Charming Sally" served as the stage for the regular rehearsals during the voyage. On the 5th of September, 1752, was performed at Williamsburg the first play, "Merchant of Venice," and this was the first performance by a regular company in America. The prologue written for this first performance deserves repetition:

"To this New World, from famed Britannia's shore,
Through boist'rous seas where foaming billows roar,
The Muse, who Britons charm'd for many an age
Now sends her servants forth to tread your stage;
Britain's own race, though far removed, to show
Patterns of every virtue they should know."

The first theater, built at Annapolis in 1752, was dedicated by "Richard III" in July of that year. For a half century the regular days of performance were Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The plays began at six or seven o'clock, and every billboard and advertisement contained the notice that no one would be allowed behind the scenes. The first American play, written by an American and acted by a regular company was "The Contrast," by Royal Tyler of Boston, "a comedy which derived its name from the fact that its motive was the contrast between homely Americanism and frivolous foreign society, as represented in the reigning fashions and in the manners of affected travelers just returned from abroad." Boston still held out against the theater, and it was not till 1793 that the act was repealed. In the following year the Federal Street Theater was opened, the first permanent theater in New England.

We have record of one hundred plays written in America from the early sixties to 1820. Some of these are feeble dramatizations of the romances of Cooper and Scott. Some are based upon Indian themes, such as Pocahontas and the famous tragedy of Ponteach (1766), some deal with war he-

roes and traitors and battles. These early efforts in dramatic form are indeed crude, yet it is the crudeness of the amateur who tries to give a form and realistic setting to the incidents of American life.

As we have traced the progress of our literary development, we have noted many changes. We have seen the passing of the puritanic ideals, we have seen the drama—against which Puritanism always set its face—creeping into Boston and establishing itself there in the last decade of the eighteenth century. Like the play, the novel first saw the light after the puritanic influence had waned. As with our first poetry in Colonial days, so our first novel, "Charlotte Temple" (1790), was written by a woman, Mrs. Susanna Rowson. Over twenty-five thousand copies of this "Tale of Truth" were sold within a short time. In 1792, Mrs. Rowson published "Rebecca," a picture of English and American life in the days of the Revolution. This story abounds in war scenes, the death and burial of soldiers, the distress caused by plundering houses, etc. The works of Mrs. Rowson are all didactic and sentimental, loaded down with a moral, but they have value in the incidental description of the life and customs of the times.

Next to Franklin and Freneau, the greatest literary figure of the last half of the eighteenth century was Charles Brockden Brown. Though his health was never good, the young writer once settled to the profession of authorship was able in his brief thirty-nine years to turn the attention of England toward the new country, to start a line of influence for Poe and Hawthorne and to give promise of a real literary genius. Beside a number of essays on political, historical and geographical subjects, he wrote seven novels or romances, all between 1798 and 1801, the most important of which are "Wieland, or The Transformation," "Arthur Mervyn, or Memoires of the Year 1793," "Edgar Huntly," "Jane Talbot" and "Clara Howard." These stories quickly crossed the Atlantic and exerted a positive influence on England and English literature. Brown attempted to be American in theme and in setting. It is a commonplace of criticism to say that his style is inflated, that it lacks simplicity and ease, that it is melodramatic, that he de-

lights in the morbid and the horrible, that his books are full of diseased people, of secret closets, mysterious whispers, the unwelcome midnight visitor, that his stories lack literary structure, yet we are indebted to him for the start in real fiction, for the description of many characters and scenes of that day which otherwise would have passed for ever. He tells us of the traveling musician, the roving Indian, the roads of the country, the farm-house, the stage-coach, the city of Philadelphia stricken with yellow fever. We do not wonder that the public welcomed Brockden Brown as the leading man of letters in America. As such he must have been considered in America and in England. And in the field of imaginative prose he had no predecessor, but he laid the foundations for the American novel and the short story which came forth with such splendor a half century later.

We have reviewed hastily the literary work produced in America during the years immediately preceding and following the Revolution. From a group of distinct colonies, a new nation has arisen. In 1765 few even thought of independence, in 1809 few wished for the old order. The literature of these forty-five years shows this change in a remarkable manner. It reveals the early fear and anxiety of the men of '60, the spreading doubt of the men of '75 and the firm conviction of the men of '80 that absolute liberty would alone satisfy. These years are filled with yearning, with enthusiasm, with hope, with bitterness, with hatred, with all the passion of people in a great world-struggle. Of the years of the war the highest expression is the Declaration of Independence; of the years immediately following, Washington's Farewell Address with its appeal for unity, for non-sectionalism and for the preservation of the Constitution is the typical expression. This period is likewise characterized by the rise of the drama and of fiction in the novels of Brockden Brown, by the first real and definite influence of English literature upon the works of American writers, by the influence of American writers upon England in the letters of Dickinson, the poems of Freneau, the idealistic description of Crèvecoeur, the practical sayings of Franklin, the keen and logical prose of Hamilton and Jefferson and the romantic stories of Brockden Brown.

nitely abandoned the muse of "Eben Holden." She is sincere and real, while his historical muse is spurious and a pretender.

Harper and Brothers, New York
Price \$1.35

THE ISLAND OF TRANQUIL DELIGHTS

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

SPRAY of the salt sea, silver line of a beach star sown, waving of tall palms, sunset glow of flowers heavy with warm fragrance, taste of fruits, aromatic, delicious,—dream, sleep and solitude in the heart of one of those rare jewels of the Pacific, voice of poems,—to those who desire—in the Island of Tranquil Delights.

Not for twenty years has Mr. Stoddard returned to his birthright, joined his fellows, Pierre Loti and Robert Louis Stevenson, but now, at last, he takes a backward glance over his enchanting isles, and with heart beating faster for the wild, sweet memories, and voice more golden for the long sun of the years, he speaks again, and the words are tropic flowers, are rainbow spray, are leaf of the palm. There are so few classics in American literature that Charles Warren Stoddard's book will be indeed welcomed. The late Lafcadio Hearn wrote of it: "The Idyls will always haunt me, and I am sure they will live in the hearts of many, as everything beautifully human must live." William Dean Howells has said: "They are the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean." And Rudyard Kipling, this little verse to Mr. Stoddard:

"I ploughed the land with horses, but my heart was ill at ease,
For the old sea-faring men came to me now and then, with their sagas of the seas."

Herbert B. Turner & Company, Boston
Price \$1.00

CONFESSIONS OF A CLUB WOMAN

BY AGNES SURBRIDGE

DEDICATED to "That product of modern conditions wherein are commingled all the virtues and some of the faults of her sex—the average club woman," these

confessions may or may not be just what the average club woman would ask to have confessed about her. Certain it is that they are not greatly to her credit, and her only cheer in reaching them is that possibly Mrs. Jonaphine Henning, president of the Nota Bene Club of Chicago, had experiences not common to the average club woman. It is a simple story, told without distressing analytic detail, of a Kansas woman married to a Chicago grocer in a small way, who gathered up the Chicago spirit, forged ahead, and in a short time became a club leader, a social figure, a theme for newspaper gossip, and a most unsatisfactory revelation to her husband, notwithstanding he was considerable of a hustler himself. He was willing to have her "boomed" socially, but he despised clubs, and when she insisted that the club woman was the only woman, he packed his kit and left home. A railroad accident stopped him in his flight, and the news that he was in the wreck seemed to be the only power on earth that could make her forget her club. She hurried to the scene of the accident to find him unhurt, and there in the wreck they fell upon each other's necks, and she agreed that home and husband and babies after all were greater than all the glory and glitter of club life. The narrative is rapid, the reading of it is easy, and the interest is not permitted to flag. It scarcely rises to the dignity of a sociologic study, but it presents the various obvious phases of woman's club life in a consecration that is instructive to the uninitiated, but it can hardly be said to be such a volume as would be used as campaign literature by club committees seeking membership.

Doubleday, Page & Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE MASTER'S VIOLIN

BY MYRTLE REED

THE impulse is to bring a double handful of fine quotations to attest the quality of the wares, but these verbal jewels know the old fairy trick of turning into withered leaves. Clear gems, flower petals, melodious chords, carven lace-work—the images that mean delicacy, detail, rarity, seem fitting if a clumsy reviewer must describe the workmanship. Color words are

set thickly in the pages, poetry fills prose forms, bits of wisdom and experience illuminate conduct, and music expresses "the dominant flame of the back log," or the apothegm that "life is the pitch of the orchestra and we are all its instruments."

The author has harkened back to the themes of her first success, to music and to love. A threefold love affair—the love of youth, of maturity, of old age—love fulfilled, love deferred and love frustrated—is told partly in letters, partly in narrative. The story ripples around appreciations of life and death. Polish and verity give value to all, but some will surely comfort hearts bereft by their perception of the necessity, the universality, the fruits of grief.

The violin that gives the title is a mellow Cremona with "beautiful brown breasts." It is at once a love token, an idol and a solace. Moreover it has a soul, an assertion that borders on hyperbole until the master begins to play and the author to interpret. Then the reader takes the joys the gods provide without further question of such prosy trifles as fact.

Miss Reed avoids the defects of her qualities. The romance keeps in touch with reality, the sadness stops short of gloom, the poetry of bathos. A delicate humor plays over Fredrika's homemade ornaments, the doctor's Wednesday call with its afterthought of cakes and port, and lovely Aunt Peace's choice of spinsterhood, "because it seemed indelicate to allow one's self to care for a gentleman." A little slang lets in some common daylight with good effect, and environment, for once, gets decidedly the better of heredity.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York
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THE BETTER NEW YORK

BY DR. WILLIAM H. TOLMAN AND CHARLES
HEMSTREET

THIS book, copyrighted by the American Institute of Social Service, is an illustrated guide-book to that which is most worth while in New York City, with a special emphasis laid upon schools and philanthropic institutions. An excellent map divides the city into eleven sections, and to each of these sections a chapter is devoted. The route arranged for the traveler is such that he sees the city without retracing his steps, and thus without loss of time. In an Afterword, Josiah Strong says of the book,—"The Better New York" has been a revelation even to those who knew the best side of their city. The reader no longer wonders at the many-handed philanthropies, as various as human needs, but admires the versatile ingenuity of the spirit of helpfulness until he is convinced that, if New York is one of the worst cities in the world, it is also one of the best." The book is of an agreeable size, pleasantly printed and bound.

The Baker and Taylor Company, New York
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THE FUSSE'S BOOK

BY ANNA ARCHBOLD, GEORGIA JONES

IF you don't know what a "fusser" is it is a sign you are too old ever to be one. So don't run to the Century Dictionary or distress yourself about The Fusser's Book. Rule xxxi is: "Carry yourself with confidence, but not with over-assurance, remembering at the same time that almost everything is your fault." The pictures by Florence Wyman are as clever as the text.

Fox, Duffield & Company, New York
Price 75c



THEIR WORKS LIVE AFTER THEM

*A Chronological List of Literary Men and Women Who Have Died During the Last Month
Compiled by Howard S. Ruddy*

SPAHR, DR. CHARLES BARZILLAI, lost in the English Channel, August 30, aged forty-four years. Editor *Current Literature*. Author: *Present Distribution of Wealth* (1896); *America's Working People* (1900).

BAAR, HERMANN, Ph. D., at New York City, September 4, aged seventy-eight years. Author: *Homely and Religious Topics*, and a Bible for children.

LORIMER, REV. DR. GEORGE CLAUDE, at Aix-les-Bains, France, September 8, aged sixty-six. Author: *Isms Old and New*; *The Great Conflict*; *Studies in Social Life*; *The Master of Millions*, etc.

BACON, REV. THOMAS SCOTT, at Buckeyestown, Md., September 13, aged eighty. Author: *The First Great Commandment of God*, and other works.

TARBELL, DR. HORACE S., at San Francisco, Cal., September 16, aged sixty-six. Author: *Lessons in Language*; *Teachers' Manual*. Also, with daughter, of text-books in composition, grammar and geography.

FISKE, PROF. DANIEL WILLARD, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, September 18, in his seventy-third year. Published first book of the American Chess Congress. Author: *Chess in Iceland* and in *Icelandic Literature*, with *Historical Notes on Other Table Games* (in press).

LEARNED, WILLIAM LAW, at Albany, N. Y., September 20, aged eighty-three. Author: *Learned Genealogy*, and editor *Mme. Knight's Journal*; *Earle's Microcosmography*.

HEARN, LAFCADIO (Y. KOIZUMI), at Tokio, Japan, September 26, aged fifty-four. Author: *Stray Leaves from Strange Literature*; *Some Chinese Ghosts*; *Two*

Years in the French West Indies; *Youma*; *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*; *Out of the East*; *Reveries and Studies in New Japan*; *Kokoro*; *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*; *Exotics and Retrospectives*; *In Ghostly Japan*; *Shadowings*; *A Japanese Miscellany*; also, *Japan*; *An Attempt at Interpretation*, completed shortly before his death.

HOWELL, JUDGE ANDREW, at Sand Lake, Mich., September 21, aged seventy-seven. Author: *Howell's Annotated Statutes of Michigan*; editor *Tiffany's Justice's Guides*, and *Tiffany's Criminal Law*.

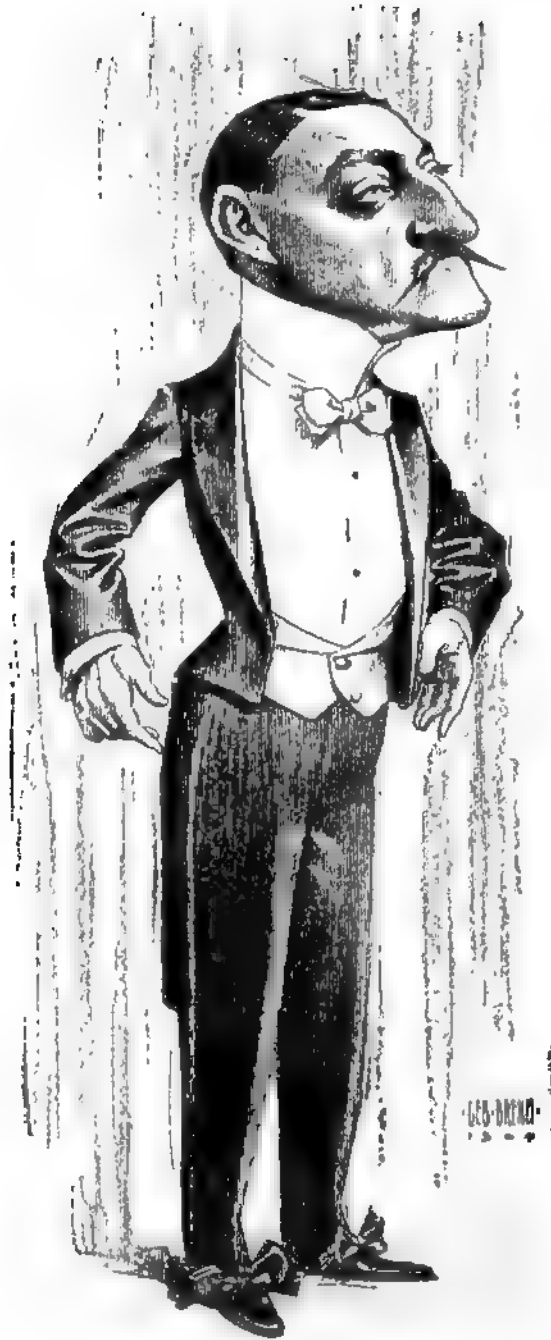
KIRK, JOHN FOSTER, at Chestnut Hill, Pa., September 21, in his eighty-first year. Author: *History of Charles the Bold*; Editor *Prescott's Historical Works* and of the supplement to *Allibone's Dictionary of Authors*, etc.

EVERHART, BENJAMIN MATLACK, at West Chester, Pa., September 22, aged eighty-seven. Author: *The North American Pyromycetes* (1892); associate editor four volumes *Journal of Mycology* (1885-88).

CURTISS, DR. SAMUEL IVES, at London, England, September 23, aged sixty. Professor of Old Testament Literature in Chicago Theological Seminary. Author: (transl.) *Bickell's Outlines of Hebrew Grammar*; *The Levitical Priests*; *Delitzsch Messianic Prophecies* (transl.); *Delitzsch Old Testament History of Redemption* (transl.); *Franz Delitzsch; Moses and Ingersoll*; *Primitive Semitic Religion To-day*, and other works.

MACKEY, DR. JOHN J., at Bergen Beach, N. J., September 25, aged fifty. Author: *Electricity as a Cure for Diseases*.

HOAR, GEORGE FRISBIE, at Worcester, Mass., September 30, aged seventy-eight. Author: *Autobiography of Seventy Years*.



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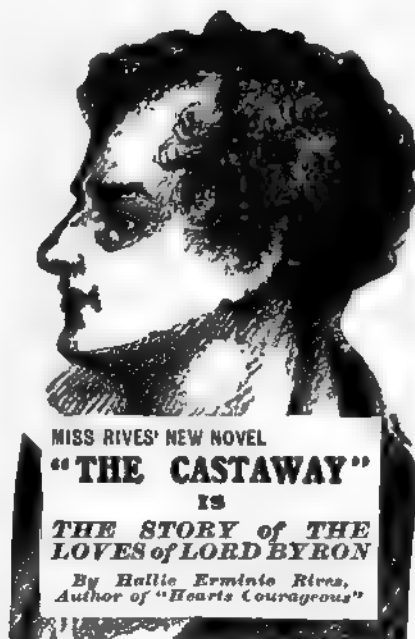
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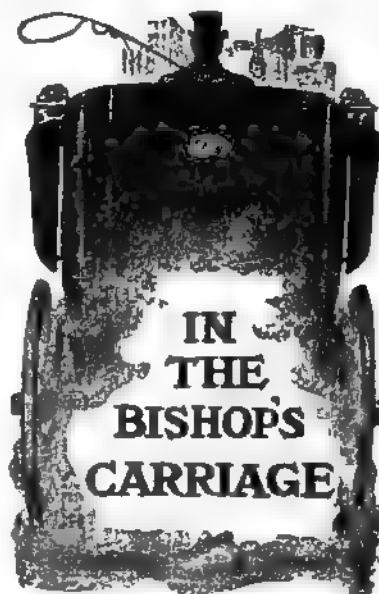
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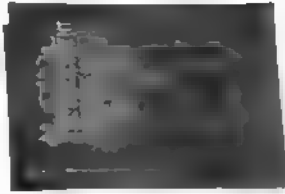


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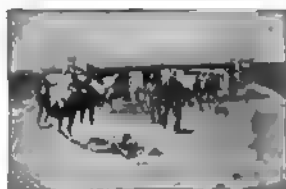
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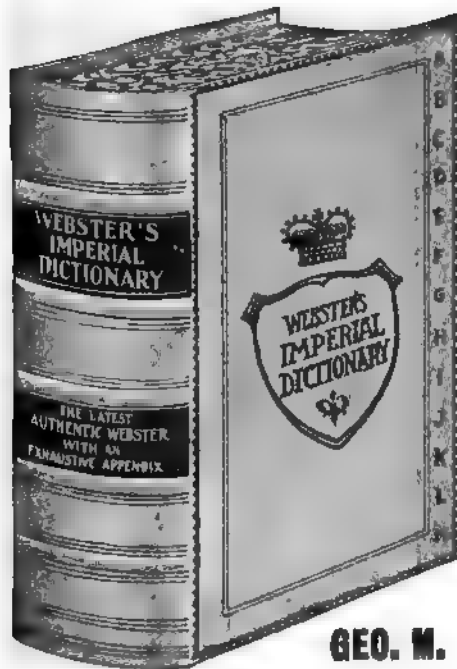
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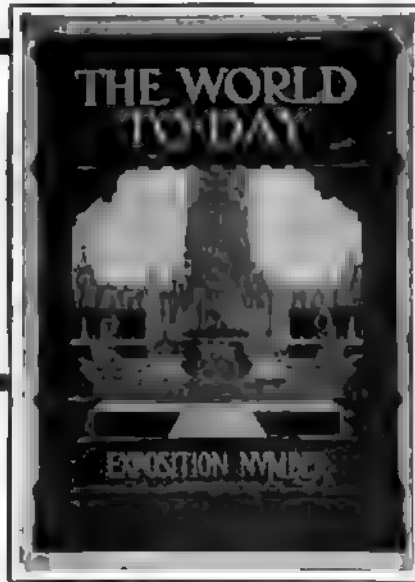
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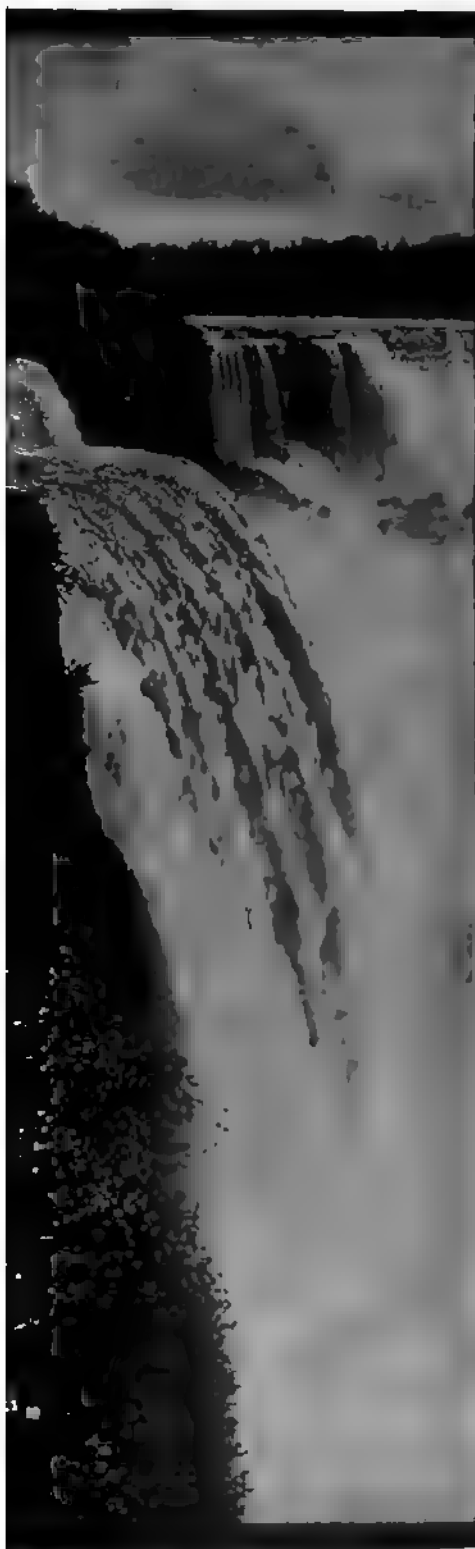
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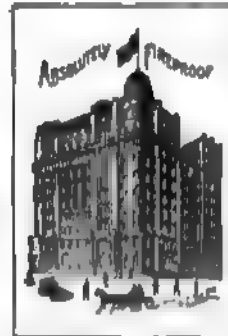
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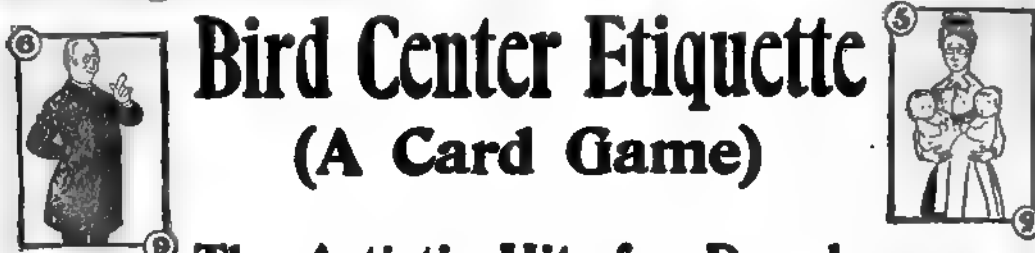
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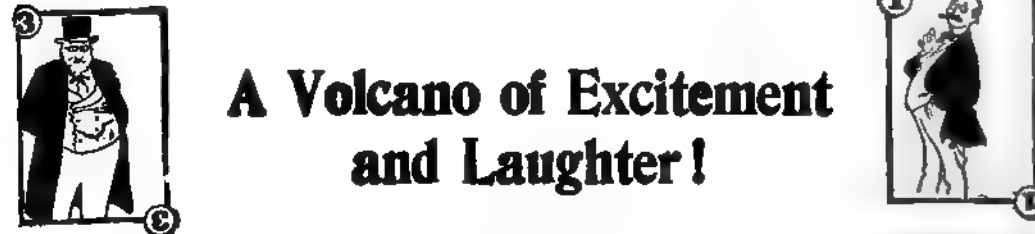
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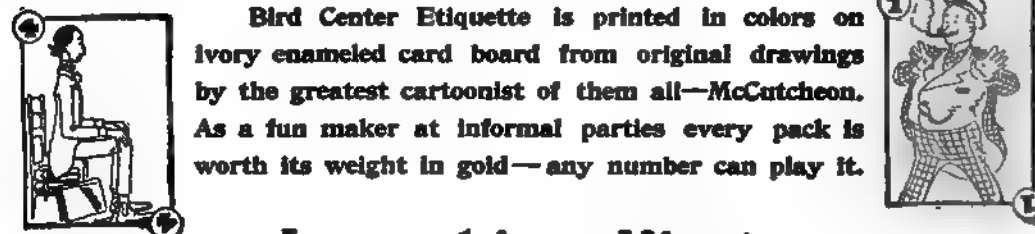


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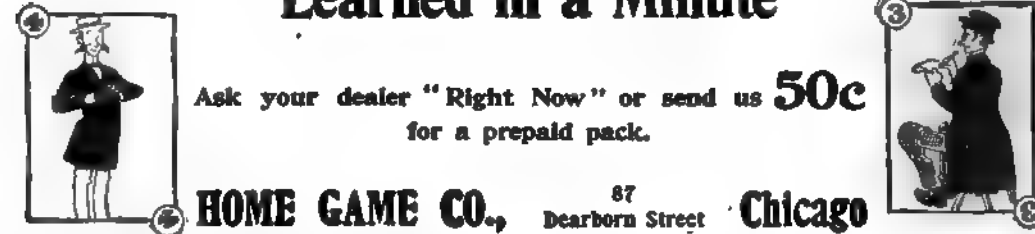


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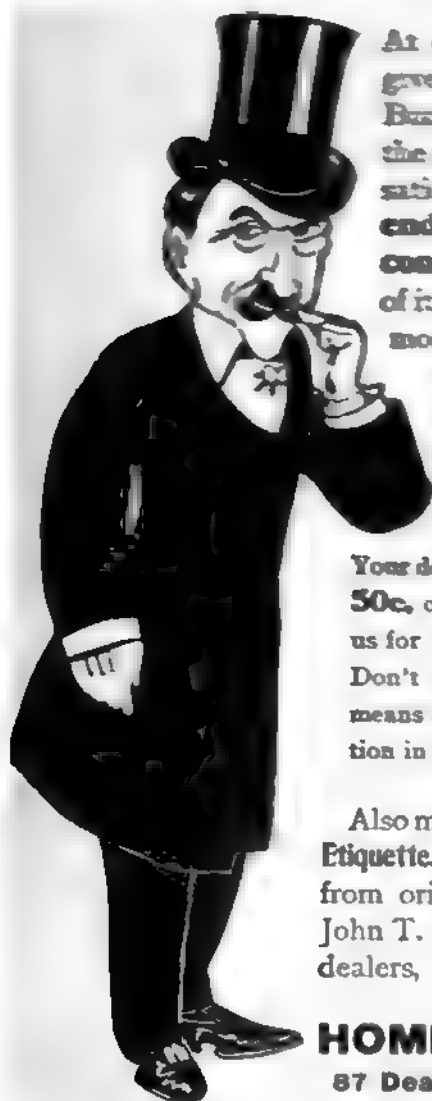
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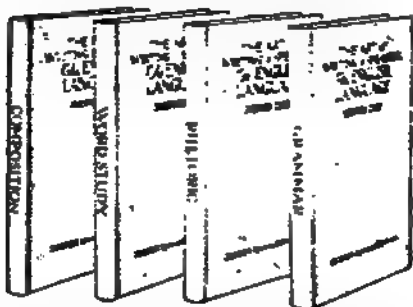
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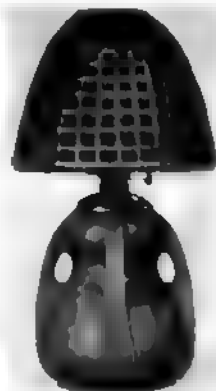
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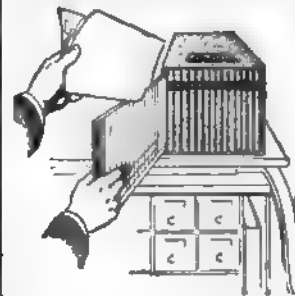
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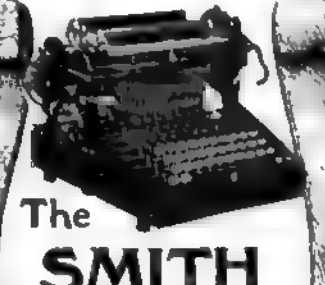
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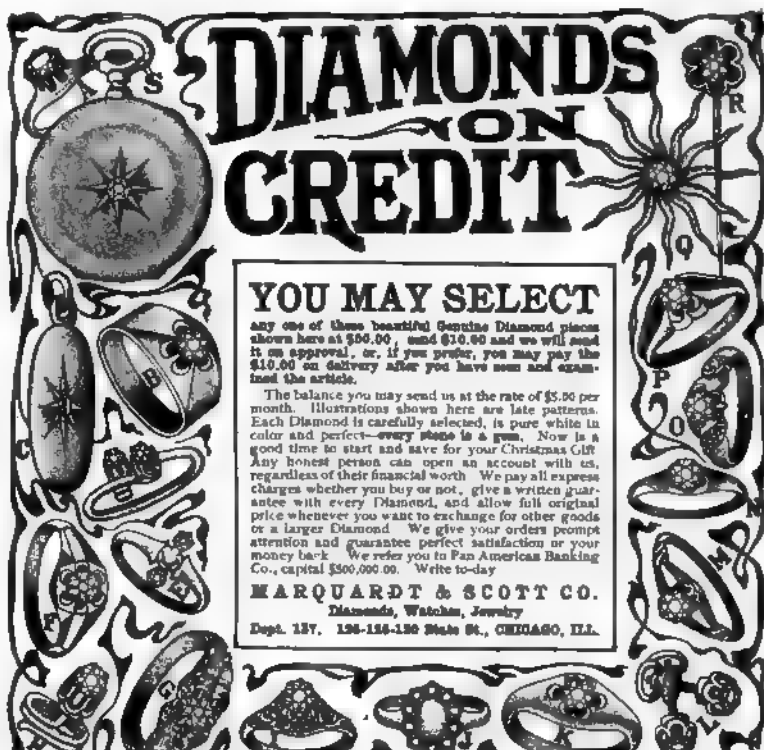


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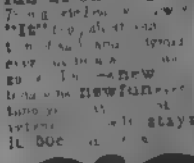
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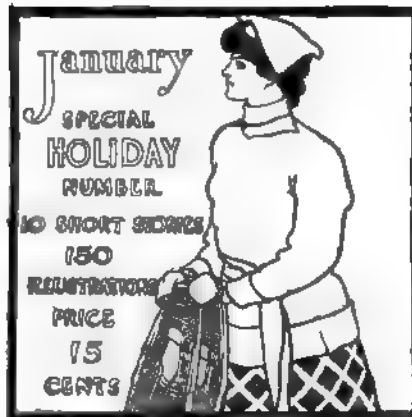
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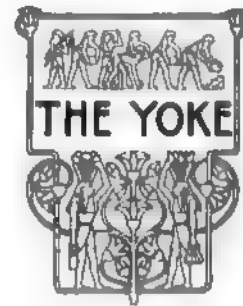
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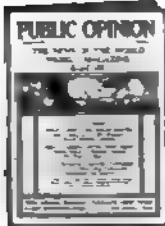
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THE READER MAGAZINE

VOLUME V

JANUARY, 1905

NUMBER 2

GETTING INTO PORT ARTHUR

By Hector Fuller

III

IN JAIL AND OUT AGAIN

ONCE, many years ago, there was a man went out hunting in western Nebraska and sighting, one day, a small company of antelope, the experienced western hunter stuck a red handkerchief on his bayonet and fixed it in the ground. Then the hunters crawled into a "draw" and waited and watched the curious, timid beasts staring at the fluttering rag and coming cautiously nearer.

Somehow, this scene of twenty years ago came into the mind of the newspaper correspondent as, holding his handkerchief in his left hand, he walked toward the regiment of half-naked Russian soldiers, who had ceased their digging and who stood looking at him as he marched toward them.

There was a dip in the land between the crest of the hill where the correspondent had first known that he was discovered and the spot where the soldiers were digging trenches, and as he went into this he was practically, for a moment or two, out of sight. Up to this time he had not the slightest notion of what he was going to say; what excuse he was going to give for being found in territory on which non-combatants were forbidden. He had thought of many stories to tell in case he

was captured—once he thought of saying he had been shipwrecked and cast ashore—but none of the stories sounded probable, even to himself, and a man can't lie successfully unless he is at least half convinced by his own lie.

But, for some reason, it suddenly occurred to him that it might be as well not to let the Russians know that he had seen anything, and so the correspondent slipped his hand underneath his mackintosh, and unbuckling the strap of his binoculars, let them slip to the ground, whence he kicked them to one side. It was not without regret that he saw a thirty-five-dollar pair of glasses wasted thus. He was glad, too, that he had left his revolver behind him, and then he bethought himself of his notebook and certain things he had written therein while lying on the hillside the previous afternoon and, suddenly the green notebook went the way of the glasses. There was little doubt that memory would not fail as to what had been seen.

And as the correspondent got nearer and nearer to the soldiers, who continued to blink at him in an astonished way that was really funny, it seemed as if the hillside were all eyes: all focused on his face.

He sneaked his handkerchief into his pocket rather shamefacedly, and, plucking up what little nerve was left him, he said to the nearest soldier:

"Where is the officer commanding this regiment?"

The man only grinned and looked at his fellows.

"Officer!—your officer—where is he?" the newspaper man repeated.

"Ach!" cried a little soldier, bare to the waist, whose sunburned body was glistening with perspiration. "Bivistkisnynxysky," and at the words (they sounded something like what is written) the soldiers turned to where a tall young chap, in white blouse with gold epaulettes, was coming forward. As he emerged from the body of men he saluted. The correspondent saluted, too.

"I desire to see the Commandant," he said.

Mr. Gold Epaulettes did not understand. He called to one of the troopers, who opened on the correspondent in German.

"I do not understand—Nix versteh!"

There was a general shrugging of shoulders at this and some conversation in Russian that sounded tangled.

Then a smile lit up the officer's face.

"*Parlez vous Français?*"

"*Non, monsieur,*" answered the correspondent, and then his memory giving him a flash of the old dog's-eared Hall's French grammar, with which he had wrestled so many years ago, in a land so far from Port Arthur, he said:

"*Mon papier, monsieur,*" and with that he took the documents from an inside pocket and handed them over. There were a good many of them besides the passport, but it was the latter that made the impression, with its big red seal in one corner, on which was stamped the arms of the United States.

The officer was evidently impressed, though it was equally evident that the papers were Greek to him. He handled

them carefully, not to say respectfully, and then calling from the rear a big hulking sergeant he gave the correspondent to understand that he was in the sergeant's charge, and then he smiled as if to reassure him, and patted him on the shoulder—a farewell that was surely all kindly.

The bulky sergeant was a good fellow—even if he and his prisoner could not talk much together. Half-way down the first hillside—they had started off in the direction of Pigeon Bay, about two miles distant—he produced a box of cigarettes and matches and the twain had a smoke. Then he tapped the correspondent's water canteen and laughed a boyish, hearty laugh. He thought it was *vodka*, and he spat out the water the correspondent poured for him in some disgust.

Down one hill, up another, along a ravine for a while and then to a fairly well made hill-road and, so, to the little garrison at Pigeon Bay. To be sure the correspondent kept his eyes open, fascinated by the masses of moving soldiery here and there and by the corps of signalers that on every hill-top were wagging their red flags. All around were the signs of big work going on; roads being made, fortifications being thrown up. Hundreds of carts were drawn up by the roadside; a miniature railway helped the work along. Then, between two hills the sea again, and as they came to it they passed a large stable filled with European horses that looked veritable equine giants after the months spent with miserable little Japan and China ponies. Then the bay itself and there, seaward, two military masts sticking up out of the water, masts which the correspondent was to learn belonged to the *Hatsuse*—a Japanese battleship which had run on a mine and had sunk with great loss of life.

Skirting the water and passing through groups of soldiers, who, armed with peaceful spade and pickaxe, were road-making, the sergeant and his prisoner came to a group of little huts—evidently



THE HARBOR OF CHEMULPO, KOREA

the officers' quarters. In front of one of the huts stood a most beautiful woman, and at the door of another hut, chatting to her, there stood a fine-looking, soldierly man, well over six feet; his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled well up over brawny and bronzed arms. Toward him the sergeant and his prisoner marched, and when the sergeant saluted the correspondent followed suit and waited while, standing at attention, the sergeant explained. In the background the woman listened to the explanation, and ever and anon turned wondering eyes on the correspondent, as if he were a strange curiosity.

Once in a while the tall officer addressed the correspondent with a rapid question or two ending in "sky," none of which was understood, until there came one which was evidently a request to know whether the correspondent was an "Americansky," to which he nodded his head and smiled, and really began to feel that he was getting on all right.

An orderly was sent out with a message,

and back there came a cocky little lieutenant who carried an air of knowing it all. The woman in the background was his wife (it is funny how the correspondent's intuition told him this), and from the way he acted the correspondent felt that he was not going to like him. He was an undersized little beast, and he took the correspondent's papers from the tall officer and began to go through them hurriedly. He came, at last, to a letter of introduction written by Senator Beveridge of Indiana, in which the word "journalist" occurred. This he seemed to recognize, and in a high falsetto he cried, triumphantly:

"Ach, Journal—cest?"

"Dar," said the correspondent, "I am a newspaper man." In some occult way he had come to the knowledge that "dar" was Russian for yes.

The cocky one shook the letter in the face of the tall captain and said:

"Journal-cest—Americansky journal-cest!" and the little beast spat on the

ground as if the words had a bad taste. Then the tall officer said something and the cocky one disappeared with his wife, and soon it was obvious that he was working the telephone and that a fine line of tangled conversation was going over the wires.

In his pocket the correspondent had a small edition of "Martin Chuzzlewit," which he had borrowed from the "Fawan," and now, while the Russians were trying to find out what to do, he sat down on the captain's doorstep and was soon deep, once more, in the delights of Ruth Pinch's first attempt at cookery, with Tom Pinch smiling in the corner and John Weston looking on admiringly.

Port Arthur and Pigeon Bay—they were a thousand miles away.

Then came the big captain, who patted the correspondent on the shoulder, and with a bow, pointed the way inside the hut. It was but poorly furnished, but an ideal soldier's room. On nails driven into the walls hung brilliant uniforms; boots were arrayed around the floor; the bed was a folding cot, over which was thrown a soldier's cloak. There was saddlery, pistols and swords; it was the den of a working man, evidently.

Offering a stool, the captain roared "Michaelovitch!" and the orderly who responded brought glasses and the *samovar*, and there was hot tea, into which a wine-glassful of claret had been poured, and there were Huntley and Palmer's biscuits—the very tin of which, bearing the label of Reading, England, made the correspondent homesick.

Conversation was impossible, of course, but all that a brave and courteous soldier could do to make an interloper feel at ease this Russian captain did. And after the tea there was a big box of Russian cigarettes and—life seemed very enjoyable.

By now there were results from the telephoning. There was the rush of a galloping horse, and up dashed a colonel with two aides, all very brilliantly uniformed.

The colonel had a big, silky black beard, parted in the middle, like the man in the soap advertisements, and the way he jumped from his horse, throwing the bridle to an aide, and walked by the correspondent with a fierce glance, made the newspaper man feel like a bad thirty-cent piece. A few words to the captain, and then the colonel came out and tried his hand at conversation. It was very serious, but it was laughable, too, and finally the correspondent, in disgust, said:

"Now look here, I don't understand a word you're saying and there's not a bit of use of our standing jabbering like this. It's too d— silly," at which the colonel turned on his heel with a snort of disgust and said something to the captain, which sounded as if the correspondent were being called a d— fool.

Once more the telephone was put to work, and soon there came another officer who spoke English in a halting way, but he could make himself understood at any rate.

"What do you here?" he asked with a smile.

As well as he was able the correspondent told them—all the officers were now gathered in a group—that he was representing an American newspaper, the *Indianapolis News*.

"This In-dian-ap-olis, where it is?" he was asked.

"Indiana, United States of America," he answered.

Out came the cocky young lieutenant again. "Ach, In-de-ar-r-na!" he cried, and then the little brute spat on the ground again.

Ignoring the expectorating gentleman, the correspondent told the officers that, having waited in Japan for a long time for a chance to go to the front, and having been constantly denied, he had decided to try and see the war from the Russian side. He told them how he had come from Cheefoo in the hope that the Commandant of Port Arthur would allow him to

stay during the siege. If he was willing that the world should get reports from Port Arthur, well and good; if not, then the correspondent said that he was ready to go back to Cheefoo the way he had come.

"But how you come?" they asked.

"In a sampan."

"How long you take him?"

"It took me five days," said the newspaper man.

"It ees not possible," said the officer, and once more the dirty little lieutenant spat on the ground.

Then the group broke up and there was more telephoning and more examining of the papers and the passport of the correspondent, and it was evident that they looked suspiciously at the fact that the passport had been issued at Tokio, Japan, even if it did bear the seal of the United States.

And in the meanwhile the correspondent sat outside and watched the sun going down over the fortified hills, and around him there gathered a lot of private soldiers, as frankly curious as children, and every once in a while they could be heard saying, "Americansky spier." It did not have a pleasant sound!

The lady came out once more and stood looking at the correspondent, and then out came the officers and one of them had the correspondent's papers, his money, his watch and other impedimenta done up in a handkerchief. There was a sharp word of command and forward came a sergeant and six men, who fixed bayonets with a mighty unpleasant noise and quite unnecessary display, and in the center of this group the correspondent was directed to take his place, and away they marched, and as they went away from Pigeon Bay it did not reassure the correspondent to notice—or he imagined he did—a look of something like pity on the face of the lady.

Two miles at a steady march, most of the way uphill, and everybody perspir-

ing, and then the little company with their prisoner in the middle came to a Chinese village, straggled out on a hillside. All about the place were Russian soldiers: in every corner there was a camp-fire and the soup kettles were boiling merrily. About on the grass lay the big men taking their ease, but they sat up and noticed as the prisoner went by, and they yelled questions at the guard as they stroked their mustaches, and always came the same answer, "Americansky spier!"

There came an officer from a group of officers under a tree, and it was by his directions that the correspondent was marched up to a dirty Chinese hut and taken in. The one room was small: it had a big and dirty bed in it, and when the six privates and the sergeant got into the place it was pretty well filled.

Things began to look serious and the correspondent, to keep his spirits up, made remarks about his guards which they could not understand. The windows of the hut were crowded with the faces of the Russian soldiers looking in, and about twice a minute the sergeant answered some of those outside with the monotonous "Americansky spier."

"You're a liar," said the correspondent: "I'm merely a newspaper man." He smiled when he said it, and the sergeant, who wasn't a bad fellow, patted him on the shoulder and laughed.

Then they searched the correspondent. They took his pocketbook and counted out his money, and the correspondent wrote the amount on the wall of the hut. They took everything he had, including his copy of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and they made him take off his coat. More in fun than anything else, the correspondent said, "Don't you want me to strip?" and though they did not seem to understand, that happened to be just what they did want, and they acted as valets while he took off his leather gaiters and his shoes, and finally stood before them stripped to the skin and feeling like a fool, while he

thought of Kipling's "Vampire" and "The fool was stripped to his naked hide."

The search was most thorough. They tapped the heels of his shoes to see they were not hollow; they examined the seams of his clothes for possible papers and when, at last, they were satisfied, they helped him on with his clothes again and he was taken from the hut up the hillside to another hut, where a group of officers were in consultation. Here he had to wait for about five minutes, and in the meantime wrinkled and bleared old Chinese

and he bowed politely. He had a clean towel in his hand, neatly folded, and in pretty good pantomime he explained that this was to be tied about the correspondent's eyes. He tied the bandage himself, and then the rifles rattled as the men took them up and, the word of command being given, away moved the procession along that same fine military road leading to Port Arthur which the correspondent had for two days been so anxious to avoid.

It was a pretty tough bit of walking. The newspaper man had been pounding along since early dawn and was pretty



REVIEW OF RUSSIAN TROOPS ALONGSIDE RAILWAY RUNNING OUT OF PORT ARTHUR

came up and stared at him and the Russian soldiers offered him cigarettes.

Dusk was coming on apace and the correspondent was tired—dog-tired, for he had been walking all day over rocks and hills, and he was not any too well fed. Also the uncertainty as to what was going to happen rather got on his nerves and, although he felt that he was in no particular or immediate danger, those reiterated ejaculations of "Americansky spier" had not tended to make his situation more cheerful.

At last out came the officer with the parted beard, but now, instead of being so beastly gruff, he had a smile on his face

well played-out; he was beastly hungry and thirsty, and now, with that thick bandage over his eyes, he stumbled about every few steps. But he thought it would not do to complain, and so he marched along mostly well ahead of the escort.

A man with his eyes bandaged can always see a little, straight down his nose, and so this correspondent was able until night fell to see the ground in front of him—at least for about two steps ahead, and the confidence with which he stepped out rather surprised the Russian soldiers. Often the road dropped pretty sheerly down, or else mounted upward abruptly—and when this was the case he was always

warned amply in advance by the fact that one of the soldiers would come forward and take a firm grasp of his arm to keep him from falling. When one keeps on walking without any definite idea where he is going the walk is always harder than if one can look steadily forward to its end, but it seemed to the correspondent that he kept on going, going, going, until he must drop from weariness.

Once in a while he would raise his head and try to get some idea of the country through which he was passing, but only occasionally could he see the grim muz-

It may have been about ten o'clock; the night was dark: the main forts had evidently been passed, when with a reassuring word—at least the tone was reassuring—the sergeant in command removed the bandage from the correspondent's eyes and pushed it up on his forehead. The prisoner took off his cap, breathed a sigh of relief as the cool air played about his forehead and, without betraying any particular curiosity, looked about him.

Just ahead one of the biggest searchlights in the world was casting great beams of light skyward, earthward—all



RUSSO-CHINESE BANK PORT ARTHUR. NOW USED AS A GUARD HOUSE

zles of enormous guns or note that the roadway was protected here and there with barbed-wire entanglements. But that it was a well-protected country there could be no doubt. Some sixth sense seemed to tell the correspondent that he was surrounded by troops, and that the road was well guarded could be told by the challenge of sentry after sentry along the way. Always the little procession with the correspondent in its midst was challenged and always the sergeant answered in a low tone. The sentries were curious, too, and to a question most of them asked as the escort passed there went the monotonous answer, "Americansky spier."

around the horizon, now revealing grim fortifications, now showing in strong relief the huts of some outlying settlement. The country looked well ordered. The searchlight showed the road was smooth and well built; the grass-plots on the embankments before the forts, from the sloping sides of which peeped out great guns, were closely trimmed and neat.

On, still onward, until the road sloped down and the shadows of the hill grew around the little party and the darkness became greater. Lights ahead—and the correspondent said to himself that here was an end of this beastly march; but the lights were from a barracks, and the soldiers turned out at the voice of the sentry

challenging and still the prisoner held his way. More lights ahead—a mile ahead—another barracks, and this kept up until four or five barracks had been passed, each a disappointment to the prisoner.

Then, suddenly to the right there was a glimpse of the sea and a breath of salt in the air, and then the road took a more abrupt turn downward and suddenly the little company was in the railroad yards—a network of tracks that reminded one of the railroad yards of a big city. Trains were moving about, too, and there were eight or nine engines with steam up,

havoc supposed to have been wrought by the Japanese fire from the sea. There was nothing to be seen. No disorder. Before leaving Cheefoo he had heard that the places of business were all closed: the windows either shuttered or boarded up. In vain he looked for confirmation of this. He did not see a broken window anywhere. Instead he passed restaurants, through the open doors of which could be seen men and women at their meals; he saw, and had to get out of the way of, officers in evening dress driving furiously by in *droschkas*, accompanied by hand-



VESSEL OF RUSSIAN VOLUNTEER FLEET, PORT ARTHUR

shunting cars back and forth. Across this yard and then into another, and now to the right could be made out the hulls of big vessels lying hard by the docks, the masts reaching above the skyline, the hulls only distinguishable because they showed more black against the blackness of night.

Then into a street, dimly lighted and with dim lights in many houses. Afterward the correspondent was to learn that Port Arthur was under regulations forbidding the burning of bright lights after certain hours, unless the windows were heavily screened. They were now in the city of Port Arthur, and the correspondent kept his eyes open for the frightful

somely gowned women. Pedestrians were walking about unconcerned. He heard laughter and merriment and—yes, music!

Looking back for a moment toward the docks the correspondent could see the flames of forges, in front of which moved the shadows of men working at the repairs of the big battleships, and above the noise of the puffing locomotives he could hear the ringing of hammers.

And so up the street, literally upward, on a hillside; passing a lot of houses on either side, and coming at last to a one-story building into which the little company marched. It was staff headquarters in Port Arthur and the entrance hallway

was occupied by the guard. There were rough benches here: a barrel of cool drinking water occupied one corner: on a shelf above the benches were three or four huge loaves of black rye bread, the rations of the guard on duty.

Two sleepy soldiers were routed from a bench, and with many bows the correspondent was invited to be seated: he accepted with alacrity. A flaxen-haired corporal offered a glass of water: a private cut off a huge hunk of the black bread. The correspondent took both these offerings. The bread was sour, but welcome; the water tasted better than any high-ball ever made. When the sergeant of the guard offered his box of Russian cigarettes the correspondent got the bowing habit himself and thanked the men as well as he could.

If any of those men survive the gallant defense they are making, their prisoner begs them to remember that the one they called "Americansky spier" is not ungrateful.

Headquarters was a busy place: orderlies dashed out and in—and it was now jolly near midnight. All looked at the correspondent curiously as they came in, but not rudely. They were so considerate that he felt that something serious must be in store for him. Suddenly the soldiers all jumped up and stood at attention. The door opened and a group of officers came in. They were mostly in evening dress. Some were brilliantly uniformed. They stood in the hallway a moment and looked at the correspondent searchingly. One, who seemed the senior, said something to him in Russian, and the correspondent, getting up, bowed and said simply: "I beg your pardon, but I do not understand Russian—I am an American." From the group stepped forward a man about the correspondent's age: a handsome clean-cut looking chap, who said with cultured intonation and perfect English:

"I speak English. Can I do anything for you?"

"You can, indeed," said the correspondent. "I don't understand Russian, but ever since this afternoon I have been called 'Americansky spier.' Am I right in supposing that this means 'American spy?' If so, I wish you would correct that impression."

He laughed and said: "Oh, I guess it'll be all right," and then he asked a lot of questions, interpreting the questions and the answers to the group of officers. When it came to the sampan and the voyage from Cheefoo they looked surprised, and the senior officer shrugged his shoulders. They all had a pretty serious look on their faces—all, that is, but the gentleman who was interpreting, but when the senior officer smiled and pulled out a silver cigarette box, offering the correspondent a smoke, they all smiled, too. Then there was some conversation in Russian and they all filed out into the night. "Come on, old fellow," called the interpreter, and the correspondent went, too.

They walked across the street to another building, and here in a big room were half-a-dozen telephones—Ericsson make. One of these the senior officer used, and in the meantime the officers gathered about a desk and examined the "portable property" that had been gathered by the searching party. They were particularly interested in a black case which contained photographs of the prisoner's wife and children, and one of the officers said something laughingly about a picture of the baby, at which the interpreter turned, also laughing, to the prisoner and said:

"They think that is a fine boy of yours."

There was some more talk and then all the officers went away, and each one bowed or nodded as he went, and then, with one more "Come along, old man," the interpreter took the prisoner by the arm and led him up the dark street to his quarters. He routed out two Chinese servants and gave them orders in Russian. He

invited the correspondent in to a rough, soldier's room which yet had books in it and pictures of fair women, and he said:

"The servants will get you some supper." On the table were bottles of various kinds, also many cigarettes.

"Will you excuse me," he said, "and will you please make yourself at home. Take a drink and a smoke, and the servants will wait on you. I must see a lady to her carriage, but will return in a moment."

He went out with a smile, and the correspondent, so far as he could see, was left absolutely unguarded.

The servants came with bacon and eggs, with sausage of various kinds, with good tea, and in the bottles there was Scotch and Hennessey's Three-Star, and there was *vodka* and other things, and after the meal was over the officer came in again, but he had a worried look on his face. He had a paper in his hand.

"Awfully sorry, old chap," he said, "but here is the order directing me to bring you before another officer—our colonel. It is only a step from here, but I was going to ask you to sleep here. Now I think that other arrangements must be made, and I am sure you are tired."

The correspondent was distressed at the friendly interpreter's distress, so he laughed and said, "I'm ready," and they went out into the night again. Up a hillside once more and into a mansion that looked imposing, and the correspondent found himself in another working room where there were two orderlies, one asleep, the other smoking cigarettes.

To them came the colonel—a tall, grim-looking man in undress uniform. He had been wounded and had one hand bandaged and slung to his side. He was evidently a very big gun indeed, for the friendly interpreter seemed a trifle awed. To the correspondent he said:

"Don't say anything. Just answer the questions he directs me to ask you." Then he started and told the colonel the story

—the story he had told so often already. The colonel looked at the correspondent quizzically when the narration was done and then asked a question. Said the interpreter:

"The colonel wants to know if you were not aware that Port Arthur is blockaded and that no one is allowed in?"

"Yes, I knew it," replied the correspondent, "but the blockade does not seem very effective. I came in and there are Chinese vessels constantly coming in and going out."

"Umph," grunted the colonel. "You are here, it is true, but you did not get very far."

There were more questions and answers, and finally the interpreter says:

"The colonel says that no correspondents are to be allowed here. As you had no permission to come into Port Arthur you must go out the way you came—back to Cheefoo. He instructs me to get you away. There are some junks sailing for Cheefoo in a day or two; he says you must go away on one of these. It will not be comfortable, as they will have many Chinese. May be I can get you away tomorrow."

This was better news than the correspondent expected, so saluting the grim colonel and saying "Good night," he was marched out into the night again and so past staff headquarters and—into a jail. The interpreter had a talk with the officer in charge, and while they talked the correspondent noted the company of tired soldiers sleeping on the hard benches in the long, whitewashed corridor, when he was taken to a little cell with a wooden door and locked in. The only light was a tallow candle. Through a little wooden window in the door the friendly interpreter said "Good night."

There was no furniture in the cell save a wooden shelf suspended from the wall and a low stool. The cell was narrow, but its ceiling was high, and away up out of reach was a grated window. That was all.

The floor was of stone, but floor and walls were clean. There were no clothes on the board bed, so the prisoner used his coat for a pillow and was soon asleep.

Early in the morning he was awakened by the sound of tremendous yelling in Japanese, and the door of the next cell to his was pounded violently. The yells were like those of a demon, and when they ceased for a moment the hiatus was filled in with the laughter of Russians. The correspondent could not understand what Japanese were doing here, but he was soon to learn that in his prison were confined some fifty Japanese sailors and soldiers, taken prisoners during the early attempts to blockade the harbor mouth. The yelling man had become crazed through confinement, and the next day he was trussed up like a fowl, for he was violent, and was carted off to the hospital. After that the Japanese prisoners were taken from the separate cells and were all confined in one big room. The day after his first night in the cell the correspondent was visited by five different officers, each of whom brought an interpreter with him, and each interpreter was worse than the one before him. To each of them the prisoner was required to tell his story; he had to reply to numerous questions, and all he said was taken down in writing by a secretary.

Feeling lonely, he asked one of these officers, through an interpreter, if he might not have "Martin Chuzzlewit" returned to him. He assured the interpreter that there was nothing dangerous in the book and he felt that the influence of Mark Tapley at this juncture might be for good. The request was ignored. Then, during the morning, the little window in the door was constantly sliding open, while Russian soldiers—and officers as well—looked in. Finally one of these curious ones said "How do you do?" in very good English, and soon the correspondent learned that there were a number of officers confined in this prison for infractions of military discipline.

The officer who spoke English—a naval lieutenant—turned out to be a jolly good fellow. He brought the correspondent *vodka* and cigarettes, and when he learned that something to read was needed he brought some old magazines, which helped quite a good deal. This officer spent most of the afternoon in conversation with the correspondent, and so the time passed pleasantly enough.

The next morning—the night was again spent on the hard bench—two more examining officers came, and when the last one had finished, the correspondent's newly-found friend came to the pigeon-hole and advised him to protest against the close confinement. This he did, and the officer of the guard, after telephoning to the outside, came and unlocked the door of the cell and allowed the correspondent to take up his quarters in the big room given over to the officers. Here everything was more comfortable. There was an iron bedstead, and the English-speaking officer was able to induce the officer of the guard to get some of the correspondent's cash. The officer gave him a hundred dollars and with this bed clothes, clean linen, soap, towels and other necessities were purchased by the servant of the lieutenant who visited him twice daily. Also this servant brought in two meals a day for the correspondent and the lieutenant—the price was five dollars a meal. In the cell across the way the correspondent had been allowed only black bread and water, with a pot of cabbage soup once a day.

On the third day there came another examiner and this fellow devoted his attention to asking such questions as this:

"What Japanese ships did you see in crossing the Gulf?"

"Where did you last see Japanese torpedo boats?"

"Where, in your opinion, is the nearest Japanese coaling station?"

To all these questions the correspondent gave no answer, but as they continued he said:

"I have been called 'Americansky spier.'

If I were to answer your questions as to forces of the enemy I might deserve the title. If I should tell you chaps what I know about the Japs, you may be quite sure that I am the sort of man who would tell the Japs what I know about you. I decline to answer any questions except those about myself."

Then the officer left and not pleasantly.

By the advice of the lieutenant, the correspondent wrote a letter to General Stoessel in which he related as plainly as possible the full story of his venture. He stated further that his reason for the written statement was that he had been examined so many times and by so many interpreters that there must be some variety and discrepancy in the statements, and he feared that these discrepancies might be attributed to untruth. He asked that he might be brought before the commandant and examined personally. This letter the correspondent sent by an orderly, to whom he had to give a ten rouble note.

The result was seen next morning when the prisoner was brought before the General. He was received kindly and after the usual questions, of which the correspondent was getting pretty sick by this time, General Stoessel said:

"You can not stay here. I don't want any correspondent here. I am willing to let you go on one condition."

"And that is, sir?" He was afraid that General Stoessel was going to make him promise to write nothing of what he had seen.

"That if you get out of here safely you will not come back."

"I promise, General," said the correspondent.

"Remember," said the general with a laugh in his eyes, "Port Arthur is not to be rushed twice."

"Very well, sir. I'll remember."

When it came to a narration of the story of the trip from Cheefoo and General Stoessel asked about the size of the sampan and learned how small a boat it was, he said:

"Ah, just like a crazy American," but he said it pleasantly.

In a varied career it had been the correspondent's privilege to meet many men who have been counted great. Presidents of republics, rulers of native states in India, military chiefs in South Africa, admirals of fleets who had won their way by ability, generals of divisions, ministers of state. But the world over no one man impressed him with such a sense of dignity and power, of sheer ability and dogged determination, as did General Stoessel. To the correspondent there was more than a suggestion of General Grant in the square jaw, the grizzled, close-cropped beard. His eyes were steely-gray, but they could twinkle merrily. He stood firmly on his feet, and his voice, like that of most of the big men of earth, was gentle and kindly—but he wasted it in no unnecessary words.

He seemed the born fighter; a natural commander; a captain of men, and so through all these months of fighting since that memorable seventeenth of June when the correspondent stood face to face with General Stoessel, and the reports have come that the Commandant of Port Arthur was asking for peace, seeking for terms or was thinking of surrendering, the correspondent has steadily denied them, and when first he found himself back on American soil he wrote—just what he believes to-day—that "If Port Arthur is taken and every man of the garrison is killed but General Stoessel, the victors will find the General serving the last gun with his own hands."

The next morning there came an orderly who said:

"You are to be taken back to the point where you landed—Louisa Bay—and you are required to show the exact point where your boat brought you ashore. Will you walk or will you pay for a *droschka*?"

"Me for the *droschka*," said the prisoner.

"It will be twenty dollars."

"What care I. I'll ride."

And so about ten o'clock there came a tall officer who could not speak a word of English and he said that the *droschka* was waiting.

The correspondent said a hasty goodbye to the fellow-prisoners, the officers. The English-speaking lieutenant, who had become very friendly and whose kindness was wonderful, came forward and kissed the correspondent on both cheeks and made the sign of the cross before the *ikon* which hung in the corridor.

There was a romance about this lieutenant. He lived in Moscow, and on the day he left for the Far East he had been married. He and his young bride—he told the correspondent that she was only eighteen—had hardly got from the church before the summons came. He had to obey and leave her. He was very anxious that she should know that he was alive and well and he gave the correspondent the address in Moscow.

From Cheefoo, a few days thereafter, there went a cablegram to the wife that carried her a word of love from her husband, and the correspondent felt that the cost of the wire was money well expended.

It is not necessary, perhaps, to state the result of the correspondent's trip to Port Arthur. That was cabled all over the world. Briefly, he was able to tell the world that the garrison at Port Arthur, so far from being discouraged and disaffected, was in good spirits, good health and good condition. So far from being short of supplies, the soldiers were well fed and there were ample supplies on hand for two years. He was able to contradict the report that the Japanese had succeeded in blocking the harbor with sunken vessels, for Russian ships were constantly going out and coming in. The Japanese had said, too, that the Russian ships had all been so badly injured by their fire that they had been beached; that the guns had been taken from them and mounted on the hills. The correspondent was able to tell that these ships were all repaired and

ready for business; that he had seen the *Retvizan* and *Czarevitch* move out from dock, although the *Czarevitch* had had her whole starboard quarter blown away. In the inner harbor he had seen the battleships *Retvizan*, *Pobida*, *Sevastopol*, *Poltava*, *Peresevet* and the *Czarevitch* and the cruisers, *Bayan*, *Askold*, *Diana*, *Palлада* and *Novik*. That this news, cabled to America on June 21 was correct, was amply verified by the fact that all of these vessels made a sortie from the harbor and gave battle to the Japanese on June 24.

And so on June 21 he left Port Arthur, sitting in a *droschka*, blindfolded. A drive of three hours brought him to the plain adjacent to Louisa Bay and then there was a climb over the hills—the bandage removed—to the exact point where he had landed a few days before. So that there could be no mistaking the place the correspondent pointed out the empty cocoa-tin out of which he had drunk and the debris of that early morning breakfast.

Then back to the *droschka* and so, skirting Louisa Bay, until they came to a small stone hut, and in this the correspondent was locked and there he remained until about four in the afternoon. Then, blindfolded again, he was led out and down over the shingly beach into a sampan and was taken off to a junk, one of three that were getting under weigh. They were huge crafts and dirty, but they moved gallantly seaward.

Here the correspondent took off his bandage from his eyes and found that on the deck of the junk with him was a naval officer and a Russian boat's crew. None of them could speak English, but all smiled as if to say it was all right.

Out past a little island and here, at the entrance to the bay, lay the wreck of a torpedo boat, but whether Russian or Japanese, she was too far sunk to determine. Once beyond the bay the Russians pulled up their boat and got in, the naval officer shook hands with the correspondent

and got into the stern sheets, and the junk, catching the breeze outside the bay, was fairly off to sea.

The return journey was a nightmare. It took three days—three awful days of little sleep and absolutely no food. There was food on board—Chinese food—but for reasons not necessary to set down it was uneatable by a white man. The three junks were laden with Chinese; a whole village being deported because it had concealed two Japanese spies, and so the junks, instead of sailing south by west, the course to Cheefoo, went almost due north, skirting the coast until dawn found them close in to the shore, where the land was low and there was a long stretch of sandy beach. Here, fully three hundred yards from the beach, the Chinese took off their clothes and, holding them on their heads, stepped over the side into water that was beastly chilly. It came to their shoulders, but they soon waded ashore. Clear of their living freight, the crews of the junks began to prepare food for themselves and to get ready to sleep.

In the meantime it was raining, rain-

ing, just pouring down, and as there was no shelter but the reeking hole which the Chinese had just vacated, the tired and wet correspondent stayed on deck, and there was not a dry inch anywhere about him.

Always he stayed on deck during those days and nights. He induced the crew of his junk to pull up anchor and sail for Cheefoo, and by good fortune there was a fair wind that carried the junk to Cheefoo, just a little within the limit of the passenger's endurance. In the dull gray of the dawn, on June 20, he crept ashore at Cheefoo, where he was hailed as one coming from the dead, for the Cheefoo *Daily News* had reported him shot, and the Shanghai *Mercury* had published the report that he was hanged.

There were clean clothes, good food and a hearty welcome waiting, and the correspondent "took his bath and 'e wallered—for, Gawd, 'e needed it so!" to paraphrase Kipling, and instead of eating breakfast, hungry as he was, he fell over on his bed and slept for ten hours—sheerly happy that he had done his work.

(Concluded)



ROUTED AT BRANDYWINE

By Mary Moss

AUTHOR OF "A SEQUENCE IN HEARTS"

PROLOGUE

FAR afield Gouverneur was circling the meadow like an ill-trained and most inconsequent setter pup. his orbit gradually narrowing about a tree laden with forbidden July apples. Harry still plied his spade, chained to the task by Lydia's doubts of his omniscience. Suddenly it fell from his hands, and kneeling in a hump he poked the upturned earth. By the time he was triumphantly snuffing at some undeclared object, Lydia had sped to his side.

"What is it?" she demanded.

Harry ardently licked something held in the hollow of his grimy, sweating paw; he then drew it slowly to and fro on his duck trousers. Every rub left a brownish stain.

"Show me," Lydia's late skepticism lacked staying power.

"Thought there was nothing to find." Harry was a nice boy, but mortal. On this occasion, however, disciplining Lydia required a reticence beyond the reach of any ten-year-old. Relenting, he held up a soil-encrusted buckle.

"Look some more!" she commanded.

He hunted till the loose clay stuck to the end of his snubby nose.

"If we only knew a little about it," she lamented,—*"how it got here. It's an officer's shoe buckle."*

Now was the boy's turn to scoff. "Shoe! Silly! Officers wore boots. Hullo—see here!" Like a robin spotting a worm, he cocked his head on one side then pounced upon two rusty bullets.

Lydia had grown pale with excitement. "Then he was shot, just here. Oh, I see!

Let me say. It's his stock buckle. I've seen some others. Major André has one in his picture at the library in town." A sobering thought caught her. "What ought we to do with them?"

Harry repudiated this. "Keep 'em. They're ours. We found them on Grand-mamma's pasture."

Lydia felt prickings. "They must be awfully valuable. Real relics of the Battle of Brandywine!"

"Going to tell, I suppose." Harry anticipated the worst from any girl, although Lydia had so far shown herself remarkably unobjectionable. After the invitation had gone forth, old Mrs. Baird fell prey to considerable misgivings at having assembled the four little cousins under her roof for a long summer holiday, but the experiment was proving a complete success, largely owing to Harry's taste for war and all its appurtenances. To a future West Pointer, the son of a soldier, it seemed no small privilege to live upon an ancient battlefield, and every acre of Woodside was proven historic ground. At first the children had played "Brandywine" day in and day out, with a growing disposition to readjust the issue of that doubtful contest. From being called a draw, in their patriotic hands it was surely assuming the rank of a brilliant victory. Unpopular rôles, Howe, Cornwallis, despicable Hessians, naturally fell to Gouverneur and Christina, while more competent elders appropriated such responsible parts as Washington and Green. The three fords, Brinton's, Chadd's and Pyle's, were duly reconnoitered, the floor of Bir-

mingham Meeting closely scanned for bloodstains. In fact, the craving for some more intimate, personal token of the battle had ended by becoming a perfect obsession, and now, just when the search seemed utterly fruitless, they suddenly found themselves possessing relics "of immense value"—a stock buckle and two minnie balls—all much rusted.

Harry grunted. "There comes Christina!" Too true! That unreliable little lady had awaked from a gnat-ridden doze under the Spanish chestnut, and now joined them, flushed and rather cross.

"What are you hiding?" She came direct to the point.

"Nothing." Harry considered this equivocation justifiable. Properly influenced, Lydia might not tell. Conscience is often amenable to reason; but Christina's leakiness was the only stable element in her sadly trifling character.

"I did see something in your hand!" Christina straightway howled. Her piercing shrieks even distracted Gouverneur's attention from the apple-tree. With a suspicious stickiness of hand and mouth, he approached at an easy canter.

"Stop! Stop! They'll hear you at the house. Cry baby!" Harry and Lydia remonstrated.

"I don't care if they do! I don't care if I am a cry baby." Christina lifted her voice afresh. "Guvvy, they're hiding something from us."

Gouverneur looked undecided. The dread of his life was to be classed with Christina, rather than with the more important cousins. Always repudiating her society, he was frequently thrown back upon it, rejected in higher quarters for a youthful greed and timidity which the elders deemed chronic and unpardonable.

Harry and Lydia silently consulted. Seeing this, Christina produced a fine crescendo.

"Oh, well! If we don't tell her she'll have the whole house after us." Lydia had completely succumbed to Harry's desire

for secrecy, bound to his side by Christina's unworthy behavior.

"But if you tell this to any one—you or Guvvy"—Harry threatened impressively—"Swear!"

"I swear." The two marplots gave facile obedience.

Unclutching his begrimed hand, Harry displayed the treasures.

"Thought it would be a wifle." Gouverneur felt no enthusiasm.

Christina's disappointment was evidently about to vent itself in fresh ululations.

"Come under the pine-trees to the den, and we'll tell you—everything," Lydia sprang to the rescue. "You don't understand what it means. It's a story."

Christina provisionally unmade her crying face.

CONCEPTION

The Den was a roomy cave or robber castle formed by the branching pines of a long avenue. It was rather hot, sweet smelling and beautifully carpeted with pine needles; a cracked saucer or two lay on the ground, a small trumpet and three wooden sabers.

At a sign from Lydia, Harry laid the tokens upon an inverted starch box. Christina held her cry in reserve, still scenting disappointment. Gouverneur stared.

"They belonged to an officer," Lydia began. "A young British officer."

"How do you know that?" Harry interrupted.

"Because he was killed, and more British than us perished at Brandywine!"

The showy logic of this loosed Harry's better hold upon historic fact. "On General Howe's staff?" he meekly prompted.

Lydia conceded the detail indifferently. To her mind the military aspect was fast becoming subsidiary. "He was very handsome, with lovely eyes and a straight nose—" her in-turned gaze strove exactly to recall the features of Major André.

"Oh, I know!" Harry did not care a



Drawn by Florence Jones

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"WHAT IS IT?" SHE DEMANDED

for the officer's name. "It happened
way. That morning General Wash-
ington told General Cover in which the
ford, and General Cover said there
three, and General Washington said
here weren't, and—"

But what's that got to do with it?
—on the ground Lydia's voice said,
—"was a British officer—"

That's all right, but wait!" Imagine-
run in the family and Harry swam at
tide of invention. "Washington in-
d, so no one guarded Pyke's ford, and
sole regiment of Hessians crossed and
almost to where Washington was,
if Green hadn't turned up and chased
—"

"I remember." The infection was seiz-
Gouverneur. "An' the Hessians wan-
and broke the trees and made that
that runs down to the river."

Of course," Harry resumed with com-
authority. "Then General Howe
this young officer up the pasture to
the Hessians running away, but he
in't—"

His name was Sir Wilfred." Lydia
lately become acquainted with Ivan-

Harry went on. "So he just stopped
he hill there and said, 'Anyhow, I
t run, I'll just stay here,' and so he
That's how he got killed."

o the feminine taste, this lacked finish.
d then," Lydia amplified, "some sol-
came along and found him lying
, and they took off his stock and
d out the bullets (he was shot in the
) and carried him down here into the
—"

But the wounded were put in Bir-
ham Meeting—" Harry objected.

By that time it was all full." Lydia
ced his literalness with a pregnant

"Here, under these very trees, here
lied. But not before he had said,
re is a beautiful lady at home, and
pirit will never rest until—"

I the children suddenly jumped, but

it was only at the dinner table, hastily
sounding from the broad veranda. With
restless glances at their unworried
cousins, the little flock scurried toward the
house.

INTERLUDE

"And they have been so good," Mrs.
Bairst smiled benignly. "This is the first
time they haven't been nicely washed and
brushed for weeks. Did you have a plover
and mourning children?"

Christina was eating the kind of dinner
mothers do not allow to infants of four.
Gouverneur silently engulfed corn on the
cob. It fell to Lydia and Harry to re-
count their morning occupations to a new
visitor, a brow-beaten elderly lady of the
type instinctively affected by an aquiline
grandmamma of firm views and majestic
demeanor. An indulgent grandmamma,
but with marked spanking proclivities.

"We took a walk, and then played un-
der the pine trees." Lydia's chastened
little-girl air would never have indicated
the inspired and possibly dominating
prophetess of the den.

"You know," Mrs. Bairst further en-
larged, "they take such an intelligent in-
terest in the battlefield, that talking and
reading about it has kept them out of
mischief the livelong summer."

GERMINATION

A gentle afternoon breeze had sprung
up. "What a racket it makes in those tree
tops." Harry lay on his back in the den,
blinking skyward.

"Worse at night. I often stay awake
and listen." Lydia's tone hinted at deeper
meaning. Stuffed and lethargic, Harry
failed to rise. The next trial Gouverneur
"Don't you ever hear sounds at night?"

"Every night," he shamelessly af-
firmed, gratified at being questioned.

Lydia brooded. "I wonder what it is."

"Wind!" Repletion rendered Harry
obstinate.

Just then the whiff of a rank later pipe-

floated into the den, and, peering out, Lydia beheld the butler sauntering down the avenue. At table, in his starched white linens, Nicholas was a fairly imposing old-fashioned dandy, but in the relaxed hours after dish-washing a fatigue costume of collarless shirt and easy footgear betrayed a tendency to revert toward comfortable and inelegant savagery. The children greatly preferred him in this state.

"Say, Nicholas!" Lydia thrust her head through the boughs. "Come here, please."

"Law! Miss Lyddy! You give me a turn." Nicholas seated himself sociably on the starch box.

"A turn! Why?" Lydia fixed searching eyes on their guest.

"Dunno jus' why. Didn't 'spect any one was here, then comes a voice; kind of startled me, that's all."

"Nicholas,"—Lydia grew very portentous,—"*did you ever hear noises in the avenue at night?*"

"What noises, Miss?" Nicholas wriggled uneasily. "Bats?"

"Not like that." Lydia shook her head. "I've heard"—she measured his receptiveness with a sapient eye. "It was like some one sighing all night long. Guvvy's heard it, too. Haven't you, Guvvy?"

"Evey night!" Gouverneur jerked this out. The fact of his being an incorrigible sluggard only proving that the sounds penetrated even Guvvy's dreams.

"What you think it would be, Missy?" Nicholas asked, interested, but non-committal.

"Aren't Grandmamma and Mrs. Thwing going out to tea?" Lydia put a question apparently irrelevant.

"Yes, missy, they are; but what noises?"

"Let us have supper in the kitchen," Lydia wheedled. "Do please, Nicholas. It's much nicer there than in the dining room. If you asked, Marjorie would let us."

"But those noises, Missy?" Nicholas had grown thoroughly disturbed.

"If you'll get us to have tea in the kitchen, I'll tell you everything!" Lydia was again the inspired Delphic prophetess.

FRUITION

Below stairs the ladies sat in solemn conclave.

"Ghosts, nothing!" The chambermaid openly disbelieved, but then Bertha, a flip-pant minx of a mill girl, was ignorant of many things she would have done well to learn from wiser people. So at least thought Marjorie, an ample, pleasant creature built along well established lines (or curves) of cook to the best families.

"Children's nonsense, I call it," the skeptic repeated, with a toss of her pert chin. "Any one could see *that* Lydia was about half making it up as she went along."

"But the others, too," Marjorie burred in genial Irish inflections. "Harry an' the little ones said they'd been after hearing noises."

"Those kids back up everything she tells them. John will laugh at you good and hard when he gets home and hears the taking you've been in. Much him and me rubber round at ghosts and spirits."

"John and you, indeed!" (Marjorie had three thousand saved in a building society and didn't care who knew it.) "If John laughs at any one, it's not like to be me at all, at all!"

To this Bertha only vouchsafed a sarcastic smile, ostentatiously drawing up her trim figure. "Hard luck, a woman of your size and age to be still living out, Marjorie," she presently observed.

"I always feel easier when John is in of an evening," Marjorie retorted with a proprietary air. "The madam never minds, when she stays so late, that he's got his horses to rub down and all before ever he gets to his bed."

"Don't you fret yourself, Marjorie," Bertha perfidiously consoled, "a fine young man like him don't hurt to miss his beauty sleep once in a way. Old people forget— Goodness' name! What's that?"

A long, unearthly howl from an upper chamber here diverted both contestants. Marjorie busily crossed herself and listened, while even Bertha, the unbelieving, showed symptoms of uneasiness. A minute later the door burst open to admit Nicholas, disheveled, panting, his rolling eyes all white.

"I seed it, myself! Standing out there, holding—"

A patter of bare feet, and from an inner passage four little muslin-clad figures emerged, Lydia and Harry, wild-eyed, with chattering teeth. Gouverneur imperfectly awake but full of importance, Christina a drowsy bundle, lugged along by main force.

"Did you hear?" Lydia as usual took the lead. "Did you hear," she reiterated. "his awful yell? I had to wake him. Now tell us, Guvvy, what scared you so?"

"Missy." Nicholas had sunk on a stool and was hugging his knees and disconsolately rocking his body. His manner implied the worst. "Missy, I'll tell, I saw it!"

"Saw it?" The children huddled together, Guvvy, with whom night terrors not infrequently followed green corn and unripe apples, willingly relinquished his narrative to abler hands.

Nicholas gulped the hot tea with which Marjorie had mechanically supplied him. "Yo gran'ma tole me to fetch in the chairs fum under the big pine tree, an' I forgot, till jus' now. I doan like much goin' out there after what Missy tole us at supper, but I doan like yo' gran'ma to fin' those chairs out when she comes home. Jus' as I was hurryin' along in that black dark place, you know—a kind of awful figger—"

"What kind?" Harry and Lydia burst out, thrilling with night-born terror and a certain painful delight.

"Couldn't rightly say, never saw the kind before. But one thing—"

"—Sort of fancy clothes?" Harry prompted.

"—A beautiful young gentleman?" Lydia being upon his answer.

"Don't know about beautiful," Nicholas spoke in stricken tones. "But in his left hand he carried his own head. Carried it by the hair. Jus' then a terrible yowl scounded fum high up somewheres—"

"That's it. He can't rest," Lydia tragically declaimed. "You know what I was telling you, a great battle was fought on this very ground, years and years ago. People were killed by hundreds. It's the voices of the dead we hear, sounding after dark."

"Heaven help us!" Marjorie wailed, with visions of warlocks and witches. "It's little I'll rest in my bed to-night. I feel like a spell on me now."

"There's a doctor down in town yonder has drops and powders for when you've been conjured." Nicholas had sloughed a generation of civilized living, and stood a trembling, hoodooed savage.

"Listen." Bertha cut in. "wheels! you kids better make tracks to bed before your grandmamma catches you up. Here's a candle."—Bertha had some humane impulses,—“in case you feel scary, but don't make drippings on the floor. That grease is something fierce to get off."

THE DELUGE

Old Mrs. Baird sat at her Chippendale desk, neatly docketing receipts and matching canceled checks with the stubs in her book. During this monthly crisis the household had learned to respect her desire for solitude. Nevertheless, not long after breakfast, a spongy footstep and self-conscious cough unmistakably indicated the presence of Marjorie. Mrs. Baird looked over her shoulder. The aquiline nose, the long stiff cap strings and rather cold gray eye made her a formidable old lady to interrupt.

"I'm sorry to break in on you," Marjorie showed proper regret—"but it's along of my brother Eugene's youngest gurl—"

"Your brother Eugene!" Mrs. Baird's tone obliterated Eugene and family.

"Yes'm. He's the one in County Kerry that has—" Mrs. Baird's arching brows compelled haste. "Why, ma'am, it's just this way. The child,—she's only eighteen and foolish at that,—she's just took and come over, without giving me time to send for her anyway before she's on me. The ship's in this noon and—" here followed a torrent of information. Danger to girls on landing. Peculiar and heartless delight of agents in putting them on wrong trains. This particular Bridget's particular inability to do for herself. "Why the child couldn't so much as slip on her own stocking of a Sunday, when last I saw her—" Marjorie paused for breath.

"And when *did* you last see her?" Mrs. Baird inquired.

"When I went home for a summer, sure."

"And that was—?" Mrs. Baird expected company to tea, and felt disinclined to offer them a meal concocted by Nicholas and Bertha.

"Sixteen year, ma'am, come September." Marjorie was strong on dates.

"And you are going to all the stations in town to hunt for a grown girl you haven't seen since she was two, who has your address and will probably cross you on the road?"

In certain emergencies the Socratic method fails. The interrogative form made easy Marjorie's answer. "Yes, ma'am, I'm going."

Mrs. Baird shrugged indignant shoulders. "Well, it's perfect folly, but when you do find the girl, if you find her, better bring her out here till she gets a place."

In tendering profuse thanks, Marjorie's honest countenance became suffused almost purple.

Mrs. Baird turned back to her accounts, but after such digressions the Cash and Expense columns naturally refused to tally. Another step. Nicholas at the door, very drooping, very limp; his cheek tied

up in a clean glass towel, his eyes dull as stale huckleberries.

"Go away, Nicholas. I'm busy. Come again in an hour."

"Yes'm, I'm goin', by the ten o'clock train. Jus' stopped to tell you I mus' hab out dis awful tooth dis day. Never touched my head to the pillow. Couldn't spend such another night w'thout dying." Nicholas gave a genuine shudder.

Mrs. Baird inspected him through her lorgnette. "You do look pretty miserable, but it's extremely inconvenient. Well! Hurry off and be sure to be back in time to help Bertha—Mercy, what's the meaning of this?" As Nicholas, with a "thank you, ma'am," turned to depart, he almost shuffled into Bertha, perter than ever in best hat and long-tailed dress. She carried a large telescope bag and chiffon sunshade. "Bertha, this is not your day!" Mrs. Baird's voice showed heat.

"Sure!" Bertha wore her kitchen manner, "but my grandmother is dead and the folks wants me home to her funeral."

"Why, your grandmother died only last March—"

"That was my other grandmother, a very old lady; must have been nearly your age, this one—"

"—Very well, leave at once, but you need not come back. And you will have to manage as best you can about getting your bag to the station. John will be far too busy—"

"Certainly, but John is leaving himself. There is a run on the bank where his money—"

Mrs. Baird rose magisterially. "This is a conspiracy! I will go to the kitchen myself and forbid all of them to leave the house to-day."

—And after.

"I'm not the one to tell her. It's no fault of mine that they're all scared to death." With hands in pocket Harry openly rebelled.

"If you hadn't found the bullets and things—" Lydia pushed her point.

Assembled guiltily in their beloved den, the children, aghast, were viewing the work of their hands and debating acrimoniously who should bear an incriminating confession to the throne of judgment.

"Her slipper stings so," Harry argued, "and you're too big a girl for her to spank. Besides, my bullets had nothing to do with it. Your silly story started them all." By night Nicholas' apparition had worn the very semblance of truth. Under a bright morning sun ghostly terrors had vanished.

"When she knows, she can stop their going. She must be told." Lydia's conscience was persistent, though vicarious. "And Christina ought to do it. She's so good at telling! Besides, if it hadn't been for her crying because it was nothing but a buckle and bullets, I would never have begun to make up any story."

"Christina," Harry decreed, "it's up to you."

Christina was busy biting a knot out of the toe of her stocking. Thus adjured, she simply remarked, "I won't."

Restive at being overlooked, Gouverneur inadvisedly piped in, "I won't, too."

At this both elders turned—

"If you hadn't kicked up such a row last night, and you know green apples always do give you nightmare."

"And you're always wanting to do things if we'd only let you have the chance."

"Yes, now we'll try you and see if it isn't all just talk." Lydia and Harry poured out an antiphonal chant.

Guvvy wavered, "I'm 'fraid—"

"'Fraid! Didn't I say so?" Harry contemptuously kicked the pine needles.

"'Fraid she'll not listen to me." The victim dodged with the adroitness of rabbits and other oppressed weaklings.

"I'll show you what to say." Lydia spent a second in hard thought. "You must let her see how the whole story somehow seemed to grow of itself. Then we told Nicholas and Marjorie, just for fun, and then—there really are noises, but of

course that's only the trees. Why, I heard a sound like people passing not five minutes ago. We'll go up to the house with you, Guvvy, and you can do it now."

They set forth with him, an elder on either hand, Christina fluttering in the rear. Harry chanced to pause at a point in the avenue, whence they caught a glimpse of the highroad and saw a procession tramping along through the dust, tramping quickly and with infinite spirit, though heavy laden. Marjorie led the way and John came after. Bertha's picture hat and parasol could be plainly distinguished; following closely came Nicholas, black-clad, spectacled as for funeral or wedding feast.

This spell Calamity! This was far more serious than a legion of ghosts. Reparation had passed beyond their grasp. Self-preservation alone remained. Lydia rallied first. She fiercely clutched Guvvy and Christina, she grouped them, she raised their chubby hands to Heaven. Breathless at her speed, they obeyed, docile, bewildered.

"By Sir Wilfred's soul I swear," she intoned, like a small perspiring sibyl, "~~never, never, never~~ to tell. If I do, may he haunt me till I die. Repeat it!" They repeated. "Now join in—

"Sleep all who sleep, wake all who wake, But be as the dead for the dead man's sake."

"Now, you two," she added loftily, "he can't possibly hurt you unless you tell. I've fixed him."

L'ENVOI

"And let no one try to persuade me that young creatures are a trouble to any one who understands managing them," Mrs. Baird was wont thereafter to affirm. "Why, when my servants unaccountably marched off in a body last summer, all four of my grandchildren stopped playing about the farm and offered to do housework. That thoughtful mite of a Lydia actually put little Gouverneur to shelling the beans for dinner."

SHIFTING PARTY LINES

A LOOK TOWARD THE FUTURE BY WAY OF THE PAST

By David Graham Phillips

AUTHOR OF "THE COST," ETC.

TO cry over the spilling of the milk may be useless; but a dry-eyed investigation of it is the reverse of useless. It is the first move toward the safety of the next pailful. Why was the milk spilt? why did the man die? why did the enterprise, small or great, private or public, the business deal or battle or campaign its currents turn awry?—these are the questions that ought always to be asked until they are answered. Let the dead past bury its dead; no good can come of lingering among the graves. But, before turning over the corpse for burial, pry out the mystery of its mournful plight.

The cataclysm—the combination of cyclone, earthquake and avalanche—which astonished the nation at midnight of last November eighth invites and even demands the post mortem. And each of the myriad self-constituted crowner's quests is thronged; for, the "sad affair" is one to rouse all kinds of curiosity, from mere morbid fondness for the mortuary to that hunger and thirst after wisdom which is the beginning of intelligent action.

The first point is the identity of the corpse. To many persons this, like so much of the seemingly superfluous precaution of legal procedure, will seem a formality that is sheer waste of time. A thousand fingers point to the long ears, the battered brown hide, the tufted tail and cry "The proverb that no one has ever seen a dead donkey is falsified. There lies one—the Democratic party." But let us not go too fast. True, the

corpse is a donkey; but there are other political donkeys beside the famous symbolic Democratic wanderer in the wilderness and browser upon the thistles of the non-officeholder. This may be one of them. At any rate the point is important. The mere raising of the question of identity, however foolishly, compels a thorough inquiry.

I

The public memory, rarely long or accurate, is always short and shifty upon political matters. It is, therefore, not strange that there are so few and so hazy references to the last preceding political cataclysm—that of 1892.

Only twelve years ago the Republican party was overwhelmed in a disaster in some respects greater than that which has just downcast Democrats. In 1892, Mr. Harrison got only five more electoral votes than Mr. Parker in 1904. Like Mr. Parker, Mr. Harrison failed to carry any of the doubtful states, lost them by disheartening pluralities. Like Mr. Parker, Mr. Harrison carried the states of his party's solid nucleus—for, we must not forget that there is in the North a Republican solidarity of extreme protection states full as unyielding as the Southern Democratic solidarity on the race question—Mr. Harrison carried his party's solidarity by pluralities reduced toward the vanishing point. Mr. Parker lost only one state from the Democratic solidarity—Missouri. Of the Republican solidarity Mr. Harrison lost eight states

—Wisconsin, Illinois, Kansas, North Dakota, Washington, Colorado, Idaho, Nevada. He lost five of the electoral votes of stanchly Republican Michigan, one of stanchly Republican Oregon's, one of stanchly Republican Ohio's, and he would have lost Ohio in its entirety had the Democratic machine realized the opportunity and made an effort there. Mr. Parker carried eleven of the big states of the Union and all but one vote of a twelfth; Mr. Harrison carried outright only five of the big states, and part of the vote of two other big states. True, Mr. Cleveland got no such stupendous popular majority as did Mr. Roosevelt. But the campaign of 1892 was twelve years ago, when the habit of independent voting had just begun again after a quarter of a century of tenacious and angry partizanship; further, between 1892 and 1904 intervened the two McKinley-Bryan campaigns, with their tremendous shifts in party lines, developing the habit of "disloyalty to party" almost into a custom.

The more one studies November 8, 1904, in the light of political history, the less inclined one is to the theory that it is a sporadic phenomenon or a manifestation of popular wrath against the Democratic party alone or a mere indication of Mr. Roosevelt's personal popularity. The more clearly it appears that the cataclysm was not partizan, but non-partizan and national, that the necessity for reorganization is not confined to the Democratic party. And no one would fail to see this if we were not all so completely under the spell of names, if we looked at things themselves instead of at their usually misleading entitlements.

In our history, which is curiously of a pattern throughout, we have had four cataclysmic political upheavals, all arising from the same cause—the passion of the American people for democracy. The first began soon after the inauguration of Washington and ended in the election

of Jefferson. It was the struggle between democracy and the colonial aristocracy of Federalism, resting upon long accepted leadership and a limited suffrage. As always, the democracy embodied its ideals in a man; the man was Jefferson. Who speaks, or thinks, of that triumph of 1800 as the triumph of the Republican party and the defeat of the Federalists? It was the triumph not of party or faction, but of a great historic principle—and the battle and victory take name not from party or faction, but from the principle and the man who embodied it.

The second cataclysm was democracy against a moneyed aristocracy, centering about the huge Bank of the United States, in proportion a huger oligarchy than any we now know. Again the democracy embodied itself in a man—Jackson. And who thinks or cares now that in political nomenclature Jackson was a Democrat, purging the Democratic party of plutocratic control? History is content to spell Jackson's democracy with a small, generalizing d.

The third cataclysm was the fight of democracy against the slavocracy which dominated the Democratic party and terrorized and paralyzed the Whig party. Lincoln was in that crisis the embodiment of democratic aspiration and purpose. The Republican party of to-day still claims him, but that is a pleasing and plausible fiction for stump oratory. Those who know history well know how Lincoln's hardest battles were, like those of Jackson and Jefferson, with the machinery of his own party. He and the people and democracy won not through, but in spite of a corrupt political party, which, as soon as death removed his firm grasp from its rapacity, took advantage of Grant's political inexperience to all but wreck both him and its venal self. As for Lincoln's principles, he wrote in 1859, "the principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society." That is,

the principles triumphant through Lincoln were the principles triumphant through Jackson and through Jefferson—government of, for and by the people.

The fourth cataclysm—the one now in its latest but by no means its last convulsion—is the struggle of democracy against what is commonly called plutocracy—the aggressions of corporate wealth upon the rights of the individual and upon the purity and justice of the public administration. It is the battle of Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln over again—the battle that must recur from time to time in our history so long as power tends to segregate and those invested with power tend grossly to abuse it.

We often speak of independent voting as a recent phenomenon, of independent voters as the product of the modern newspaper and school. Fortunately for the world, the average human being got shrewdness and common sense long ago and in a far better school than any formally established by man. In ordinary times, or before issues are clearly seen, the average American is a tenacious partizan, so much so that radicals, who are apt to be as vigorous in temper as in views, get very angry with him. But when the crisis comes, when the issue begins to clarify, the American, whether of Jefferson's day or of our own, begins to thresh about in the political harness so cleverly constructed for him by corrupt politicians; and presently there is an exhibit of broken collars, curbs, straps and reins that tries the souls of political harness-repairers.

There is at the present time the interesting beginning of another such exhibit.

II

It was in 1884 that the electorate delivered the first unruly kick at the dashboard of the plutocratic political organization in control of both national parties.

Mr. Cleveland was elected. Then the electorate found that its man was powerless because the machine of the party to which he nominally belonged was as subservient to the corrupting forces as was the other machine. Another kick—that of 1888—and out went Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic party. The Republican party thought the triumph was its, imagined the old horse had repented his capers and was prepared to settle down to the old load in the old harness; 1892 was the result of this fatuous notion. The Republican national machine was kicked into flinders—smashed beyond repair, thought many Republican politicians.

But the plutocracy was in control of the Democratic machine; and the Democratic party proceeded to defy not only Mr. Cleveland but also the people. And there arose a desperate quarrel between two factions of extremists within it—those who wished to hold the party to its plutocratic allegiance and those who wished to carry it off into a wild and frothing radicalism. There followed the political confusion of the McKinley-Bryan campaigns. Again the Republican machine claimed victory for itself—this in face of the enormous vote cast for Mr. Bryan, at least a third of it consisting of seceded Republican partizans. The fact is that the whole situation was simply the American electorate, soundly and unalterably democratic, making junk of political machinery and casting about for a leader to its liking.

Last fall both the Republican and the Democratic machines were smashed, and Mr. Roosevelt was elected. Why? Because he seemed to the people to be more democratic than the machine which called itself the Democratic party and to have no more in common with the machine which called itself the Republican party than had Mr. Cleveland with the so-called Democratic party of 1884-1892. In strongly Republican states the state Re-

publican machine tickets ran tens, scores, hundreds of thousands behind Mr. Roosevelt; in some of them, Democratic governors were elected by big majorities. In strongly Democratic states Mr. Roosevelt ran far, far ahead of the Republican machine ticket; he carried Missouri, almost carried Maryland. Wherever there was the clean-cut opportunity, Roosevelt and an independent candidate for governor won upon the ruins of both machines.

There is a reason for everything, even for political cataclysms, even for the victories of those who triumph through them. And there is a reason why Mr. Parker was overwhelmed and Mr. Roosevelt was elected, though both were nominally the candidates of machines.

In every campaign there are three kinds of issues, and that of 1904 was not an exception. In it we had, as usual, false issues, of which politicians are fond—the race question, raised by the Democrats; the money question raised by the Republicans. Of these also was the issue of corporation campaign contributions raised by the Democrats in the last two weeks of the struggle and after they had failed to get the corporation contributions. Then, there were academic issues, such as Roosevelt's methods in Panama, raised by the Democrats, and Republican allegations that Democratic success meant lowering of our rank as a world power. Finally, there were the real issues.

These were two, intimately, inextricably related—the tariff and the trusts. And the people inquired into Roosevelt's position on these two, and, getting replies which satisfied them, gave him emphatic orders to "go ahead."

What was Mr. Roosevelt's position on the tariff, and what was Mr. Parker's position? Mr. Parker denounced protection as robbery. That it may be, but the overwhelming mass of Americans do not think so. They believe that robbers take

advantage of the tariff to enrich themselves; but they—even the Democratic rank and file—believe that there is somehow a fundamental public benefit in protection. With an earnestness that does credit to their modesty, whether or not it does credit to their enlightenment, they believe that the wonderful development of this country has come not in spite of but through the tariff, not because Americans have capacity and courage but because they have been sheltered from competition. So, when Mr. Parker assailed the protective tariff as fundamentally evil, he cuffed the ears of an American household god. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt, though he has probably not changed his former belief in free trade, recognized that nothing could be more fruitless than to fly in the face of fact—and the fact is, not the justice and beneficence of free trade, but the disbelief of the American electorate in it. His position was, "Let us keep our glorious protective tariff system, but let us revise robbery out of it. Let me attend to that, rather than Judge Parker, for I recognize that protection has come to stay and I will touch it only to improve, only to cut away dead branches and to destroy pestiferous insects." And the public, believing Mr. Roosevelt a sincere and honest and effective man, endorsed him there. They replied to him: "You recognize the good and condemn the evil in the protective tariff. Mr. Parker doesn't recognize the good, and says that, if elected, he'll be unable to eradicate the evil. Clearly, you are our man."

On the only other real issue—and that the vital and direct issue—Mr. Roosevelt was equally fortunately placed, and Mr. Parker equally unfortunately placed. Who does not recognize the existence of the trust evil? Not even the great trust managers themselves deny it. No one, not Judge Parker or Mr. Bryan or Mr. Watson, had a cleaner, more positive record of speech against the trusts as mon-

opolistic than had Mr. Roosevelt. And he had not only talked against them; he had acted. He had shown that he was not afraid of the great Coal Trust barons; and he had prosecuted out of existence the threatened colossal railroad trust; he had established a national bureau for inquiring into monopoly with a view to ending it. His party's record on the trusts was bad; but no worse than the Democratic party's record. The people, recognizing that political machinery is essentially trust-made and trust-controlled, recognizing that the so-called reorganization of the Democratic party had put the monopolies once more as fully in control of it as they are of the Republican machine, went straight past party machinery to the man. Even in that man's acts that are most offensive to American ideas of sobriety and courtesy and peace, even in "Rooseveltism," they saw the outcroppings of an exuberant courage and independence. They may have been right; they may have been wrong. But certain it is that they voted in not a party but a man; and that they voted in that man because to their minds he was the best available instrument at this time for working toward the restoration of the lost equilibrium between the men who labor and the men who direct labor.

In the early part of the campaign, the Democrats—with what wisdom the above facts demonstrate—denounced Mr. Roosevelt because he had dictated to his party his own nomination and his own platform! That is, the Democrats tried to make political capital out of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt had under his heel his party's machine which the people abhor! Intelligent campaigning, that!

On the other hand, Judge Parker represented in the public mind the resumption of control of the Democratic machine by the very elements which had brought to naught Mr. Cleveland's two administrations and had precipitated the

political lunacy of 1896. The people have come to recognize that those elements have no politics but the private pocket of plutocracy; and Mr. Parker's silences broken by timid and halting and belated attacks upon monopoly only confirmed public suspicion of him. Whether that suspicion is just or unjust need not here be examined; for, we are dealing not with what the people ought to believe but with what the people have shown that they do believe, not with Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Parker as they are, but with them as the people believe them to be. Mr. Parker took color in the public mind from his most obvious political intimacies. With exuberant joy and energy the overwhelming mass of the people, regardless of party, rejected him; and such as could not bring themselves to accept the only practical alternative, Mr. Roosevelt, went to Mr. Debs or to Mr. Watson.

To what extent was Mr. Roosevelt's more than eight millions of votes and Mr. Parker's scant five millions a personal victory for Mr. Roosevelt? To what extent was it a selection of the less of two unsatisfactory alternatives? The question is interesting, but unfortunately unanswerable. But if Mr. Roosevelt has it in him to fall into the error that his unprecedented popular majority means an omnibus personal endorsement, there is strong temptation in the complexion of the returns. In 1892, Mr. Cleveland's triumphant nomination over the machine of his own party gave Republicans who were angry with the machine of their own party an opportunity to make that anger most effective and emphatic. Yet they either staid at home on election day or voted for the Populist Weaver. In 1904, the Democrats in revolt against their party machine found Mr. Roosevelt so much nearer to their notion of right policy and right performance than discontented Republicans had found Mr. Cleveland that they did not stay at home or pause in large numbers upon Mr. Wat-

son, a far more attractive public figure than Weaver, or even Mr. Tamm, but went on to join the standard which Mr. Roosevelt had raised above the Republican machine humbled and prostrate beneath its strenuous beheading and be-spattered top. The result of the election was in more a personal rebuke to Parker than was 1896 a personal rebuke to Elihu Root, but there was in it, beyond question, a personal tribute to Roosevelt, one without parallel in our history. Never before had a presidential candidate so punily and so signally triumphed on which comes to the same total, seemed to trample the machine of his party. And his huge vote is his reward.

III

From the end of the Civil War to and including 1864, there were only four "doubtful" states, only four states in which the political machines could not, with almost absolute certainty, count their chickens before the election day hatching. These four were New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana. And this doubtfulness did not arise from the freedom of any large part of the voters from blind partizanship, but from the equal division of the honest voters, with a venal element holding the balance of power between them. The so-called independence of these states was in reality the source of our most deplorable and difficult political corruption.

The first real and strong manifestations of a popular sense that the regular political machinery had outlived its usefulness and its virtue came in 1892. In that year Mr. Cleveland—not the Democratic party, but Mr. Cleveland—carried not only the "doubtful" states by anything but doubtful majorities, but also several stalwart Republican states, while several others equally stalwart in their Republicanism went for the Populist candidate for the Presidency, General Weaver, giving him twenty-two votes in the electoral college.

In 1896, the exhibition of independence was even more impressive. Mr. McKinley carried not only the old original northern states, but also several which in 1892 had first shown a tendency to independence, also, in former Democratic, Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky, and Mr. Bryan carried those states which in Republicanism, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Washington and the "free-trust" states adhered to the Union by the Republicans to enlarge their nucleus of assured strength. It state after state, Mr. McKinley carried impregnable Democratic strongholds, and Mr. Bryan carried impregnable Republican ones strongholds.

The election of 1904 shows an impressive further advance, shows how sharply the people are now scrutinizing what lies under the political lakes they have heretofore accepted as genuine. Today the only "sure" states, the only states whose national political managers are devoted in organizing their campaigns are those, north and south, which are still dominated by agriculture. The rule is that wherever industrial enterprise, manufactures and transportation predominate, there the thought and action of the voters are becoming more and more fluent. The one exception is Pennsylvania, and even there amazing independence must be developing when Republican majorities can sink to 60,000 and rise to 300,000. Throughout the republic, the new issue, or, the new phase of the old issue, democracy, is awakening the people, and the political machines, with their pretense of rivalry in the service of principle and their actuality of rivalry in the service of plutocracy, are being reduced toward a nucleus of unteachable partizans and unprincipled hacks and corrupt bores.

Clearly, if Lincoln was wrong, if all the people can be fooled all the time, some new devices must be invented by the politicians, some new scheme for convincing the masses that the division of the prosperity which they believe to be man-

ufactured at Washington is equable and not grossly one-sided.

Mr. Roosevelt's stupendous popular majority is not the measure of a Democratic disaster but the measure of the impatience and anger of the electorate which has been slowly rousing to the conditions brought about by the concentration of industrial power and the application of that power to the control of the public administration. The election of Democratic governors in such widely separated and stalwart Republican states as Massachusetts and Minnesota, the smashing of the Republican machine in Wisconsin and of the Democratic in Missouri, to take the four most significant instances of a phenomenon seen in many states, shows how small a part the popularity of the Republican party played in the campaign. It was a demonstration of the popularity certain to reward any man who assails or plausibly pretends to assail the infamous coalition between corporate wealth and corrupt political machines. It was a demonstration that henceforth, with increasing certainty, a public person who succeeds in impressing the people with his courage and independence will succeed not because of or with the assistance of, but in spite of, his party label, whatever that label may be. This is the real significance of the election, taken as a whole; and it is writ sometimes large, again not so large, but always legible, upon the election returns of every state.

IV

It is not opinion then, but fact, that the people have been reorganizing politically for twenty years, and that the process of reorganization is not far from complete. It only remains for the parties to recognize the condition and adjust themselves to it. And, while the readjustment may continue to be more obvious in the Democratic party, it will be none the less real and drastic in the Republican

party. It is not improbable that the Republican machine, having thus far received benefits larger than its injuries from the popular agitations incidental to popular political reorganization, may be fooled into delaying readjustment or into not doing the work drastically enough. But there is a chance that the new Congress, called in special session by Mr. Roosevelt immediately after his inauguration, will reveal the new, the "Rooseveltized," the reorganized and popularized Republican party—professing to be unchanged, threshing out its conflicts in private after the discreet Republican fashion, but actually in motion in an "about-face" away from the party of Aldrich and Spooner.

What of the Democratic party?

There is only a negligible element of prophecy in the statement that it will now be reorganized, or, rather, re-reorganized into a radical party strongly tinged with socialism. And this means the formal disappearance of the individualism of Jefferson from our politics and the definite acceptance by the overwhelming mass of Americans of at least the fundamental principle of socialism—the state powerful for "the general welfare" at home as well as abroad. The Republican party has been socialistic, has been an indefatigable propagandist of fundamental socialism, of governmental policies as "advance agents of prosperity," ever since the conclusion of the Civil War. While the Democratic party's opposition to this socialistic tendency has been hardly more than a form, perhaps chiefly because it has been powerless to put into effect any of its avowed policies of individualism, it has hitherto acted as a restraining influence upon the socialistic tendencies of the Republican party. That the mass of the American people have not approved the Democratic opposition to a strongly centralized government was in last fall's election clearly and apparently finally shown—for Parker stood for individualism,

while Roosevelt stood for the socialistic principle of strong centralization. This disapproval ought long ago to have been suspected, ought not to have been in doubt after 1896 when the apparently abrupt transformation of the Democratic party from individualistic to socialistic—in reality, its first frank casting aside of its never practised professions of individualism—got for Mr. Bryan 6,502,925 votes, or 1,046,007 more votes than had ever been cast for a candidate for the presidency, William McKinley with his 7,206,677 alone excepted—and William McKinley stood as the “advance agent of prosperity” on socialistic lines, that is, by legislation.

In fact, pure individualism has never been popular in America, though most of the historians, misled by the talk of politicians, say it once was. Even Jefferson, the original and most ardent exponent of the theory that man must and should look only to himself and not to the state for his salvation, did not carry out in practice his ardent professions. It was by adopting Jefferson’s practice as distinguished from his theory, by combining with its professions of devotion to individualism a practice of increasing and extending the power and influence of the general government that the Democratic party so long held the ascendancy. And the few successes of the Whigs were achieved by advocacy of socialistic tariff policies which the Democratic party was slow to adopt because it was controlled by the slavocracy—and the slavocracy could get no “rake-off” from a tariff.

This predominant factor in the old Democratic party of ante-bellum days, this slavocracy, is analogous to the plutocracy which has latterly dominated both political machines in almost all their ramifications. And the ante-bellum downfall of the Democratic party, though ostensibly due to its nominal advocacy of states rights and a weak central government, was in fact due to actual advocacy of a

government strongly centralized to maintain and extend the power of the slavocracy.

As soon as the event of the war fixed the Republican party in power, it proceeded to expand the socialistic principle of the strongly centralized government. In season and out of season, it has yielded to and profited by the belief of the people that by and through the state comes prosperity—a belief as old among men as the state itself and, whether true or false, so deeply rooted that it may be said to have become instinctive. Most of our “instincts” are false, are the product of ignorance; this, however, may be an exception.

And what has been the attitude of the Democratic party since the war? Nominally individualistic; actually socialistic. It was successful, in spite of its professions, in 1876, because the people were dissatisfied with the corruption of the public administration, not because they were dissatisfied with the swift socialistic progress. In 1880, when the Democratic party came out flat-footed against the protective tariff, the most socialistic of the many socialistic Republican policies, the Republicans won—this in face of the soreness over the Electoral Commission and over unchecked corruption at Washington.

In 1884 we had the first foreshadowing of the present situation. The people heartily approved of all the schemes for making them rich and great by means of legislation at Washington; but they, that is, some of them, had begun to feel that the Republican projects resulted in an unjust division of the riches and grandeur. And the people voted in Mr. Cleveland on a platform that *refrained from denouncing protection* and called for a modification of it to a form which would not pander to plutocracy. Protection and all the other socialistic policies are sound, said the people; the only trouble is in the division of the prosperity. The Democratic leaders, misinterpreting their mandate from the

people into an endorsement of Jeffersonian individualism, proceeded to proclaim themselves as against protection. In 1888 they were promptly and uncereemoniously ejected. In 1892, they came in again—but how?

Republican advocacy of socialism—for, what is the gospel of the state as the source of prosperity, if it is not socialism?—had produced in Republican ranks a large body of enthusiasts who said: "Our party is right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. We should get more prosperity from Washington—more public improvements, more money, more tariffs, more paternalism, more pensions, more public administration of the great corporations controlling the necessities of the people. Also, our party has fallen into the pernicious habit of giving two dollars to the plutocrats whenever it gives the people one; the people should get three and the plutocrats none at all." Hence the enormous Populist secession from the Republican party and the election of Mr. Cleveland in 1892.

And now the full significance of 1896 appears. There had arisen Democratic leaders of the type of Mr. Bryan, converts to the Republican avowed policy of "conservative" state socialism carefully disguised as the policy of "do," for socialism is not a word for a politician to use except in denunciation. These new-school Democrats struck hands with the seceding radical wing of the Republican party. But the coalition failed for a variety of reasons, all of them taking color from the great central reason—that the Democratic-Populist programme proposed to "go too far," while the revised Republican programme proposed to make still further extensions of the long-established Republican practice of socialism without "going too far" all at once. The people decided to give the Republicans a chance.

That the Republicans have in large measures redeemed their promises and have made still further concessions to the

growing socialistic spirit, the events of the last eight years bear witness. And the climax has come in Mr. Roosevelt. Not since Andrew Jackson have we had a President who has gone so far as he toward the socialist ideal of a chief of state; and never before have such floods of money poured from the public treasury to shower "prosperity" upon the people; and never before have there been so many schemes evolved at the White House for increasing state supervision, interference, assistance, in matters which individualists call private.

In the light of these facts of our history, in the light of this unbroken record of popular faith in the national capital as the fountain of national prosperity, how colossal appears the blunder of the late "reorganizers" of the Democratic party. Mrs. Partington, after the waves with her broom, was not more fatuous than these estimable gentlemen, wielding the broom of individualism against the socialistic tidal wave.

And the inevitable logic of the situation is a radical-socialist Democratic party to join issue with the conservative-socialist Republican party. That is, "Bryanism" without free silver against "Rooseveltism" without bluster.

Both these parties agree:

First, that there should be a strong central government, strongly interesting itself in the welfare of the people.

Second, that this strong government should be so administered as to provide employment for capital and labor.

Third, that this strong government should provide money to the people—gold and silver and paper.

Fourth, that it should be a direct employer of the people by undertaking vast public improvements.

Fifth, that it shall interfere between labor and capital, between employer and employe, whenever the "general welfare" suggests interference.

Upon what do these parties disagree?

not a simple point upon a matter of principle, since both offer the state as the *modus* of salvation. They differ only upon application of the principle. The conservative socialists say that the wise way to make the people prosperous is by protecting small manufacturers so that they can afford to pay high wages, and by protecting small manufacturers against undue encroachment of large manufacturers by trust and freight rate laws, etc. That is, advocates the distribution of prosperity chiefly—for, vast public works to be executed—by private hands, under government supervision and control, as it advocates the distribution of *par* money by private hands under government supervision, instead of direct *pro* by the government.

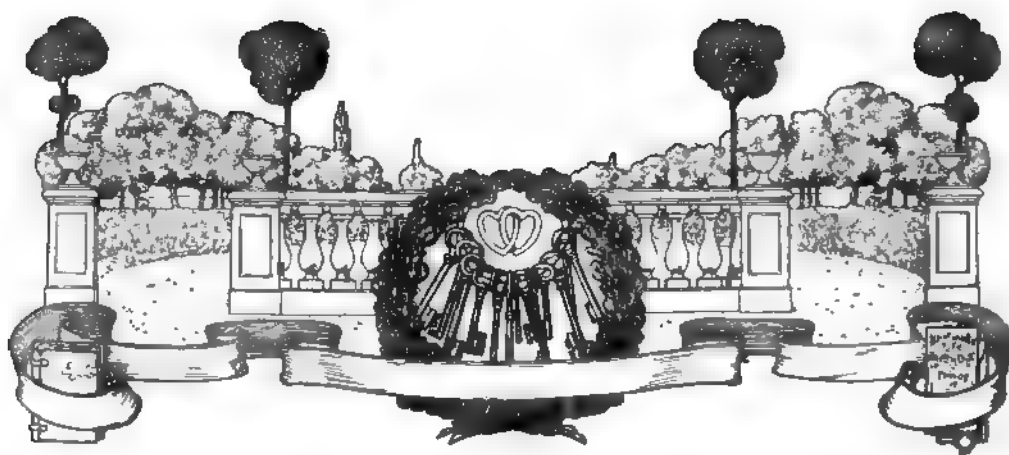
The radical socialists say, "Why not direct distribution of prosperity? Let government own and control all the public utilities and all the departments of production that concern necessities of life. Let the government issue *par* money whenever such issues are in its government wise, instead of letting the bankers issue it when they think an issue is prudent. Let the government gradually, speedily, become the chief direct promoter: not only of employment for capital and also of employment for labor. Instead of letting the sunshine of prosperity and giving the bottles to plutocrats to distribute, let the government turn the sun full direct upon the people!"

The people, except a handful of theoretical individualists, want at Washington a strong central government directed by a strong man, wise enough to project policy of prosperity and honest enough to declare a "square divide."

"Under which king?" Every American must take his choice. For whatever may be his private views in political action he can be effective only as a direct socialist or as an indirect socialist. The quarter of a century of diligent education of the popular instinct for socialism has borne its legitimate, its inevitable fruit. Individualism may have its turn some day; but that is a speculation. We are established and in full motion in the highroad of socialism; and the two chauffeurs, disputing for control of the motor, are disputing only as to how far and how fast we should go.

We now see that there was a mistake in the identification of the *corpus* under inquiry. It is not the Democratic party, not the Democratic machine, but the plutocratic political machine which bears the labels of both parties. And we further see that the *corpus* is not a corpse at all but a still living though grievously battered thing, like to die, but not immediately, not until it has done much formidable staggering about and indulged in many a terrifying convulsion. But die it must, and pass utterly away, as did the aristocracy of Jefferson's time, the bankocracy of Jackson's time, the slavocracy of Lincoln's time.

It may be that Mr. Roosevelt will not have the opportunity to administer the death-stroke. Again, it may be that he will have the opportunity but will fail to see it or to dare it. But if not he, then another. For Bryans and La Follettes and Folks and McCalls and Douglasses are in the political horizon "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa."



AN INCIDENTAL SPECULATION

By Elliott Flower

AUTHOR OF "THE SPOILSMAN," ETC.

JUST when the Interurban Traction Company thought the successful culmination of its plans in sight it woke up to the fact that there had been a miscalculation or an oversight somewhere. It had the absolute or prospective control of all the principal lines embraced in its elaborate scheme of connecting various towns and cities by trolley, which means that it had bought a good deal of the necessary stock and had options on most of the rest; but there was one insignificant little road that it had left to the last. This road had been a losing venture from its inception, and its stock was quoted far below par, with no buyers. As a matter of business policy, the more successful roads should be secured first, for the moment the secret was out their stocks would soar. They represented the larger investments, and their stockholders could hold on, if they saw the advisability of it, without making any financial sacrifice; they were in a position to "hold up" the new company in the most approved modern style. But the Bington road was weak and unprofitable, valuable only as a connecting link in the chain.

"Of course," said Colonel Babington, who was at the head of the new venture, "we're sure to be held up somewhere on the line, and these people can hold us up for less than any of the others. They haven't much as a basis for a hold-up, and they can't afford to go on losing money. We can buy their road cheap the first thing, but the discovery of the purchase will give our plans away and add a million dollars to the cost of carrying them out. Any fool would know that we were not buying that road for itself alone. Why, the mere rumor that negotiations were opened would add fifty or a hundred per cent. to the value of the other stocks we want. We can't afford to even wink at that road until we get control of the others."

So they went about their work very secretly, hoping so to conceal their design that they would be able to get the last link at the bedrock price; but, when the time came, entirely unexpected difficulties were encountered. The stockholders might have been tractable enough, but the stockholders had been fooled themselves.

"Why, there was a young fellow here

week," they explained, "and he got thirty-day option on enough stock to hold the road."

"Who was he?" asked the startled Colonel Babington.

"His name is Horace Lake," they told

"I'll have to look Horace up," replied the Colonel thoughtfully.

Meanwhile, Horace was congratulating himself on having done a good stroke of business, and further amusing himself by estimating his possible profit.

"I've been looking for just such a case as this," he told Dave Murray, the chance man.

"Have you got the money to carry it through?" asked the practical Murray.

"I had enough to put up a small fortune to bind the option and convince them I mean business, and I don't need any more," returned Lake.

"Once in a great while," said Murray, "a man makes a good lot of money on a chance, but even then he usually has some thing left. It takes money to make money, that's a general rule. You will find that most successful men, even those who are noted for their nervy financiering, got the basis of their fortunes by hard work and rigid economy. Wind may be helpful, but it is not a poor foundation."

"This is one of the times when it is not all that is necessary," laughed

"I got a little inside information about the Interurban Traction Company's plans in time to secure an option on the link in its chain of roads, and it simply got to do business with me because it can make its line complete. For \$100,000, paid any time within sixty days, I can control the blooming little line, and my option to buy at that price is going to cost the traction company just \$25,000—which will be clear profit for me."

"It sounds nice," admitted Murray, "but if I were in your place, I'd feel a deal better if I had the money to back it up. If they don't buy, you lose

your forfeit, which represents every cent you could scrape up."

"They will buy," asserted Lake, confidently.

"They may think it cheaper to parallel your line," suggested Murray.

"I'm not worrying," returned Lake. "I'm just waiting for them to come and see me, and they'll come."

Lake's prophecy proved correct. They came—at least Colonel Babington came, he being the active manager of the company's affairs. But Colonel Babington first took the precaution to learn all that he could of Horace Lake's financial standing and resources. This convinced him that it was what he termed a "hold-up," but, even so, it was better to pay a reasonable bonus than to have a fight.

"We will give you," said Colonel Babington, "a thousand dollars for your option on the majority stock of the Bington road."

"The price," replied Lake, "is \$25,000."

"My dear young man," exclaimed the Colonel, when he had recovered his breath, "you ought to see a specialist in mental disorders. You are clearly not right in your mind."

"The price," repeated Lake, "is \$25,000 now, and, if I am put to any trouble or annoyance in the matter, the price will go up."

"A bluff," said the Colonel, "is of use only when the opposing party does not know it is a bluff. We happen to know it. You haven't the money to buy that road, and you can't get it."

"You speak with extraordinary certainty," returned Lake, with dignified sarcasm.

"The road," asserted the Colonel, "is valuable only to us, and we can parallel it, if necessary. No conservative capitalist is going to advance you the money to buy it in the face of such a risk as that, so we have only to wait until your option expires to get it from the men who now

own it, and I may add that we have taken a second option at a slightly higher price. Therefore, your only chance to get out of the deal with a profit is to let us acquire the road under the first option at something less than the second option price. To avoid any unnecessary delay, we might be willing to pay you a bonus of \$2,000."

"The price," said Lake, "is now \$26,000."

"Sixty days—less than fifty now, as a matter of fact—is not such a long time," remarked the Colonel. "We will wait."

Lake told Murray later that he "had them in a corner," but Murray was inclined to be doubtful; fighting real money with wind, he said, was always a risky undertaking, and the Interurban Traction Company had plenty of real money. Lake, however, being in the "bluffing" line himself, was inclined to think all others were doing business on the same basis, and he confidently expected the Colonel to return in a few days. But the Colonel came not. Then Lake made another trip to Bington, to look the ground over, and he was disturbed to find that the Colonel had been sounding the people on a proposition to put a line through the town on another street. This was only a tentative plan, to be adopted in case of failure to get the existing line, but it showed that the company was not disposed to be held up without a fight. Fortunately, the people did not take kindly to the idea. The principal shops were on the line of the trolley now, and the proprietors did not wish to have travel diverted to another street.

Lake devoted several days to missionary work in Bington, pointing out the great depreciation of property that would follow such a move, and he finally left with a feeling that the company would have an extremely difficult time getting the necessary legislation from the town officials. Still, he was not entirely at ease, for officials are sometimes "induced" to act

contrary to the wishes of the people they are supposed to represent. But he believed he had made the situation such that Babington would come back to him. Surely, it would be cheaper to deal with him than to buy an entire town board.

Thirty of the sixty days slipped away, and Lake was really anxious. The Interurban Traction Company could not be a success without a connecting link between the two main stretches of its line, and Lake had not believed that it would dare to proceed with its plans until this was assured. Consequently, he had expected all work to stop, pending negotiations with him. But work did not stop. There were two or three trifling gaps at other places, and the company was laying the rails to bridge them, in addition to improving the roadbed of the lines it had bought. It even began to build a half-mile of track to reach one terminus of his little road. Clearly, there was no anticipation of trouble in ultimately beating him.

"It's my lack of money," he soliloquized. "I've got the basis of a good thing, if I only had the money to make it good, but I haven't, and they know it. Murray was right."

His thoughts being thus turned to Murray, he went to see him, in the faint hope that he might interest him in the plan. Murray had money to invest. But Murray deemed the risk too great in this instance.

"They can beat you," said Murray. "They have unlimited resources, and they'll certainly get through Bington on another street, if you persist in making your terms too stiff. Very likely, they would have given you \$3,000 or even possibly \$5,000 for your option when they first came to you, and they may do it now."

"I tell you, it's a good thing," insisted Lake.

"If it's really as good a thing as you think it is," said Murray, "you will have



Drawn by George Beehn

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"IT HAS BEEN A PRETTY BUSY MORNING FOR ME"

ulty in getting somebody with
to take it off your hands at a good
of profit to you, but I can't see

s emergency, Lake recalled a man
derable wealth who had known
boy and had taken quite an in-
him. It was humiliating not to
to put the scheme through him-
er all his planning and confident
it was better to turn it over to
else than to fail entirely. So he
see Andrew Belden.

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Belden, "but I would not care
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They can't make any circuits, if
to do the business."

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show that they are very sure of
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ply because I haven't the ready
aid Lake, bitterly. "Will you
o me, Mr. Belden? If you won't
the deal yourself, will you loan
oney to put it through? I'll give
stock as security, and I think
w me well enough to know that
y every cent of it as rapidly as
"

dear Horace," exclaimed Belden,
unk friendliness, "I haven't the
ibt of your integrity, but I have
ious doubts of your ability to re-
such sum, and it is more than I
lose. You never have had a thou-

sand dollars at one time in your life, and
I may say, without intending to be un-
kind, that it isn't likely you ever will.
As for the security, it's value depends en-
tirely on the success of your plans: if you
fail, it won't be worth ten cents. Now, if
you had any real security, upon which I
could realize in case anything happened
to you, I would cheerfully let you have
the money for as long a time as you
wished. Although your plan does not ap-
peal to me, I am sincerely anxious to be
of assistance to you so far as possible, but
I can't make you a gift of \$20,000. Con-
vince me that it will be repaid ultimately
—no matter in how long a time—and I
will let you have it."

Lake departed, discouraged. He had
no security of any sort to offer, and had
only asked for the loan as a desperate last
resort, without the slightest expectation
that he would get it. The company, he
decided, had beaten him, just because no
one else was clearheaded enough to see
the opportunity, and he might as well
get what little profit he could while there
was still time. With this object in view,
he went to see the Colonel.

"I have decided," he said, "to let you
have the road for a bonus of \$5,000."

"That is very kind of you," returned
the Colonel, "but we can get it cheaper.
You see," he explained, with the disagree-
able frankness of one who thinks he holds
the winning hand, "the minority stock-
holders were a little disgruntled when they
learned of your deal—thought they had
been left out in the cold—and they were
ready to make very favorable terms with
us. As we have a second option on the
majority stock, at a somewhat higher fig-
ure, we have only to wait until your op-
tion expires and then take the little we
need to give us control."

"I'll let you have my option for the
\$2,000 you offered a month ago," said
Lake, desperately.

"It's not worth that to us now."

"One thousand dollars."

"Why, frankly, Mr. Lake," said the Colonel, still pleasantly, "we men of some experience and standing in the business world don't like to have half-baked financiers interfering with our plans, and we aim to discourage them as effectually as possible whenever possible." Then, with a sudden change of tone: "We won't give you a damn cent for your option. You were too greedy."

"Of course, you men of money and high finance are not greedy at all," retorted Lake, sarcastically.

Lake was too depressed to see it at the moment, but later it began to dawn on him that the Colonel, usually astute, had made a grievous mistake. In his anxiety to impress upon the young man the futility of his avaricious schemes, in the face of such wise and resourceful opposition, he had mentioned the fact that the minority stock had been brought within their reach. Had they already bought it, or had they only secured options on it? If already purchased, the purchase price would prove a dead loss, unless they were able to get enough more to secure control. To parallel the road would be to kill a company in which they were financially interested, in addition to incurring the considerable expense necessary for a new connecting link.

Lake went to Bington that afternoon, and returned the following morning. The game was his, if he could raise the money; they had bought most of the minority stock outright, being unable to get options on it. He was sure of victory now, if he could raise the money. He no longer wished to turn the deal over to any one else on any terms: he wished to carry it to the conclusion himself. But the money, the money!

He tried Belden again, but Belden still considered the security utterly inadequate for a loan of \$20,000. In truth, although Belden considered the outlook a little more promising now, he doubted the young man's ability to handle such a deal,

and it would take very little to upset all calculations. The company's investment was not sufficient to prevent the abandonment of the road in some very possible circumstances, although it was ample evidence of a present plan to use it. Murray took the same view.

"It begins to look like a good speculation," said Murray, "but I haven't that much money to invest in it, and I never was much of a speculator, anyway. I have discovered that, as a general thing, when the possible profit begins to climb very much over the legal rate of interest, the probability of loss increases with it. However, if you want to take the risk, that's your affair, provided you have the money."

"But I haven't," complained Lake; "that's the trouble."

"Too bad you're not carrying enough insurance to be of some use," remarked Murray.

"What good would that do?" asked Lake.

"Why, then you'd only have to convince your wife that you have a safe investment, and it's always easier to convince your wife than it is to convince some cold-blooded capitalist. Insurance ranks high as security, but of course the beneficiary has to consent to its use."

"I never had thought of insurance as a factor in financiering," said Lake. "I had regarded it more as a family matter."

"It plays an important part in the business world," explained Murray, "and it might even play a part in speculation. There is partnership insurance, you know."

"I may have heard of it, but I never gave it any consideration."

"It's not a speculation, but a business precaution," said Murray. "The partners are insured in favor of the firm. If one of them dies, it gives the firm the ready cash to buy his interest from the widow, without infringing on the business capital. Partnership insurance may some-

revent a failure; it may prevent
Many interests may depend tem-
upon the operations of one man,
sudden death might spell ruin for
r of people, unless they were pro-
y insurance. The policy is play-
ore important part in the business
very day. There are lots of
things that can be done when you
derstand it."

that doesn't help me," asserted
apatiently.

' returned Murray, "I don't see
urance could help you just now,
ou were to die. A policy won't be
l as security for a sum in excess
remiums paid, for you might de-

not the kind of a man who dies to
id Lake, rather sharply.

course not," replied Murray. "I
ely considering the financial pos-
of policies." All insurance ques-
ing of absorbing interest to Mur-
straightway forgot all about
predicament, and busied his mind
own speculations. "There is so
at can be done with insurance,"
on, "but I guess it's just as well
ic doesn't know it all. Do you re-
the case of Rankin, the banker
mitted suicide?"

l, Rankin couldn't have done any-
ith our company, because the ele-
premeditation is assumed if death
de occurs within two years from
the policy is issued. After that
mer of death cuts no figure, for
rts have held that an insurance
y takes a risk on the mind as well
ody of a policy-holder, and, any-
mpetition has cut out the old sui-
rictions. But there are companies
ie policies incontestable after the
issue. Suppose Rankin, when he
is affairs in such shape that he no
lared to face the world, had gone
or more of these companies. A
thousand dollars—very likely

less—would have protected his bank and
provided for his family. He had already
decided to kill himself, for his operations
had been such that he could not hope to
escape the penitentiary when discovery
came, but he was ostensibly still a prosper-
ous man. Many men of his standing insure
themselves for extraordinarily large sums,
to legitimately protect their business in-
terests as well as their families. Not so
very long ago we issued a paid-up policy
for \$50,000 on the life of one man, who
died within three years, and we thought
nothing of it. He was taking a risk on his
own life then, for he thought he was going
to live long enough to make a paid-up
policy cheaper than the aggregate of an-
nual payments, whereas there would have
been a saving to his estate of a good many
thousands of dollars if he had followed
the other plan. However, that has noth-
ing to do with this case: I mention it only
to show that a man of Rankin's apparent
standing could have got insurance to any
amount without creating comment. And,
with an incontestable-after-date-of-issue
policy, he could have protected his busi-
ness associates and his family by the very
culmination of his overwhelming disgrace.
Why, a defaulter may use part of his
stolen money in this way to provide for
his family when the moment of discovery
and death shall come, or a dishonest busi-
ness man, facing ruin, may use his cred-
itors' money to make such provision, for
insurance money is something sacred that
may not be reached like the rest of an es-
tate. Oh, there are great dramatic possi-
bilities in this business, Lake: tragedies
and comedies and dramas of which the
public knows nothing."

"How does that help me?" demanded
Lake gloomily, and the question brought
Murray back to the realities of the mo-
ment.

"It doesn't help you," Murray replied,
"but it's an intensely interesting subject
to one who gives it a little time and
thought."

Yet it did help Lake, although not at

that moment. It was a new field, and Lake liked to explore new fields. A novelty that taxed his ingenuity appealed to him especially. True, he had enough to occupy his mind without entering upon idle speculation, but, when every other avenue to success seemed closed, his thoughts would revert to insurance.

"If it holds out such opportunities for others, why not for me?" he asked. "If others have entirely overlooked the possibilities, why may not I be doing the same thing?"

He met the Colonel on the street occasionally, and the way the Colonel smiled at him was maddening. There could be no doubt that the Colonel considered the game won, but he was not a man to take chances: he had Lake watched, and the latter's every move was reported to him. Even when Lake made another trip to Bington and endeavored to arrange a shrewd deal with some of the majority stockholders, the Colonel promptly heard of it.

"Accept my notes in payment for the stock," Lake urged on that occasion, "and I'll let you in on the profits of the deal. The traction company has got to get this road, but you can't hold it up for a big price, because you were foolish enough to give it a second option. I can do it, however. Let me have the stock, and you can divide up among yourselves half of all I get in excess of the option price. My notes will be paid, and you will have a bonus of \$12,000 or \$15,000."

But the stockholders were conservative and cautious men, and the very fact that Lake could not command the money that he needed made them suspicious. As matters stood, they were sure of getting out of a losing venture with a small profit—at least, so it seemed to them—and they preferred that to the risk of losing everything in an effort to secure a larger profit. Furthermore, they were now on the side of the Colonel, for his option was at a larger price. And the Colonel was very

confident—so confident that work was being rushed on details that would prove valueless without the Bington road. This was what made Lake desperately angry; it was humiliating to be treated as a helpless weakling.

As valuable time passed, his mind reverted again to the insurance field. His opportunity—the opportunity of a lifetime—was almost lost. The Colonel, wishing to lose no time, had arranged for a meeting with certain of the majority stockholders the day the first option expired. The option expired at noon, and the Colonel would be ready to take over what stock he needed at one minute after the noon hour. This would not be very much, in view of the minority stock he already held, but the sanguine stockholders did not know this: they expected him to take all of it.

"Some of them are going to find they're tricked, just as I am," Lake grumbled. "If I could only convince Belden of the ultimate absolute security of a loan! He wants to help me; he's ready to be convinced; but—"

People passing saw this moody, depressed young man stop short in the street and his eyes light with sudden hope.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed. "Of course, I can protect him against unforeseen disaster, if he has confidence in my integrity!"

He was almost jubilant when he entered Belden's office.

"Got the money?" asked Belden.

"No; but I know how to get it," replied Lake. "You believe in my honesty, don't you?"

"Implicitly."

"You merely doubt my ability?"

"Your financial ability," explained Belden. "You will do what you agree to do—if you can. I have no earthly doubt of your willingness, even anxiety, to repay every obligation you may incur, but, added to other risks, there is the possibility of accident."

"eliminate that?"

"I may have the money."
"long time?"

"time and the terms are imma-

"come for it later," announced
and he departed, leaving Belden
and curious.

outside, Lake stopped to do a lit-
tial figuring before taking up the
tails of his plan.

"I advanced \$500 to bind the option,"
declared. "That leaves \$19,500 neces-
sary to put the deal through. Twenty
days from Belden will give me just
what I need."

"My day was as much puzzled and sur-
prised by the change in the man as Bel-
den had been, and Murray, like Belden,
was anxious to help him in any reasonably
wise way.

"I'm good for \$500 for thirty days,
and I give you my positive assurance that
exactly how I am going to pay it
in time?" asked Lake.

"Yes, yes," replied Murray. "On
my part, I am figuring you're a pretty safe

"I'll show you a check for it, and I'll give
you a thirty-day note," said Lake, "and
I'll give you my positive assurance that it's a cinch."

"My day noted the confidence of Lake's
manner, and drew the check.

"What are you going to do with it?"
asked Lake.

"I'll give you a life insurance premium,"

"declared Lake. "Give me an application
and round up a medical examiner.
I'll give you a twenty-year endowment policy
for \$10,000, and I want it put through
by limited express that's trying to
get here in time."

"I suppose you know what you're do-
ing," said Murray, doubtfully.

"I bet I do."

"Very well," remarked Murray. "I
don't see how I can refuse business for
myself, even if I stand to lose."

"I won't lose," declared Lake, with

joyous enthusiasm. "I'm going to show
you a new trick in the line of insurance
financiering."

After that, Lake haunted Murray's of-
fice, and grew daily more anxious. He
was a good risk, but certain formalities
were necessary, and these took time, al-
though Murray did his utmost to shorten
the routine. Lake's nervousness in-
creased; he had Murray telegraph the
home office; he grew haggard, for he had
not counted on this delay; but finally, in
the moment of almost utter despair, the
policy was delivered to him. Ten minutes
later he was in Belden's office.

"I want \$20,000 at four per cent.,
payable at the rate of \$1,000 a year, with
interest!" he cried. "I'll pay it, to a cer-
tainty, within sixty days, but I'm trying
to make it look more reasonable, to sat-
isfy you. You believe I can pay \$1,000
a year, don't you?"

"If you live."

"If I don't," exclaimed Lake, "there
is insurance for \$20,000 in your favor,"
and he banged the policy down on the
desk in front of the astonished Belden.
"You can trust me to take care of the
premiums, can't you?"

"Your integrity I never doubted,"
replied Belden, "and that obligation
should be within your means."

"My rule of life shall be: the premiums
first, the payments on the note next," de-
clared Lake. "If I fall behind in the lat-
ter, the security will still be good. I only
ask that anything in excess of what may
be due you, in case of my death, shall go
to my wife, and that she shall be made the
sole beneficiary the moment you are paid.
But, for the love of heaven! hurry!"

Instead of hurrying, Belden leaned
back in his chair and looked at the young
man with bewildered admiration.

"Such ingenuity," he said at last,
"ought not to go unrewarded. As a strict
business proposition, your plan would
hardly find favor with a conservative
banker, but, as a matter of friendship

and confidence—" He reached for his check-book. "Such a head as yours is worth a risk," he added a moment later.

Lake reached the office of the Bington road at 11:30 on the day his option expired. The Colonel was already there, waiting. So were some of the majority stockholders. The Colonel was confident and unusually loquacious.

"Now that the matter is practically settled," he remarked, with the cheerful frankness of a man who has won, "I may admit that the young man had us up a tree. He succeeded in putting the other route through Bington practically beyond our reach, and forced us to take the risk of doing business with the minority stockholders at a possible dead loss. But we knew he didn't have the money, so we went ahead with our plans and our work. A little ready cash—"

It was then that Lake entered and deposited a small satchel on the long table.

"I will take the stock under my option," he announced briefly to such of the majority stockholders as were present. "I think I have got all that I need, with the exception of what is represented by you gentlemen. It has been a pretty busy morning for me." He emptied the stock certificates already acquired and some bundles of banknotes on the table. "Colonel," he said, with a joyous and triumphant laugh, "you'd better sit up and begin to take notice."

The Colonel's attitude and air of easy confidence already had changed, and his look of amazement and dismay was almost laughable.

"Quick, gentlemen," cautioned Lake, with a glance at the clock. "I've tendered the money in time, but I'll feel a little more comfortable when I have the rest of the needed stock."

Like one in a dream, the Colonel leaned

over the table and watched the transaction.

"Do—do you want to sell some of that stock?" he asked at last.

"No," replied Lake; "I don't want to sell some of it; I want to sell all of it."

"We don't need all of it," said the Colonel.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," returned Lake, magnanimously. "I'll sell you all or any part of it for \$50,000."

"On the basis of \$50,000 for your entire holdings?" asked the Colonel.

"No; at the set price of \$50,000 for whatever you take."

"Too much," said the Colonel.

"As you please," said Lake, carelessly. "The price of the control of the Bington road goes up \$1,000 a day. It's dirt cheap at \$50,000 now, but, of course, if you don't need it, Colonel, the bargain price doesn't interest you."

The Colonel did need it; in fact, the company, in its sublime confidence, had put itself in a position where failure to get it meant a considerable loss.

"On second thought," remarked Lake, "I'll have to add \$1,000 to compensate me for the indignity of being called a half-baked financier. Do you remember that, Colonel?"

"We'll take it," said the Colonel, resignedly. Then he added reflectively: "You've made a pretty good thing out of this, Lake."

"Fair, fair," replied Lake. "After I've repaid the \$20,500 that I borrowed, I'll have \$30,500 left, not to mention an insurance policy for \$20,000 in favor of my wife, with the first premium paid. You ought to study the insurance question, Colonel. There are wonderful financial possibilities in it, and some day perhaps you will wake up to the fact that insurance beat you in this deal."

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I PRAY not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway,—
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day—
Yield me his horny palm to hold,
And I'll not pray
For gold;—
The tanned face, garlanded with
mirth,
It hath the kingliest smile on earth;
The swart brow, diamonded with
sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.
And so I reach,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
And do beseech
Thou givest me
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,
Love, and the glad sweet face of *her*.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

By Octave Thanet

AUTHOR OF "WE ALL," "THE HEART OF TOIL," ETC.

CHAPTER IV

THE FAIRPORT ART MUSEUM

AFTER the war was over, the Middle West addressed itself to Culture. Perhaps the husbands and brothers and fathers might still be busy making money; but the women of the West, whose energies and emotions had been mightily roused, found life a little tame when there were no more sanitary commissions, no more great fairs or little fairs for the soldiers, no more intense emotions over printed sheets. Then it was that the Woman's Club lifted a modest finger at the passing car of progress and unobtrusively boarded it. Fairport was conservative, as always, but she had no mind to be left behind in the march of feminine fashion. She did not rush to extremes, but she had women's clubs in 1881.

Naturally, the women's clubs were deeply stirred by the first great world's fair in America. But the whole West was moved. It turned to art with a joyous ardor, the excited happiness of a child that finds a new beauty in the world.

Of course, Fairport went to Philadelphia; and Fairport was converted. It followed at once that the women's clubs of the place should serve most zealously at the altar; and nothing could be more inevitable than that in course of time there should be a concrete manifestation of zeal. Hence the memorable Art Museum.

The art collection would give the spectators shivers to-day, but it excited only happy complacency then. The mood of the hour was not critical. The homes of

the Fairport gentry held innumerable oil copies of the great masters of different degrees of atrocity, which they loaned secure of welcome; with them came family treasures and the gems of accomplished amateurs who painted flowers or china cups, or of rising young artists who had not as yet risen beyond the circle of trusting friends in the town. In general, the donors' expectation of gratitude was justified, but even so early as 1881 there were limits to artistic credulity; and some offerings drove the club president, Miss Claudia Loraine, and the club secretary, Miss Emma Hopkins, to "the coal hole." This was a wee closet under the stairs, where the coal scuttles were ranged. As there was no private office (only a wire cage), when Miss Hopkins felt the need of frank speech she signaled Claudia to the coal hole.

She was closeted with her thus on the morning of the second day. The subject of the conference was the last assault on the nerves of the committee, perpetrated by the Miller twins—not in person but with their china. The china itself had the outward semblance of ordinary blue earthen ware of a cheap grade; but the Miller twins were convinced that the blue ware had been the property of George the Third, had been sold and was on board the ship with the tea which was rifled in Boston Harbor. They had insisted in tacking these royal claims (in the blackest and neatest lettering) upon the china; and the awkward fact that

earthenware does not usually grace a royal board, and that the saintly old grandmother mixed up dates and persons in a wonderful way, during her latter days, made no difference to her loyal descendants.

The Millers kept a tiny little house on a tiny little income; but gave of all they had to give, themselves, without stint. They were public spirited women if Fairport held any such. Although they had neither brothers nor cousins to go to the war, they had scraped lint and made bandages and trudged with subscription papers and scrimped for weeks, to have money to spend at the patriotic fairs. In consequence, they were deeply respected, so respected that it was simply impossible to refuse their unselfish offering of their dearest god.

"We're *in* for the King George china!" groaned Claudia softly.

"We are," said Emma. "I've put it in a good but not too good place; and Mr. Winslow is inspecting it now."

"And he *knows* about china; he's sent lovely things," mourned Claudia.

"Oh, well, he knows about the Miller girls, too," said Emma, smiling. "I think he'll forgive us."

"You better go explain," urged Claudia.

Emma went; she was an amiable girl. She was not pretty like her sister, Mrs. Raimund, who had married the great railway man and was a power in Chicago society; but there was something in the radiant neatness and good humor of the plain sister which made her pleasant to look upon.

Winslow's mouth and eyes relaxed at her greeting, and he smiled over her official quotation of the Millers' claims.

"King George's table? H-m-m, which table, second or third?" His eyes twinkled at Emma, whose own eyes twinkled back.

"They're awfully good women," said she, in a kind of compunction.

"None better," said he.

As he passed on, with his little son at his side, she thought, "He isn't nearly so grim as I used to think."

Mrs. Winslow and Mrs. Winter were a few paces behind. They halted before the china which Mrs. Winter examined; but Mrs. Winslow's weary eyes lingered hardly a moment before they found some other object on which to rest and leave as briefly.

"It is to be hoped this priceless relic won't be damaged in any way," said Mrs. Winter. "Still"—she bent confidently toward Emma—"if such a calamity should occur, I know a shop in Chicago where you can get plenty more for three dollars and ninety-nine cents."

"I hope nothing will happen to it," said Emma, with stolid reticence.

Mrs. Winslow had not listened; her listless face had been transformed; it was illumined now by the loveliest of smiles; she half put out her hand as a little boy snuggled up to her silken skirts, with a laugh.

"Papa letted me come," he said gaily, "and Peggy's here, too—there!"

Immediately both children were immersed in the beauties of a collection of rejected models which had been obtained from the patent office, and which, surely, were the most diverting toys imaginable. "Poor things, to them they *are* most valuable!" sighed Mrs. Winslow. She was making conversation about the Miller china; but Johnny-Ivan and Peggy not unreasonably conceived that she spoke of the beautiful churns and hayraking wagons and cars and wheeled chairs and the like marvels, which Miss Hopkins was amiably explaining for them.

"The least chip would be irreparable, I suppose," continued Mrs. Winter, "thousands couldn't pay if one were broken!"

"Imagine the feelings of the custodian," said Emma. "I'm in a tremble, all the time."

"I pity you," said Mrs. Winter, as the two ladies passed on to Mrs. Winter's

grandmother's blue and white emerald bedspread.

"h, Peggy, *do* be careful!" whispered Johnny-Ivan; Peggy was sending a ver-de in dizzy circles round the er.

w fate had ordered that at this critical instant the children should be un-led. For the moment, there was no near save a freckled boy in shabby lls, who was in the museum to help other, the scrub-woman of the store, the very boy who, indirectly, had ght about the hot quarrel concerning "blood feud" between Peggy and y.

ggy grew more pleased with her

The velocipede described wider wider gyrations with accelerating ; its keen buzz swelled on the air.

"I'll hit somepin!" warned Johnny-in an access of fear.

t Peggy's soul was dauntless to ssness. "No, it won't," she flung

Johnny thought a most particularly beautiful little swinging gate in and tried to swerve the flying thing; it happened, neither of the children ; there was a smash, a crash; and and velocipede lay in splinters under nze bust. The glass of the show was etched with a sinister gray line. ow look what you've done!" exclaimed Peggy, with the natural irrita-if disaster. "Oh my!" squeaked the y little boy, "won't you catch it!" y's anger was swallowed up in t and sympathy; she pushed John-an ahead of her. "That Miss Hop-s looking," cried she; "get behind folks down the aisle!"

e propelled the little boy out of the liate neighborhood of the calamity; rced a wicked, deceitful smile (alas! comes easily to her sex), and pointed hings to him, whispering, "Look unt! Don't be so scared! They'll know we did it!" Already, she was lering her share in crime, with a

woman's willingness; she said "we" quite unconsciously; but she added (and this was of direct volition): "I did it more'n you; you were just trying to keep the nasty thing straight; I was a heap more to blame. Anyhow, I guess it ain't so awful bad. Just those wooden things!"

Johnny-Ivan shook a tragic head. "She said thousands wouldn't repair the damage," moaned he.

"You can't make me believe those mean little wooden tricks are worth any thousand dollars!" volleyed Peggy. "Are you sure she meant *them*? Maybe it was those things in the next glass case; they're her own things! They're some kind of Chinese china and cost a heap."

"And the show-case is broked!" sniffed Johnny-Ivan, gulping down a sob.

"It ain't broke, it's only cracked; 'sides it was cracked a right smart, befo'!"

"But this was a new place, I know, 'cause I cut my finger on the other, scraping it over."

"Well, anyhow, I reckon it ain't much value," Peggy insisted.

"I saw that young lady come back"—Johnny-Ivan had switched on to a new track leading to grizzly possibilities—"maybe *she'll* find it!"

"Well, we're gone, all right."

"That little boy isn't."

Peggy gave an unprincipled giggle. "Maybe she'll think it was *him*."

"Then we *got* to tell," moaned Johnny.

"No, we ain't. He'll run off and so she won't ask him questions."

"But she'll *think* it's him. It'll be mean."

"No, it won't."

"It's mean to have somebody else take your blame or your punishment; mamma said so."

"Tain't mean if the people who get blamed are mean, themselves—like him. I don't care *how* blamed he gets; I wouldn't care if he got licked."

But Johnny's conscience was not so elastic. "I don't care, either," he protest-

ed. "I—I wouldn't care if he was *deaded*"—anxious to propitiate—"but it would be mean just the same. I got to tell papa, Peggy. I truly have."

Peggy grew very cross. "You are just the fooliest, obsternatest little boy I ever did see," she grumbled; "you're a plumb idiot! I'd like to slap you! Your papa'll be awful mad."

Johnny-Ivan essayed an indifferent mien, but his eyes were miserable.

"Say, Jo'nivan,"—her voice sank to a whisper that curdled his blood,—“were you ever spanked?”

"Only Hilma sorter kinder—not really *spanking*, you know," confessed Johnny with a toss of his head. "I just made faces at her; I didn't cry!" he bragged.

"Never your mamma or your papa?"

"Course not," said Johnny with a haughty air; but—"Peggy," he said very low, "were you—did—"

"Oh, my, yes! Mammy did when I was little. I'm too big now."

"I'm too big, too, now, ain't I?"

"I don't know," said Peggy. "Wulf Greiner was licked by teacher and he's thirteen. It's whether it's mighty bad, you know."

Johnny-Ivan caught his breath and his legs shook under him; the horror of his father's "licking" him came over him cold; it was not the pain, it was the ignominy, the unknown terror of his father's wrath that loomed awful to him. As he looked down the crowded room and suddenly beheld Winslow's face bent gravely over Miss Hopkins, who was talking earnestly, he could hardly move his feet. Yet he had no thought of wavering. "I *got* to tell," he said, and walked as fast as he could, with his white face, straight to the group.

Winslow looked down and saw the two children; any one could discover the signals of calamity in their faces: Peggy's a fine scarlet and Johnny-Ivan's grayish-white.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked Winslow.

Johnny's eyelids were glued tight—just as they were when he pulled Peggy's tooth—he blurted everything out in one breathless sentence: "I've done something *awful*, papa. It'll cost thousands of dollars—"

Emma Hopkins had considered Winslow an unattractive man, of a harsh visage, but now, as he looked at his little son, she changed her mind.

"What did you do, son?" said he quietly; his hand found Johnny's brown curls and lay on them a second.

"He didn't do it, really; it was *me*," Peggy broke in, too agitated for grammar. "I was playing with the little tricks of the table, the models, sah, and I was making the v'losipid run round and he was 'fraid I'd break it; but I did it, really, sah."

"And the model fell on to something valuable? I see."

"But he wasn't playing with it, he was only trying to keep me from breaking—"

"Well, young lady, you two are evidently in the same boat; but you aren't a bit sneaky, either of you. Let's see the wreckage; I suppose you got into trouble because you wanted to see how things worked, and Johnny, as usual, couldn't keep his fingers out of other folk's hot water. Where's the ruin?"

"The show-case is broked, too," said Johnny-Ivan in a woeful, small voice.

"But it was cracked before," interjected Peggy.

Winslow looked at her with a little twist. "That's a comfort," said he, "and you have horse sense, my little Southerner. I guess you didn't either of you mean any harm—"

"Indeed, no sah, and Johnny was just as good, never touched a thing—"

"But you see your intentions didn't protect you. Distrust good intentions, my dears; look out for the possible consequences. However, I think there is one person to blame you haven't mentioned; and that is one Josiah C. Winslow, who let two such giddy young persons explore

mselves. Contributory negligence red; and said Winslow will pay the d not kick."

saying, he took Peggy's warm y little fingers in one of his big hands and Johnny-Ivan's cold little n the other, and nodded a farewell ma. Emma watched him; she did alize how vividly more than one n was painted on her usually placid any more than she was aware of Winslow's dark eyes.

don't know why, but I dislike that said Olga to Mrs. Winter.

mma Hopkins? I shouldn't have ie had enough distinction about her lisliked. Now, Mrs. Raimund—"

rs. Raimund"—Olga waved her impatiently in a foreign gesture—ias a kind of beauty, but she bores ie is so shallow. Now this young —she's *deep*. And I do not like

will tell you," she added directly, ow whom she resembles. Oh, im- y. It is my husband; it is Mr. ow. I never understood him; she never be at a loss. They are cut -the same piece of cloth."

ever saw any resemblance,"—began Winter, a little amused, a little em- sed.

r I until to-day. But—do you be- i presentiments?"

it a bit," replied Mrs. Winter ally.

, I do believe. Well, *chérie*, I feel ough woman will have, some day, hing I love best, yes. So I—I hate

u talk as if you thought she would your husband."

me day she will. But she shall not van."

y dear friend, this is—well, you are lking sense!"

o? But you will see it. Ugh! it s me; let us look at these strange : moods of our town. Was there anything cruder! You Americans

think you can buy anything. Art isn't bought, it grows. The redeeming grace of an aristocracy is its—ah, what shall I say? its heritage of beauty, luxury, splendor."

"Yet—you say you revolt from your own country's manner of living, for all it's so refined."

"But, yes. We pay too high a price for repose and refinement. We are unconscious vampires, whose luxury and taste are drawn out of the veins of the poor, starved, stunted *mujiks*. That is why my heart went forth to you Americans—until I knew you. Do you think if I had found my dreams true, and you were trying to deck the bare homes of the poor with these *bibelots*, I should find anything of the ridiculous? Me, I should be on my knees to you! Nor would there be so much to ridicule; the worst art is born of pretense—I speak your language so poorly. I can't explain myself!"

"You speak English beautifully, my dear child," said Mrs. Winter, "our real language—well, I don't know whether you can speak it or understand it, either; and there's the trouble—why, Jo'nivan, how long have you been walking behind us?"

"Ever so long," answered Johnny-Ivan calmly; "but mamma says I mustn't interrupt. Papa says I should tell you there's some nice *itchings* up stairs."

"Now, I wonder," thought Mrs. Winter, who was an astute personage, "I do wonder how much of her ravings that poor little chap heard; he wouldn't understand the last part; but the first was plain English."

In point of fact, Johnny-Ivan had heard every word.

On the morning after his misfortune at the Art Exhibition, Johnny-Ivan was racing over the lawn filled with an exhilaration compounded of a number of pleasant happenings. For one thing his "aunty" had come on a visit the evening before. She had brought him candy, a five-dollar gold piece and a wonderful

fireman's suit with helmet and breast-plate, in which he intended presently to dazzle Peggy. It was another delightful thing that Peggy was coming over for the whole day. Then, under all, wasn't it spring with the feel of spring in the air, if not yet the tints of spring in the trees!

By consequence Johnny-Ivan smiled with great friendliness at a small, well-freckled boy, whom he encountered crossing the lawn. This boy carried a tin pail. It was a battered pail, and it was mended with a string.

"Say," hailed Johnny-Ivan, "who d'you want?"

The boy dug his bare heel into the soft turf and scowled at his little questioner. Instantly, Johnny recognized him. It was the boy who had jeered at him in the Art Gallery.

"Hello!" cried Johnny, in a different tone.

"Didn't you git a lickin' yestiddy?" said the boy.

Johnny-Ivan laughed. "Course not"—he tossed his head easily—"papa paid 'em. I told all about it. I wasn't going to have you blamed." Johnny-Ivan was not above bragging about his virtue.

"I run away; they couldn't have cotched me," said the boy. "Say, didn't your pa lick you when you got home?"

"Naw"—Johnny-Ivan essayed an imitation not in irony but in admiration of the other boy's accent—"my papa never licked me in my life."

The boy eyed him a minute, digging a bare heel into the soft sod; his cynical air melted. "Say," said he, "it must be bully to have a sure 'nuff pa like that!"

"Haven't you got any papa?"

"Naw, he's dead. I just got a step. My real father, he was a awful nice man. On the river. This one he ain't nothin', jes' loafs an' bums an' licks us!"

"Does he lick you?"

"Me an' ma, too. I don't mind. But I'm goin' to kill him fur lickin' ma, some time."

Johnny-Ivan stared at the boy's flushing cheeks and knitted brow; and his own cheek reddened. "I *would*," said he firmly.

"Lots of times I have made up my mind to run away."

"Why don't you and your mother both run off?" asked Johnny.

"It takes money," answered the boy. "Ma, she did save a little money, but she had to spend it all buryin' baby. I guess she'd run fast 'nuff, if we'd any money."

Johnny was breathing quickly. Here was something like the stories. "I got some money," he cried; "my aunty gave me a five-dollar gold piece and I got it, here, in my pocket—see!"

His hand had dived into his pocket and was out again with the coin glittering in the palm. He pressed it upon the astonished lad. "You take it, you run quick!" he cried; "somebody's calling me. Mind you run!"

Not pausing for an answer, he sped like a deer back to the lawn and his father.

The freckled boy, after a second, put the coin inside his cheek and ran as swiftly in the opposite direction.

Johnny-Ivan's head was so full of the interview that he almost bumped into a man, at that moment mounting the steps where Mr. Winslow awaited his son.

The man wore a red shirt. He had thick black hair. Serge Vassilovitch it was, revealed rather than disguised by liquor, swinging an open paper and bellowing aloud: "Where is the barina? Where is Olga Ivanovna?"

Winslow, who had a copy of the same paper in his hand and whose face was unusually stern, took two strides toward the Russian. In the hall behind appeared Hilda and Abbie, the new waitress.

"What do you want at the front door?" demanded Winslow, the blood mounting to his brow. James, the gardener, Michael, Jim, Hilda, Abbie, all stared at him; but Serge stood his ground and shrieked in Russian that the tyrant was removed.

"Get out of these grounds, you mur-

d tool of murderers!" bawled John. "I see your dirty face here again with dogs on you!"

whose legs had begun to wobble, his arms and cursed in thick but Russian. "Get out of here!" repeated. His tone had sunk; with his hand in the bosom of his nothing menacing in his gesture and menacing in his eye, pierced thick wits: he submitted to who whispered in his ear and away. The audience was crushed. He ventured comment.

True thim nihilists have blowed off the poor czar of Rooshy?"

The reply came through Winthrop's teeth: "That is just exactly damn idiotic assassins have done; they only knew it, kept Russia out of stitution for a generation, damn 'd like to see the whole batch

The last word might not have last had not Winslow seen his wife coming down the stairs and tried to put on his usual com-difference of manner. But there was the indefinable throb of emotion in the air; and Mrs. Burney knew her

"What has happened, Si?" she asked in a low tone.

nihilists have assassinated the old Josiah. "Good morning, Old man, you like the *Gazette*?" As he offered the paper to his wife. "Oh, what madness," she muttered. "Oh, my country!"

pe, now, Olga," said he gravely, "I've seen the last of Serge and of hers. You perceive what such come to."

made him no answer. Silent, they went together into the dining-room, John following unnoticed, while servants exchanged significant

The breakfast passed off in apathy, mostly promoted by Mrs.

Josiah read the paper, as he was listening to the horrid details of the tragedy

at the others, between mouthfuls; oblivious to Johnny's glowing eyes or Mrs. Burney's pacific diversions. But Johnny-Ivan's excitement grew, it pulled him out of his chair and on to his father's knee, where he could see the ghastly headlines for himself. "Well, Johnny, let us men go off with the newspaper," proposed his father, "and leave mamma and auntie to talk."

Olga found them together, half an hour later. Johnny was talking; she heard a single sentence: "No, papa, they're not bad, cruel men. I guess the czar must have sent their friends to Siberia and that was the trouble."

Olga could not catch the answer in her husband's deeper tones, but she caught every word of the child's sweet, high pipe.

"Yes, papa, I'm awful sorry for the poor czar, if he *was* bad!"

She did not listen further; she went back to the house, to her own little parlor, where she waited for her boy. She resented this attack on a child's heart, forgetting that she had attacked it herself.

When the little fellow came, she smoothed his dark curls, fondly murmuring soft Russian diminutives in his ear, and it was as if by accident she asked, finally: "What was papa telling you?"

Johnny-Ivan blushed. "I guess I can't tell," said he. His head was bent, so he did not see her cold smile as she answered:

"Not if you promised not. But you didn't tell all those secrets *we* have, either?"

"Not one, mamma; not *one*; I shutted my mouf *tight*, and I didn't even breathe." Here he suited the action to the word.

She smiled again. "He's mine," she was thinking, "most of all, he is mine!"

CHAPTER V

AS GALLEY SLAVES, NOT COMRADES

The great trouble with Peggy was Girls! Girls were always tagging after

Peggy. One warm afternoon two of the most obnoxious of the tribe came to Hazelhurst, and they all went off together and had "sekruts." Johnny-Ivan was told to go find out whether Milly, Mrs. Winter's cook, would open her heart to the extent of freshly-baked ginger-snaps and root-beer. He accomplished his mission, and then, when he had honorably repaid the future beneficence by reciting "Barbara Fritchie"; and all the stupid Milly and Ellen and Maum Chloe had done was to laugh and say, "Ain't he cute?"—after all this strenuous self-sacrifice, the perfidious Girls had run away! He plodded homeward, wanting very much to cry; but he knew (his father had told him) that boys didn't cry, so he whistled, instead; and, in a little space, became so interested, planning a "sekrut" of his own about the ginger-snaps, that he grew quite cheerful. By the time he reached his favorite little crotch of shrubs on the lawn, just below the porch, he was laughing.

Johnny-Ivan nestled in his corner, very warm and tired with running. He thought that he would forgive Peggy; but he would tie a string under the grapevines at the foot of the stile where the girls used to come to see Peggy, and they would trip and hurt themselves, awful, and he would then appear and say he did it; it was a *sekrut*. And he would laugh at them. He wouldn't stop laughing, even if they cried. This enchanted him. It was pleasant, also, to have all the cakes. But he was too fatigued to be hungry; he shut his eyes and immediately he dozed. When he awoke, two people were talking on the piazza. They could not see him; but he could see them, and he could hear them distinctly.

The first words which broke into his comprehension were: "If you are so dissatisfied with me and I give you so much sorrow, why not let me go away? I am willing to go; I want to go."

"You want to go?" Winslow's heavy black brows were knit.

She drew a long shuddering breath. "I can't bear it any longer," she said, "if I don't go I shall kill myself. Take your choice."

"I guess not," said he (while Johnny's heart contracted with terror); "what are you driving at, Olga? Try to talk plain sense, for once; I've long since ceased to hope you would ever care for me and be a wife to me as other men's wives are. I don't even ask you to keep the house decent; I don't expect you even to return the calls my friends have made you, or to see them when they take the trouble to come here. I don't see that you are suffering, particularly. You have your own rooms, your own allowance to fool away on damn scoundrels who make all the trouble they can for me. All I ask is that you are civil to me before Johnny, and that you don't disgrace me openly. Anything else you want I'm willing to try to meet—"

"Will you let me go away—to France, to Switzerland?"

"That would be nonsense; you'd find yourself mixed up with your villainous crowd of assassins. I will go with you, next fall—"

She began to laugh very softly. "Thanks, but—we should be too much together for the comfort of either of us. Josiah, let me go, go entirely. The play is played out, we haven't a thought in common—"

"That may be, but we have a child. There's Johnny."

"I have borne it so long because of Ivan. I can't bear it any longer. Do you guess, you Americans, how appalling is your life? I thought this was a land where all our poor Russian dreams that we are so willing to die for, came true. And—you are not so free—really—as we. You do not understand—anything! What is life to me, is folly, madness to you. Life must mean something; it must have a secret; I have sought for it in your scheme of living and I can not find it; you only busy yourself with the husks of life;



From a drawing by Lucius Wolcott Macdonald

HE MOVED AT THE BECKONING OF HER JEWELLED WHITE HAND

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the clothes, the houses, the power your money gives you; for you, that is all; and work, struggle, the conquering and trampling on weaker creatures, that gives you your happiness. To me such triumph is intolerable. To you, my dreams are futile folly! Why should we go on, not comrades, only galley slaves? Oh, Josiah, *let me go!*"

Winslow drove his hands deeper into his pockets and his mouth hardened.

"You're polite to ask me. I wonder you haven't bolted," said he, not even looking at her.

"But there was Ivan," she said. "I couldn't go without Ivan."

"You certainly won't go *with* him. I mean to do the fair thing by you, Olga; if I've made mistakes, they were mistakes, not intentional cruelty. It isn't fair to me to take Johnny away from me, but let that go; the main point is, it isn't fair to Johnny, either; you don't know how to bring up a child properly. I'm not willing to let you have him."

In a tumult of feeling, Johnny beheld his mother spring to her feet, flinging her beautiful arms upward, her cheeks afire, her calm voice breaking. The anguished sweetness of it wrung his heart, as she cried: "But I am his mother! And I love him—ah *mon dieu, mon dieu, how* I love him! But you don't understand that. Understand this, then, I *will* have him!"

"Stay here, like a decent woman, and have him then," scoffed Winslow. "Do try to see things as they are, Olga. You're not trampled on; you are a very much indulged woman. You may be tired of your husband, but he doesn't ask any more of you than your coachman does. You've got a nice little chap for a son that you aren't tired of—yet."

"Do you think I ever shall tire of him?"

"I don't know. Never mind; I only want to say that I shan't, under any circumstances, let you take Johnny away. I think, myself, he'd better go off somewhere to school—"

"Josiah! That little child!"

"He's little; and I don't want to send him, but it might be best; you have been letting him see that hound of a Vassil—"

"Why are you so bitter against that poor man? I heard—I don't want to believe it—that you set the dogs on him."

"I certainly did. He was skulking about the chicken house and I set Rube on him; and the patriot ran. Oh, he's a sweet nature's nobleman! I changed Rube to another kennel, and just as well, for I found a chunk of meat loaded with strychnine in his old kennel this morning. And last week there was a bundle of trash soaked in kerosene, found—by *Tim*, not Michael—in the stable. You have nice friends, Olga."

"That was wrong. That was cruel, I admit it," said Mrs. Winslow—Johnny thought how noble she was; and his instinctive dislike of Serge was strengthened—"but he *had* provocation, Josiah. Treat a man like a brute and he will take a brute's revenge."

Winslow made no answer; he had turned his face in the direction of the city and was listening. "Fire bells," he exclaimed, "and there goes our whistle! Olga,"—he turned with a different expression,—"*we* can finish this talk some other time. I'm a little anxious about that fire. It's our district."

Mrs. Winslow did not turn her head; if he could dismiss the situation so cavalierly, she could not; but Johnny's thoughts were diverted as if a hand had swung them round; for the quiet air was suddenly throbbing with a confusion of bells and whistles. The noise had spread from its corner of origin into all quarters of the city; and Johnny, looking in a familiar direction, saw a thick black column of smoke puff up over the roofs.

His mother's back was turned to him. He ran up to her and clung to her soft gray skirts. Whatever he had felt was swept away for the moment by a new and overpowering excitement.

"Oh, mamma, it looks right on the street—papa's street," he whispered.

"Why, so it does," said mamma. But she didn't seem in the least frightened, she even smiled a little, at least her upper lip curled.

"Listen!" exclaimed Johnny-Ivan, "papa's telephoning."

They both listened and both heard. "You all right, Hopkins? . . . Is it bad? . . . Hm, yes, I'll be down. Shut all the windows. Turn off the naphtha tanks!"

In a second there was a furious clang on the stable bell.

"Oh, papa's works are afire, they're burning up! Oh, mamma! Oh, mamma!" screamed Johnny-Ivan, his panic let loose for once. But his mother's hand was on his shoulder soothing him.

"That's not being a brave boy!" she said. "Be quiet, Ivan, or—I shall be ashamed of my son of whom I used to be so proud."

The words were the strongest tonic to the sensitive little heart on which they fell. Johnny-Ivan bit a sob in two and straightened himself; before she guessed his intention, he had darted across the lawn and run like a hare around the house. The stable yard was all motion and excitement. Tim was buckling straps on one side the horse, Michael on the other; and his father was already seated in the buggy gathering up the reins.

"Good as the fire department, boys," praised Winslow quietly; "let her go! Michael, get the gate open!"

"Papa! papa! lemme go too!" shouted Johnny-Ivan; but Winslow shook his head. "No place for boys," he called. Johnny-Ivan, wasting no time in entreaty, made for the first gate. He outstripped Michael and swung it back. "Please let me go, papa!" he shouted, "to hold the horse! I don't weigh so much as Michael. Please take me!"

"Can't risk you, son, but I'll telephone you how we get on!"

The next instant there was dust all about them and only the dark green wheels twinkling through. "He might have let me," thought the little boy. He felt mightily aggrieved. Papa *wasn't* nice to mamma; and he wasn't nice to him, Johnny, he was *mean*! Yet there grew a gleam of comfort; papa was going to telephone to *him* about the fire. Johnny-Ivan stationed himself by the telephone. There he stayed and waited. It was hard to wait, because there was the fire to see outside, and every one in the household, as well as Mrs. Winter, Mrs. Rutherford and Peggy, had gathered to look. He could hear their exclamations, yet Johnny, although every nerve was tingling, clenching his tiny fist in his impatience, stuck to his telephone, even when Peggy's clear tones clove the din outside: "Oh, Jo'nivan, come on out!"

"I can't," he called back, "papa's going to telephone me."

"But you can hear the bell out here!" "I know, but I can't keep papa waiting."

As he stood—on a chair to obtain a better reach of the instrument—he could hear louder sighs and exclamations from the maids and the men. The fire must be gaining. Mrs. Winter alone spoke cheerfully—"The blaze is gone; and a fire always smokes the worst when the water's thrown on!" Mrs. Winslow was not saying a word. Johnny-Ivan's heart sank. But at this moment the bell rang. "Yes, papa," he cried before he got the receiver to his ear. "Hello! You, Johnny?"—the voice came to him mixed with a dozen sounds, dulled into echoes, shouts, the swash of water and the roar of a crowd—"fire's under control. Tell mamma."

"Hurrah!" cried Johnny, "did you—was anybody hurt?" But no answer came; and Johnny-Ivan finally replaced the black horn and sauntered out on the lawn, feeling himself the bearer of great news. Straight to his mother he went with it. "That's nice," she said quietly.

"Upon my word," cried Mrs. Winter, "you take these excitements coolly, Olga. I don't think I, myself, take on much; but *you* are a stoic!"

Meanwhile, the other minor members of the group were disappearing to attend to their avocations or to gossip more freely together, as the case might be. Johnny-Ivan and Peggy departed to get a new Oliver Optic book, which had just been given to Peggy. There was a boy in that book who wasn't afraid of anything on earth. Yesterday Johnny-Ivan had been keen for the adventurous Richard's perils, but to-day his imaginary world did not entice him. Moreover, his thoughts kept harking back to the scene of the morning.

"Peggy," he said, "do grown-ups ever quarrel? I mean grown-ups that are married?"

"Why, of co'se; certainly," returned the worldly-wise Peggy. "I've heard mammy and Uncle Dari, myself. Mammy's *terrible*, when she's r'arin' and chargin'; she called Uncle Dari a heap of bad names—"

"Don't she love him any more?"

"Why, cert'y she does; she's just petted on him; she'd bake all night for him. But—why, ev'rybody gets mad, sometimes. You get mad with *me*."

"That's so," Johnny-Ivan agreed with a long sigh of relief.

His father came back at noon. He was in a strange good humor.

"Those firemen"—Winslow talked to Johnny, rather than at Mrs. Winslow's languid politeness—"they were fooling when I got there—afraid of the naphtha; they'd a notion it was going to explode, although Hopkins turned it off and it wasn't any more danger than a chicken! Hopkins and I took some hose into the shop ourselves, and our own men ran right after us. Luke Darrell was there, happy's a boy to be at a fire again; he went, too. Then the chief got his head at last and got a line into the windows; and all was over in five minutes."

"You did it, papa; you, yourself!" cried Johnny.

"I, myself," laughed Winslow, "and it has ruined one good suit of clothes, or I miss my guess." The words were accompanied by a furtive eyeflash at his wife's languid face. Possibly in his hot mood of excitement he fancied that she would realize, at least, that her husband was a manly man, even rejoice a little that he should have saved his property, which was Johnny's and hers, too; but Mrs. Winslow inclined her head with a formal courtesy more chillsome than indifference; saying, as if to a stranger: "I hope you are not very tired;" and Winslow's boyish gaiety fell off like a mask. But he smiled again at Johnny's cry: "You're just like a general, papa, leading your troops into battle!"

"Humph! Guess not so bad as that, Johnny, but I was certainly under fire. And that reminds me. Olga,"—this time the smile was his grim, straight line of the mouth—"I know how the fire happened."

"Was it an indecendary fire, papa?" inquired Johnny, who read the newspapers and never hesitated to charge on a word familiar to his eyes, whether his ears had ever heard it or not.

"Yes, it was," said Winslow; "our old friend Serge Vassy was the incendiary. The tyrannical hand of the law has already fallen upon him. He was seen going into the lumber room with something under his arm. And they found the wreck of a nice bomb there after the fire was out. You see the fire didn't quite work to order. Serge hadn't counted on a shift of wind; he expected the whole shed would be burned and his pretty plaything with it, but—it wasn't. I guess we've got a clear case."

Now, at last, he had roused his wife; the red rushed into Mrs. Winslow's cheeks. She did not look at her husband as she said:

"Didn't you set the dogs on the man? his revenge is just as brutal."

"Well, perhaps. And mine, now, will not be brutal, but effectual; for I shall have Serge sent up for ten years, anyhow; and I have bought the Patch and am going to build a branch factory with decent houses for the people working there."

"And the poor creatures on the place, now?"

"They will have to skeedaddle."

"What will they do? Where will they go?"

"Be a nuisance somewhere else, I suppose. Not under our eyes, however. It's a pity they can't be dumped in the river, the whole pestilential, cut-throat outfit. Well, I guess I'll be getting back to the seat of war."

He rumbled Johnny-Ivan's hair in passing, and hurried out, quite unconscious of the effect of his last news about the Patch.

"Mamma, what does papa mean?" said Johnny-Ivan.

"He meant," said Mrs. Winslow slowly, "that he has bought all those poor people's homes and he will turn them out."

"But—maybe they want to go, mamma!" Johnny-Ivan was trying to defend his father, who had been so brave at the fire, but he had a sickening light on the situation coming from a never-forgotten picture of furniture on the street, the shrieking woman and weeping children.

"Would you want to go out with all you have in the world and no place to put it?"

"Can't they rent some nicer place? Can't they rent some of the nice houses papa's going to build?"

"They haven't any money. Papa'll charge money!"

"But not if he knowed, for sure, they didn't have any money."

"Yes, Ivan, papa never lets poor people have things for nothing. And he is angry at the Patch because Serge lives there. He will turn out Serge's brother-in-law, so Serge never can live there again."

"But the baby is sick."

"He won't care for that. Perhaps it will kill the baby. He doesn't care."

Never before had she criticised her husband to her child; she felt a cruel joy as she flung off this last fetter of her marriage.

"But come, Ivan, I have much to say to you. Not here, in the summer-house."

CHAPTER VI

IN WAR YOU MAY

The summer-house was so thickly shaded with vines that it kept cool and dim through the hottest summer glare. It was built of unhewn logs, but ceiled and floored within; and it was set midway on the hill. Above, the tall elms and maples dappled the clean hillside with their shade; below, a dense undergrowth of brambles, saplings and wild raspberry and blackberry bushes transformed the coppice into a jungle. Of a summer night, the air would seem to throb with the multitudinous whir of happy creeping and flying things. Then the princess would come with her little lover to sing her Russian songs, in the moonlight.

She did not dream that there was always a silent, frowning guardian within reach, should there ever be need. Winslow kept these vigils to himself.

Sometimes she would talk instead of singing, voicing the dreams and longings of a passionate mystic who could not interpret her own soul, yet tried to solve the riddle of the universe. Johnny loved the little summer-house; he never spoke of the talks there; they were one of the secrets shared with his mother.

To-day the little boy ran gaily along the path, between walls of dead vines and shrubs and thorny brushwood. He carried his Oliver Optic in his hand, to read in case his mother should have to go to speak to any one; for, very often, of late, "our people" seemed to come to speak to mamma. Such times, she would bid him

and play. Women and men both. Mostly they came from the Patch. Mamma said that they bothered papa. Until to-day had mamma spoken to him of papa. He puzzled a good deal at the peculiar behavior of grown-up people, while he skipped ahead of his elder.

The princess, on her part, was unusually silent. She sat down on the rustic stool by the table, and he took a stool at her feet, his dark curls pressing against her knee. She had brought her cross-stitch work, but the gay silks lay unused on the linen, as she sat with her hands and dreamy eyes.

Just at once a shadow fell over her white face to lie long and black over Johnny-Ivan's page. He looked up. Serge Vassitch had made the shadow; but never had Johnny-Ivan seen a Serge like this. He was perfectly sober, pale and anxious looking, and the hands stretched forth were trembling. Drops of sweat stood on the black locks matted on his forehead. "Barina!" he murmured. He said nothing in Russian. Johnny-Ivan did not understand the words, but the tone was entreating. His speech came in a gasp, as if the speaker were spent with waiting.

Mrs. Winslow hesitated. She answered slowly. At once the man flung himself on his knees before her, clutching her hands and stammering broken sentences. His eyeballs rolled up at her in an agony of pleading.

"I can not refuse," she said in English, "how?—wait!"

"Johnny-Ivan," said Mrs. Winslow in French, "you remember the oath you swore on your word?"

"Johnny-Ivan swelled in Johnny-Ivan's face as he answered, "Yes, mamma."

"Dearest, the time is come for you to do it. Do you trust me?"

"Yes, mamma," said Johnny-Ivan.

"She changed her tongue to English, in hopes for Serge's better comprehension. Exactly as I say. Exactly. Serge

belongs to *us*. We must protect him. They'd kill him if they caught him."

"Yes—oh, yes!" mumbled Serge, moistening his dry lips.

"I can't help him escape, but you can; *you*, my darling little son, have the life of a man in your hands. Get Serge under the chair and put the afghan over him. Get under, Serge,—quick!"

Submissive as a dog, he moved at the beckoning of her jeweled white hand, cramping his long legs under the rustic chair which Mrs. Winslow shielded by an afghan, ere she motioned Johnny into the chair and disposed his feet on a pile of sofa pillows.

"So," she approved, "*tres bien!* Now, attend! Dearest child! you must be brave and wise. The officers will come here. They will ask questions. Perhaps they will ask if any one has come here. You will say, 'Only mamma.' Where has she gone?' 'She has gone to the stables.' You will ask them, politely, to come in. There is the bench, should they come, for them to sit. But do not fear! They will not come."

"Mamma," said Johnny-Ivan, "am I to say *nobody* came?"

"Yes, Ivan. Nobody. It is like in war, you know. In war you may say things not true."

"Yes, mamma. I am to fool the officers because Serge belongs to *us*."

"You are all right!" growled the man under the chair.

"Then I will go. Remember, I said I was going to the stables."

"I will remember, mamma."

He watched her light figure dwindle along the dim path until the narrow way twisted sidewise and it was lost in the gray shadows. When his eyes gave over their search they fell upon the book which he had retained, mechanically. It was not a difficult part to read the pages. Already he was taking on his *rôle*, his heart beating faster lest unseen eyes should have stolen up to peer through the trees.

He felt very old and grand, also very

scared; but, of course, that wasn't to be admitted. The minutes crept on. The fingers shifting the leaves of the book were fairly steady. Maybe the officers wouldn't come. Still, if they didn't, it wouldn't make so much of a story for Peggy; but like a dash of cold water came the afterthought; *this* story he couldn't tell Peggy. Then he was quite certain he hoped that the policeman wouldn't come. He hoped in vain. First, some of the twigs crackled, next, a branch broke; then, a stifled voice called, "Be careful, now, he's got the gun still!" This was followed by a loud shout.

"Hands up!" Three tanned and anxious faces peered into the doorway, three pistols were leveled at Johnny-Ivan's curly black head.

He rose involuntarily. "What-t's the matter?" he quavered. He wasn't afraid, but it was so sudden; and somehow he had lost his breath.

"Good Lord, it's only a kid!" cried the first man; "drop your guns!"

The pistols slanted lower; the men smiled rather sheepishly; but the leader resumed his official sternness.

"Who are you? Mr. Winslow's boy?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny-Ivan.

"Wasn't any one else here?"

"No, sir"—he had never told a lie before in his life but he told it quite easily, admiring himself—"only mamma was here."

"Where is your mamma?"

"She's gone to the stables. She just went a little while ago. She said she'd be right back. Did you want mamma? Won't you come in?"

The men whispered together.

"We're losing time," called the leader; "let's watch the stable, he'd try for a horse. Say, Johnny Winslow, we're out after the man who set your father's works afire. He was caught and shot Officer McNamara, who's like to die. Did you see anything of him? It's Serge Vassy—"

"I know," said Johnny-Ivan, "papa

telled me about him." He grew a shade paler.

"Did you see him anywhere in the woods?"

"No, sir."

"If you do see him, run after us—at the barn, will you?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny-Ivan.

The bluecoats withdrew from the doorway.

Johnny-Ivan heard the crunch of their heavy boots through the thicket.

He went to the door; and as he stood there he became aware that his heart was beating so fast that it hurt him. Recalling his falsehood, he wondered fearfully if he could be going to drop dead like wicked Ananias. But he had no smallest thought of confession. "It's like it is in war," he comforted himself, "you *got* to, in war."

"Are they gone, Barin?"—a hoarse whisper came to him. In some subtle wise it irritated him; here he was doing all these wicked things for a murderer.

"You keep quiet!" commanded Johnny-Ivan sternly, in a whisper; "you stay right here and draw your foots in. I hear somebody coming." There *was* some one coming. He came from the south by the cow path, some one who knew the wood; but in a moment he turned from the cow path and broke (snapping and crushing the underbrush) through the thicket to the right. And it was papa!

Johnny-Ivan showed no emotion. "Why, papa!" he said, with mild surprise.

Papa was hatless; he had torn his coat on the briars and scratched his face; little flecks of blood showed on his cheek amid the gray short whiskers; he was breathing hard, like Serge; and he looked angry—oh, but he looked angry!

"Who's been here, Johnny?" said papa.

"The coppers, papa, the p'lice. They're after Serge—"

"I know. He's been seen in this wood. Did you see him?"

"No, papa." It was said. It *had* to be said. It was like in war. Johnny-Ivan shut his little teeth firmly.

"Where's mamma? Was she here?"

"She went to the stables. She told me to stay—"

"Ah-h!" papa interrupted, "when?"

"Just before the p'lice—"

"Did she hear any whistle or anything?" Papa wouldn't give you a chance to finish your sentences.

"No, sir, I don't think—"

"But the blue jays?"

"They're always whistling."

Only a second papa hesitated, then he turned to Johnny-Ivan. "Come with me," he said.

"But mamma telled me—"

"Mamma didn't know the danger you're in. If that devil found you in the wood alone—he's due to swing anyhow; and he'd strike me through you. Come, we'll go to the stables together. Go on ahead, Johnny, run ahead, I'm coming."

Johnny-Ivan had never been so perplexed in his life. To leave his charge when mamma had told him to stay—reluctantly he edged out of the door; on the threshold he ventured a further protest. "Mamma might come back and he might hurt mamma—"

"Oh, mamma's safe, he wouldn't hurt mamma. Be *quick*, Johnny."

Johnny-Ivan ran out obediently; he ran a little space and halted, transfixed by his father's stern quiet voice:

"Now, *you!* Come out of that with your hands up, or I'll begin firing. I saw you move that afghan. Out with you!"

The afghan fell in a heap as Serge crawled out. His revolver shook in his hand.

"Drop it!" said Winslow. Serge looked a second into the shining barrel; he picked himself up. "You got the drop on me," said he sullenly.

"I congratulate you on your mastery of American idiom, Mr. Vassy," said Winslow, "I *have*. Stand up. Now Johnny, run to the stable and fetch the policemen. Hurry quick, for if you don't I shall shoot Serge, because he'll try to escape. I don't mind; but he may."

"Please don't shoot Serge, papa!" pleaded Johnny, "he was there, all the time, and he never hurted me."

His queer smile widened Winslow's mouth; not in the least a pleasant smile; nor was his voice pleasant. "Then hurry back with the police, Johnny," he said, "*hurry!*"

Johnny-Ivan shot a single glance at Serge; it was to ask for orders.

"Guess yes, you hurry," said Serge; his hands were uncomfortably in the air; he looked shrunken and scared; and his dirty pale face was miserable.

Johnny sped away like the wind.

As he raced stableward, his mind worked faster than his feet. The only chance to save Serge was mamma; if he could only tell mamma first! But outside of the stable he encountered the leader of the policemen and mamma. There was no help for it. He blurted it out in a sentence: "Papa's caught Serge; he says to hurry—they're at the summer-house."

"By hell!" swore the policeman joyously, "come on, boys, have your barkers ready! We've got him; but he's desperate!"

At last Johnny-Ivan could tell his mother, choking piteously over his last words: "I did try mamma, but papa's so dreffle smart; and—and—Serge was 'fraid of papa!"

"I telled papa a lie, too. I guess he knows it, too."

"Never mind, darling, it was to save life. It's all a terrible puzzle, Ivan. Come, let us go back to the house, my poor little son."

(To be continued)

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

By Israel Zangwill

AUTHOR OF "THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH," "MERELY MARY ANN," ETC.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE—A NEW YEAR'S FANTASY

BOYISHLY shouting "Eureka" the Professor dragged his aged limbs across the short space of grassy cliff between the laboratory and the house. As he gazed upon the lonely sea and sky a new sense of kinship with them came to him: he too was to take on immortality. The secret labors that had consumed his years were at last rewarded. He had just decocted the elixir of life. O how Lucinda would rejoice!

But he found the old woman sobbing bitterly, her gray hairs disheveled across the table on which her head lay.

"Lucinda! What is it?" he cried, forgetting the great news. For he had never seen her weep.

She raised a wet wrinkled face. "Is it midnight already, Anthony?" she murmured, blinking.

"No, dearest, it is mid-day. See how the golden finger of the sun lies on your silver hair. Why do you weep?"

"I am tired of life," she said wearily. "I wish to die."

"You! You without whose courage and faith I should have broken down. Listen, darling. The Elixir is found. You shall not die."

She did not raise her head. "I have died already," she said stonily.

His blood froze. So this was the great moment of their lives.

"I do not understand you," he murmured.

"No, Anthony, you never understood what it meant to me—all that long lifetime of loneliness from dawn to midnight while you were in your laboratory."

"But, dearest, I always found you cheerful, so full of faith in me!"

"My faith and my face were both lies. But you would not have believed in yourself had I doubted."

"That is true. Often I despaired, especially this last year, knowing how close a race I was running with Death. But now the quest is over."

"That is the very reason I can die. I am no longer needed."

"Needed! Why how can I live without you?"

She shuddered. "What! You want me again!"

"Without you, Lucinda, I would not quaff the Elixir. What were eternal youth but eternal lamentation?"

"Life and lamentation are ever one."

"There speaks the voice of age, Lucinda, of weariness, of disease even. Come, when you have drunk me one drachm of the Elixir, there will be more sunshine in your speech."

"Have you tasted it?" she said, with the first shade of interest.

"I gave one drop to the venerable parrot: a century fell from it like moulted plumage."

"What, is poor old Gogo still alive?" she murmured, remembering now it must be ten years since she had set foot in the laboratory.

"But our lives are more complex, Lucinda, and all the fluid I have been able to manufacture will scarce serve to restore us both to middle age."

"You said 'eternal youth,' Anthony," she remonstrated.

"Have patience, Lucinda. The ingredients take a quarter of a century to mature. Life's Elixir proceeds with the leisure of Life itself. But twenty years hence when the next dose is ready—" He broke off, and crying "Come!" he took her hand and led her across the grassy cliff to the laboratory. As they approached they heard the joyous chuckle of the parrot.

"Eternal life, eternal youth," it gurgled as they entered.

Lucinda paused, startled. The Professor smiled. "Gogo has caught up my mutterings as I bend over the caldron."

Her footprints sank deep in dust. Every beam and corner was cobwebbed, innumerable vessels and jars stood coated with dust: the strange engines and cylinders were rusty. She saw how they had grown old together—she and Anthony and the workshop.

"Eternal life, eternal youth," Gogo gurgled on.

"Ay, indeed!" cried the Professor. "Here, Lucinda is the phial. The red mark divides our drafts. We shall return to thirty-five."

"Were it not better to shatter it and sink to sleep with the rest of mankind?" she said, taking it.

"Shatter our lives, our youth, our joy! No, no, Lucinda. I am waiting to see your poor face take on the bloom of your mid-way years. Drink, darling, drink, and all your doubts will be over."

With sudden resolution she put the phial to her lips and swallowed a mouthful. At once the wrinkles fled: it was the cheerful face of fifty. Anthony uttered a glad cry.

Lucinda felt her limbs in amaze: straightened herself out, peered into the little moldering mirror, seeing a blurred face. Impatiently she brushed off the dust: the buxom countenance beneath came out as if she had swept age away. She gulped frenziedly at the phial. A peal of joyous laughter rang from her rosy lips.

Anthony's face was no less radiant, beneath all its wrinkles. "You have passed the red mark by a hair's breadth, darling," he said. "But I don't grudge you being thirty-four, while I am thirty-six."

"Well," she smiled. "That will be more agreeable than being exactly of the same age. Indeed a young man of thirty-six would, I am sure, like a much younger wife than a woman of thirty-four. Reborn as I feel, it is not the freshness of spring. Suppose I become thirty to please you."

"But, dearest, you forget I should then be forty."

"You would still be a young man."

"My darling! The sight of you makes me a young man." He tottered ardently forward and she shuddered back from his palsied passion.

"Then you don't need the Elixir," she laughed, and sucked greedily at the phial. A slim, beautiful girl of seventeen stood before him, with parted lips and the light of hope and wonder in her eyes.

The Professor grew pale and made a lurching clutch at the phial. The dazzling witch withdrew it mockingly.

"What is the use? There is only enough to take you to sixty."

"Dearest!" he quavered. "Sixty is strong, is young!"

"No, better be content to die."

"Die! With your loveliness to live for!"

"Ugh! Youth needs youth. Tra-la la la!" the sweet lips sang gaily.

"The Elixir!" he pleaded, "to you it is useless—it will only make you a school-girl."

"That is true. The parrot shall drain it. Tell me, will Gogo turn back to an egg? How astonished he would be."

He flung himself on the mocking figure. His rheumatic limbs were as a baby's in her muscular arms. She threw him disdainfully on his back and the phial fell with him, smashing into a hundred pieces. He writhed round painfully and tried to

lap up the fluid ere it soaked into the rotting board, but his tongue met only the green shoots and buds springing up from the wood.

He laughed horribly as he rose to his feet. "Fool! you have thrown away what—when even you grew old—would have given you ten years more of life."

Her lovely flush turned to a ghastly white.

"Nay, you have thrown away immortality," he went on venomously. "My death is a matter of days. Who is to re-new your youth for the second time?"

"But you will tell me the secret, Anthony! Darling! You know I did not mean to drink so much." She threw her arms round his neck. "Tell me."

He shook off the warm coaxing loveliness.

"Yes, Anthony, you must. For the sake of our long years of love and faith together."

"No, live long years of love and faith with another. I shall await you down in the darkness, till from these sunlit cliffs you sink down, down to the choking waves. You will feel me through the gay years and the roses—tugging at your ball-dress, dragging at your hunting-skirt—you will hear me beneath all the music and you will know that you must come to me, that you can not escape me, and you will see these fair young cheeks withering, and under those bright eyes the crow's feet gathering, and you will know that you are nearer to me, daily nearer, nearer to the coming of blackness."

His face was flushed with venom, hers gray with fear. She gazed into the mirror. This lovely face to wither again day by day. To see it grow yellow and wizened—to feel the blood grow chill, the glory and freshness fade out of life—and that same black pit at the end—she shrieked hysterically.

"Then share this other phial with me," he said. "There are many Elixirs of

Death, even as there are many trap-doors of death, though there is only one gate of birth. But this Elixir is painless and prompt."

She snatched at it, but he held it back.

"Nay, nay, I'll not be balked of my half of this, too. I drink first."

He quaffed scrupulously then handed her the phial.

They lay side by side in death on the budding board, the old man and the beautiful girl.

"Eternal life, eternal youth!" chuckled the parrot.

THE VANISHING GENTLEMAN

A LITTLE book of less than a hundred pages, unheralded save for a preface by Coulson Kernahan, reads like a Tract for the Times in its prophetic indictment of the trend of things. Above all, the mournful question suggests itself throughout: Is the gentleman vanishing?

"The Views of Christopher" are "dedicated to six gentlemen, the upholders of my little world." Evidently there are at least six righteous men left—more than enough to save Sodom. And these six exist within the circumscribed area of one person's little world. It is not likely that Christopher has been so privileged as, in his own petty circle, to exhaust the genus. Wherefore we may enter upon the investigation of whether the gentleman is following the dodo, with something of the same foregone conclusiveness with which the theological student embarks upon Paley's Evidences.

Not that there is not grave reason for Christopher's misgiving. He is one of those rare patriots who can feel the glory or disgrace of his country without the stimulation of shouting or sobbing crowds—an armchair patriot in the best sense, whose personal sorrow wails through "the dear dumb mouths" of England's wounds.

And when Christopher sees how the modern Englishman instead of thinking

on "whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report," hangs over the cess-pool of divorce cases, buying up evening papers with the inviting placard: "*What the housemaid heard and saw*"—Christopher himself certifies that he stood by a news-vendor on the Strand to watch the silk-hatted, frock-coated purchasers—it is little wonder that this old-fashioned lover of "Branches of Honor" and "Flowers of Chivalry" feels that all the finer essences of life are sinking into a swamp of hopeless vulgarity. Many another phenomenon of our day tells the same story of degeneration, of what George Eliot called the "lowering of the moral ardency." And—Christopher cleverly points out—if in 1848, under the threat of Chartist riots, every Englishman turned himself into a volunteer constable, still more necessary is it under this subtler danger for every patriot to take up a truncheon in defense of "The homely beauty of the good old cause And pure religion—breathing household laws."

So Christopher dreams of a "gorgeous saving remnant" of the well-born much as young Disraeli dreamed of a "young England" party of the sons of peers.

It is true that there are certain features of the life of to-day which expose us to novel forces of corruption. The aforementioned newspaper placard, for example, diffuses to us the concentrated scandal of the globe, whereas formerly we were limited to the petty gossip of the parish. The mundane mudrake has made us familiar with every variety of filth, and we wash not only our own dirty linen but that of the backyards of the world. Moreover we are in the troughs both of social and theological upheaval and the ancient standards and ideals are oscillating with a restlessness that does not make for steady ethics. It has sometimes seemed as if the modern code of honor for a gentleman embraced only two principles: Never to cheat at cards and always to lie in defense of a woman.

When, however, every admission is made of the decay of honor and chivalry, a good deal of Christopher's lamentation resolves itself, like most lamentation of the good old times, into a fallacy of consciousness. Christopher living in a romantic dream of the English aristocracy, that noble corps with the motto of *Noblesse oblige*, became one day aware that there were blots on the 'scutcheon. In whatever age he had lived his keen vision would some day have detected them. But he takes the past at its own valuation. Living in the twentieth century, he is able to persuade himself that what he witnesses is but a typical accident, and he mistakes the coming of the facts into his consciousness for the coming of the facts. True, he shrewdly cites, as an index of deterioration, the change of nomenclature by which the social strata, known in the time of our grandmothers, "those women of lavender and of gracious memory," as "The Quality" are now labeled "The Upper Ten." But this substitution of quantity for quality may be due to the discovery that the quality of aristocracy was not remarkable or—more pleasing explanation—that the quality of the middle classes was as good or better and therefore the word could no longer be invidiously confined to one class. An impartial study of the British aristocracy in its palmy days is far from revealing it on the level of those choice samples Christopher would palm off upon us as average,—while on the other hand it is from the lower and middle classes, that the greatest figures of British history, from Shakespeare to Nelson, have been drawn. The romantic idealism under which an order sees itself through its poets, historians and painters, makes admirable literature and stimulation, but it must not be taken at the foot of the letter, especially when its heroes are haloed and screened by time. We are in fact led to the suspicion that Christopher's complaint of the vanishing of the gentleman is partially founded on a false conception of the gentleman.

Christopher's ideal of gentleman has, I gather, certain strongly marked traits. First and foremost, good birth, preferably royal. Secondly, an Oxford training. This latter, if not so great a limitation quantitatively as royal blood, at least confines him to Britain, for these are no longer the cosmopolitan days of the "Dark Ages" when Oxford attracted the scholars of Europe. Thirdly, he should be able to fight duels for points of honor. Fourthly, he should be as proud as the devil or—as Christopher paradoxically puts it—as proud as the Christ. He must exact from himself every virtue, but from the baser-born he must not expect too much. Fifthly, and in consequence of fourthly, he must never betray his sufferings or excite the pity of his social inferiors, or even explain himself to them.

"How dare a jury acquit me?" cries Christopher in a fine burst of purple pride.

In short we have a strange mingling of the patrician ideal of Greece and Rome with the democratic ideal of Christianity and the reconciliation of these in one personality makes Christopher's psychology peculiarly fascinating and illogical. He even—we have already seen—boldly claims this psychology as the Christ's, and will have nothing of the "gentle Jesus, meek and mild." Granted that to expel the money-changers from the Temple is to show a capacity for the duello, there are other elements less easily conciliable with Christopher's conception. Dekker's famous line which Christopher adopts, "The first true gentleman that ever breathed" sounds the finer because the more universal note. "The first true gentleman" did not speak with an Oxford accent, not even his Greek, nor would he have given up a comfortable ulster if the pattern had descended to his smaller tradesmen. To change your fashion because your inferior adopts it is a way of being driven by your inferiors. True gentlemanliness is its own standard. Debt, which Christopher justly stigmatizes, was

the pet foible of persons of quality, and the very "gentlemen" who would give up his ulster under mob adoption were capable of not paying for it. And they added the insult of contempt for the tailor to the injury of indebtedness. Christopher's ideal suffers from similar scornfulness. It is insular, and insolent. It does not much matter forsooth if the lower orders behave as cads! The true gentleman is larger and less self-conscious and more anxious that nobody shall be a cad than that he should be a gentleman. Birth, indeed, is the first condition of the gentleman, for the gentleman is the "gentleman born." Like the poet he can not be made. But the birth does not depend upon the peculiar social stratum—it is, like genius, a divine accident. It may occur in any rank, in any breed. Nor can it be reduced to an hereditary system. St. Paul himself, whom Christopher so suggestively compares to a poor proud modern Irish gentleman "of the best breed," had nothing of that exalted lineage which serves Christopher's theories anent St. Paul's master. In fact, Christopher's glorification of birth ends in an Irish bull, for at what point does a noble family begin to be born? The first chieftain or king, the man who had the most of "the quality" would—like Saul or David—have no pedigree at all. "*Je suis un ancêtre*," said Napoleon in a spirit that should assuredly please Christopher. I fear the truth is—as I have expressed it elsewhere—that most people of birth trace their descent either to an ancestor of whom they would be ashamed or to an ancestor who would be ashamed of them. As to Christopher's attack on the opulent Mustards of Balham because they dress their flunkies in yellow and scarlet, it is surely beside the mark, despite the vivid Carlylean argument that—in as much as the colors of your servants' uniform depend on the tinctures of your escutcheons—the flunkies of the Mustards, who have no coat of arms, should legally go naked. For

"three able-bodied rascals to undo one door" is none the less a senseless and criminal folly whether they are illegally uniformed in Balham or legally in Belgravia. This reverence for heraldry and knightly tradition reaches its climax in the complacent picturing of the Christ as "prynce of cote armure."

Christopher's snobbery and priggishness are, however, redeemed by his foreseeing that the critics would accuse him of them, and by the fact that in his spirit the trappings of dignity still adorn and guard the mediæval realities in all their

early spiritual freshness. He re-vitalizes the Herald's office to its archaic significance till "gules" and "or" begin to glow as if with lifeblood.

In an age when feudalism has decayed and a satisfactory new social order has not yet struggled into birth, "The Views of Christopher" are entitled to respectful hearing. He offers us a profound criticism of "the liberty of the subject," and much that is new and vigorous in defense of much that is old and obsolescent. And it is comforting to think that so long as he lives, there will be at least one gentleman.

THE GOLD OF YOUTH

By Thomas Wood Stevens

WHAT is it worth, my masters, to be young?
 Youth sees that kindly Wisdom dwells not close,
 But far to seek, and girt with perilous foes;
 Youth knows inconstant singing is not flung
 Across the years, and that his erring tongue
 Speaks to the wind that scatters wide the rose;
 Youth dares not trust the careless pride he shows
 So oft he sits his broken hopes among.

Still, being young, I would not lose the light,
 The breathing passion of the wings untried,
 The path that Time shall mark, and Sorrow prove:
 Still, being young, I hold the chance of night,
 The promise of the morn, the flowing tide,
 And twilight Death beyond the isles of Love.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

By Will Levington Comfort

PEELE was a wandering Englishman with certain virtues and a great deal to say. Keeler, who sat beside him on the balcony of a *fonda* overlooking the plaza of Bogota, was a Chicago special writer, just now engaged in covering the features of a Colombian revolution for the *Express Syndicate*. The two were talking about Graver, a free lance, who sat in his room back of the balcony, goading unto desperation an uncoiled and tropical-rusted typewriter. The hopes and memories of Graver also moved in a Chicago setting, though it appears that he bunked and rode and shared labor with Keeler for other and unknowable reasons.

"It isn't in human fiber to endure any such amount of work," Keeler whispered. "Gravey's been at it for sixteen hours a day for sixteen times sixteen days."

"It's a desecrytion," said Peele. "It shauws money-greed an' is baund t' be shoddy, y' knauw."

"That's where you're wrong, Peele," Keeler remarked. "I know Gravey's stuff. It's good and clean and gritty. You can turn it in without editing. He was liked back in Chicago; so was his stuff. I don't pretend to understand his energy since we came here, because he liked to lounge back in Chicago as well as any of us—"

"Myby 'e married a girl just before 'e came."

"No, he's been married for three or four years. That didn't make the difference. He was always square at home, you know; has a great little outfit—fine lady, pair roly-poly cherubs, all sorts of books and dogs and things—but he wasn't the sort to forget all his friends, that's what I mean, just because he was married."

"'E's a free lawnce, I'm tauld," Peele

said languidly, "un-limited spyce 'n' all that. Tell me nauw, 'ow much does 'e myke?"

"Altogether too much—an amount, wholly unnewspaperlike. Fifty or sixty dollars a day, likely. And he don't write easily—labors, groans, sweats blood before he gets it coming—"

A fit of coughing in Graver's room silenced the typewriter. Afterward there was the squeak of a drawn cork, the suggestion of a gurgle, followed by a harsh expulsion of breath, as from one nauseated.

"And that's all new too," Keeler resumed, half-angrily. "Stimulant! It's so easy, so devilish easy, to get used to working that way. I believe I'll go and rope him down, strangle him and make him see the right way!"

"I wouldn't, y' knauw," Peele said thoughtfully. "Myby 'e's got his reasons. * * * What I have seen! What I have seen! Wyte till ye've been back 'n forth 'ere for five years as I 'ave. * * * 'I 'ave 'ad playmates; I 'ave 'ad companions * * *; all, all are gone, the old familiar fycles!"

And thereupon Peele went down deep into his inner consciousness and brought forth a tale, a repellent, barbaric tale of Colombia, that would have been bad enough in a metropolitan club-room, but had no place whatsoever in the midst of a land that swarmed with sinister menaces and swift and dreadful modes of death.

The bells had rung midnight, but Bogota was still awake. For hours Luapo's column of eighteen thousand men had lain partly in, but mostly out, of the town, like a snake with its head in a foul jug. White-coated, bare-footed figures slid to and fro across the plaza, complicating the shadows and corrupting the

patches of light. On the following dawn, General Luapo was to move his column of government defenders out into the Cordilleras to meet and stop the rebel, Torron, who was marching his army in to take the capital.

"I haven't been here quite a year yet, much less five," said Keeler, breaking the silence which followed the tale, "but I have seen enough, God knows! I have been shot at and apologized to because I was missed. I have seen children cowhided into soldiers; I have seen fifteen hundred dead on one field; I have seen the teeth of the dead knocked out with musket-butts for the gold they contained! I do not know about the rest of South America, but I do know that compared to Colombia, darkest Africa is as bright as the Southern Cross and Siberia as chaste as the Milky Way! * * * And I was told when I left the office in Chicago to bring out the *opera bouffe*. I thought I would lie in a hammock and watch peashooter revolutions—hell!"

Graver's pale face was thrust out of the doorway.

"Say, fellows," he said bashfully, "what is that smell that comes up over the balcony—jasmine or magnolia? I want to use it, and I never could tell the difference between a tulip and a turnip."

"Jasmine or magnolia?" Keeler repeated. "They'll be bloomin' over your long-geared grave if you don't quit pushing this work-matter into fanaticism. You smell garlic and dobie cigarettes and have worked yourself into a maudlin state of flowers."

Graver drew back with a smile. He was exceedingly tall, apparently about thirty years old. Pallor overpowered the tan upon his face and his brown eyes were misty, half-desperate with illness and fatigue. Peele sought his mosquito nettings soon afterward, and Keeler remained upon the balcony to finish a cigar. * * * The coughing began again, and the spell was prolonged. Keeler hurried to the other's room. He

found Graver doubled over in a chair, nervously endeavoring to hide the evidences of a hemorrhage. Keeler helped his friend to the cot in the corner.

"And may I ask one more favor?" came in a whisper from beneath the mosquito curtains.

"Of course. What is it, Gravey?"

"Put the typewriter—case and all—under my pillow. It props me up, you know. You see my chest tickles if I lie flat. I hope to get even with you sometime. * * * Ah, that's so much better! Thank you. And say, Keeler, don't let the column get away without us in the morning."

It may have been that General Luapo's mustachios resisted their regular lance-pointing from wax that morning; at all events the army waited until the heat of full day steamed up from the gutters and pranced upon the highways. What was left of the populace when the great column moved out at last, vented neither tears nor cheers, since war had become a mere stale and costly fad of the men-folks. The two from Chicago waved an *adios* toward Peele on the balcony, and set about the day's work with many thoughts and no emotion. As the hours passed, Graver saw much to smile and chat about, although his gray-white face was drawn and shadowed by pain.

Luapo pushed straight into the Cordilleras—with, who can tell, how many torments of fear? On the second day he immured himself within the heart of the column; and upon the third morning was to be seen clinging to its tail. Upon that third morning the battle came. The task of making the world understand that it was a *battle* against preconceived comic-opera notions (which mere bulletins of dead would not assail) devolved upon the pair of correspondents. Two miles away, on the far side of a gently sloping plateau, showered with ardent sunlight, awaited Torron with twelve thousand Liberals. Torron was a new Pizarro. He had three cartridges to a man and was as

careless of human life as the first flood. He had set out to take Bogota and figured that he would lose—only if he happened to be killed himself. He fully understood the trepidations of Luapo and expected to run through him and the Government command as fire through paper.

He set about the matter masterfully—lifted his men in the morning glow and charged them forward with crackling Spanish. The rebels were more than a mile away when Luapo falteringly ordered a volley. Torron charged forward, but answered not a shot. When one has but three cartridges to kill three men, one does not fire at two thousand yards. The guns of the government were sizzling hot before the rebels were within even bruising range.

And right here Graver conceived a brilliant, if reckless, idea. The column was skirmished out and belly-down to meet the impetus of Torron. Luapo was behind the facing line and Graver found him there. The general was as one who rides upon the crawling fumes of alcohol. That daub of yellow which surpasses all pigment was upon his face. His black eyes seemed to burst with horror; his body was bearing down with a sort of crying need for the sand, and his outstretched fingers groped for his gods. All his fat was living fear. Graver walked about the general, camera in hand. He found the proper distance and chose the proper light. He touched a certain button that made the camera infinitely precious.

Keeler saw it all from a distance, and what he felt was mingled envy and regret. He knew that such a picture would be the biggest feature Colombia ever furnished. He knew moreover that it would blur the type that numbered the dead, and spoil the steady effort of his newspaper columns, in heightening the element of comic opera. * * * Just as the button was pressed, Keeler saw the staring eyes of Luapo fasten upon the

man with the camera; he saw suddenly depicted among the terrors of Luapo's face a hatred that can not exist far from the equatorial line and has an exact counterpart nowhere outside of Colombia.

On that last night in Bogota, while in Graver's room, there had been thrust upon Keeler a certain irrevocable fact in his friend's case. The look upon Luapo's face created a doubt and altered, yet hastened the fact.

And all this time the new Pizarro was coming, coming! Torron was only three hundred yards away, unstopped by a gale of bullets. Atoms of his rebellion lay behind now, a wide and a red trail, but the aim was not lost. Torron yelled an order; his aides screamed the duplicate on either side of the line, and the whole command dropped to its knees and fired—the first of the three cartridges! That instant the government cowered and trembled. Then from out the wall of white smoke ahead emerged the rebels once more, coming, coming! * * * You could see faces and falling human fragments now. Again the crouch to fire all along Torron's line, and from out the white smoke appeared a fresh charge. This was the nucleus of the battle. The government shot in air, turned, wavered and ran back.

If the voice of Torron could have reached his entire line that moment, Bogota would have flung a different flag. The Pizarro of the Liberals saw that he had uprooted the government with two-thirds of his ammunition, and thundered an order to save the third explosive—even as his remote companies were emptying their magazines upon the unnerved and jumbled mass of the defenders! And it came about that one of Luapo's colonel's heard Torron's warning about the last cartridge, and fleeing, he grew brave. He communicated what he heard to Luapo, who, fleeing, grew cunning.

"We will fall back a little farther," the general panted, "and then turn and rend him when he has fired his last shot!"

With glad improvidence the greater number of the rebels released their third cartridge upon the fleeing force; and when the shaking government turned, through the force of "inspired" command, it found in the amazed and stubborn rebels—a great mass of rifle-meat.

The plateau *felt* silent after the guns, although it murmured with moanings and was dreadful with heat.

"One thing I have learned," Graver gasped, looking back upon the terrible garment of fallen which the land wore, "the Colombian can fight best against the government."

Keeler was counting, and made no reply. Torron had crutched his way out of range, leaving his dead. The soldiers of Luapo dug graves ineffectually, but looted the bodies with skill; while the general and his officers drank wine and sang the songs of victory. Keeler counted the fallen until his brain roared with reflected agony and the shadows grew long and deep upon the weltering field. Graver completed his reel of films—a chamber of horrors, mitigated only by that incarnation of fright—Luapo under fire! The two were returning to the general's camp as the moon was rising; and often they looked back, though the sight tortured the brain and nerves that moved them.

"I counted and I counted!" Keeler muttered hoarsely. (His face seemed chalky in the moonlight, and his eyes darted and started here and there.) "Then I would lose it all bending over some crying, dying lump; then I would try again, until the numbers flew from me like a scared swarm of bees! I couldn't clutch 'em. I don't understand, quite. I couldn't write the story now. Why, Gravey, there are thousands—thousands of dead and dying back there! And I don't know even the name of the battle!"

"Nor I," whispered Graver, "but I've got pictures! Maybe I've got two or

three views on one film, I don't know; but some are right, and they'll cover! My head was gone, too, at times. Once I had to shut one eye to see things—as if I were drunk. But I've got some, and they're good! Luapo, crazy with fear, is there; the charge of Torron is there; the dead and dying and the ghouls are there—a thousand dollars' worth of things in this little black box! Hark, somebody's calling!"

Then the two heard plainly a thin, whining voice from a blotch in the moonlight to the right, crying in mongrel Spanish: "Ah, gentlemen, gentlemen—come here a moment! For the love of the Holy Mother, straighten out my limbs!"

They hurried toward the voice. Graver was the first to kneel over a white-coated body, the face of which was partly covered. * * * There was a streak of white fire and the crash of a pistol. Graver tumbled forward. The camera was torn from his hands and the figure wriggled from beneath and zig-zagged away, dodging the six shots from Keeler's weapon.

And the message follows which Graver found time to whisper:

"It was all on account—of that picture. Luapo sent one of his body-guard to get it—but don't let 'em know you know, Keeler! Please don't. * * * Hell, I'm sorry, but I was gone anyway. They wouldn't give me any life insurance when I left—that's how I knew—that's why I worked so! * * * Had to make insurance, you know,—ten dollars a column,—and, God, I've written five hundred,—all checks sent home, too! * * * They'll get along! You'll know best what to tell 'em—bless 'em! * * * And say, Keeler, when you write the story—say—thousands of dead in the moonlight—don't look like toadstools! Dick Helder said they did * * * and put—put the typewriter—case and all—under my pillow—"

THE MYCRO MYSTERY

By Bert Leston Taylor

AUTHOR OF "THE WELL IN THE WOOD," ETC.

I

"I AM positive, William, that the man is a counterfeiter, or something just as bad," declared Mrs. Mogg, with an air of finality.

"What reason have you to think that?" asked William mildly, from behind his evening newspaper.

"Why does he live all alone in that out-of-the-way Hutchinson house, and shun human society?"

"Possibly he enjoys minding his own business. Such a thing, my dear, is conceivable."

"Why does he turn night into day?"

"I didn't know that he did."

"Of course not: because it doesn't happen to be in your eternal newspaper. Mr. Sherlock, the milkman, says the milk bottle is never taken in before noon."

"Hmh!" said William, pretending seriousness. "That *does* look suspicious."

"Mr. Sherlock says there is always a smell of chemicals about the place; and this morning,"—Mrs. Mogg lowered her voice to a key more suited to the revelation,—*"when Mr. Sherlock was going by, a window was suddenly thrown open, and a great cloud of smoke rolled out. What do you say to that?"*

"Well, my dear," said William, returning to his newspaper, "if the man tries to pass any of his bad money on you, let me know, and I'll have the law on him."

Joyous Pleasaunce was a suburb—you might conjecture that; and betwixt 8:43 A. M., when the last commuter departed cityward, and 5:37 P. M., when the first arrived, Joyous Pleasaunce was an Adam-

less Eden—if we may except such impersonal creatures as the butcher, the grocer, and the milkman—and the mysterious occupant of the "Hutchinson house."

Joyous Pleasaunce lay on Suburbia's farthest rim, and took only a commercial interest in the great city to its south. It had a Sewing Circle, but no Art Study Class; a Ladies' Bowling Club, but no Bernard Shaw Club; a Singing School, but no Amateur Musical Society. Not to dwell on its deficiencies, Joyous Pleasaunce was a thoroughly commonplace suburb, inhabited by amiable people who took a lively interest in their own and their neighbors' small affairs, and whose conversation could not, by any stretching of the term, be characterized as "intellectual." The man who named the place, who may have hoped other if not worthier things for it, was dead.

To this emotionless village had come, a few weeks before the recorded conversation between the Moggs, the individual who occupied the Hutchinson house. Exteriorly there was nothing about the man to wake suspicion. He was tall and spare, and walked with a stoop. He was negligent in his dress, and he shaved himself infrequently. From behind steel-bowed, heavy-lensed spectacles looked forth a pair of faded blue eyes. He went by the name of Mr. Mycro.

Two or three times a week this Mr. Mycro (undoubtedly an assumed name, the Ladies' Bowling Club decided) might be seen going to market, basket on arm, to purchase his small supplies. Sometimes, when the weather was fine, he walked in

the woodland that skirted the town. But spring was backward, and there were few pleasant days, and Mr. Mycro for the most part kept his poor lodgings. He did not "commute," hence he could have no business—that is, no honest business.

Perhaps he *was* a counterfeiter, as the Sewing Circle was pretty well assured. The next question was, did he manufacture spurious coins or greenbacks? Was he, as Mr. Mogg slangily expressed it, a "blacksmith" or a "paperhanger"?

II

"I tipped off your counterfeiter to Macbeth to-day," remarked Mr. Mogg, when little Veronica Mogg had fetched his slippers.

"Who is Macbeth?" asked Mrs. Mogg.

"Newspaper man—*Chronicle*," replied Mr. Mogg. "He's a great sleuth; and if your Mr. Mycro is manufacturing queer currency, Macbeth will have him jailed within a week."

"Good!" cried Mrs. Mogg. "This is bowling night, and I will have something to tell the club."

"You will tell them nothing, my dear," said William. "I know how hard it is for a woman to keep a secret, and I should not have mentioned it if I had not invited Macbeth to stop with us while he is running Mycro to earth. Not a word, my love, to anybody."

"Very well, William," said Mrs. Mogg, with a sigh. "When is Mr. Macbeth coming?"

"Sometime to-morrow, he said."

And the following noon brought Macbeth, a pleasant person, bright-eyed and thin-featured, as a sleuth should be. Like his distinguished namesake, he murdered sleep; but it was on the slumbers of the criminal he preyed. To his credit stood at least three big cases, problems before which the police had owned themselves "baffled"; and he rarely applied his signal powers to a crime proposition in which the obvious predominated. He expected

little from the Mycro mystery: he took it up because at the time nothing of greater moment claimed his attention, and to oblige Mr. Mogg, with whom he had a café acquaintance. "I am tired hearing about Mycro," Mr. Mogg told him. "Get him off my wife's mind and you can draw on me for a new hat or a box of cigars." Thus it was that Macbeth came to Joyous Pleasaunce.

During luncheon Mrs. Mogg acquainted him with all she knew, which required a full minute, and with a great deal she did not know, which demanded much more time.

"I'll walk around and take a look at the place," said Macbeth.

He lighted his bulldog pipe, and sauntered past the Hutchinson house, his keen eyes noting swiftly all that was to be learned from outside observation. As he passed the house on his return, Mr. Mycro came out, locking the door behind him. He was decently dressed, and shaven; he wore a tall hat of uncertain date, and he carried an old black satchel. From surface indications he intended a visit to the city, and the newspaper sleuth debated whether to follow him or remain and force the house. He decided to follow.

On the way to the city Macbeth had ample opportunity to study his man, but the result was not especially illuminating. "I'd like a look at the inside of that black satchel," he thought. "If he's a counterfeiter he carries his die with him."

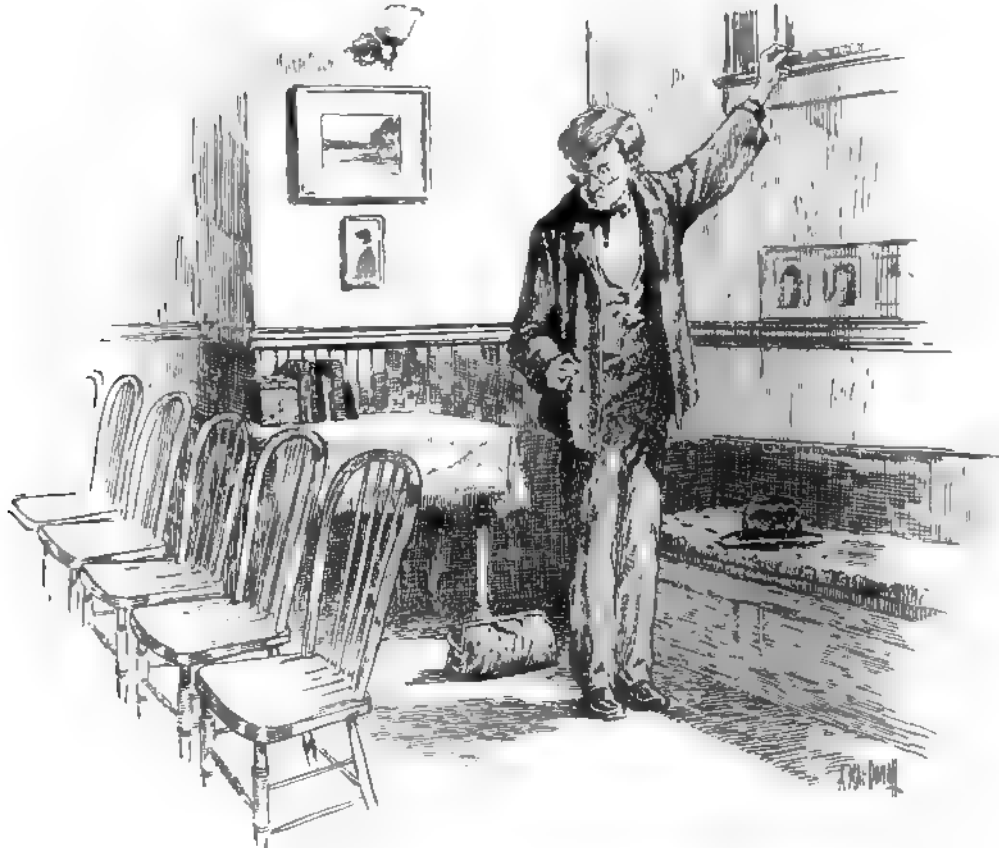
Arrived in the city, Mr. Mycro pondered a bit, tapped his forehead, "consulted his watch," and, seemingly instructed by it, headed south. Macbeth trailed him to the Beaux Arts Building, and accompanied him to the fifteenth floor, where a stream of women was flowing into the rooms of the Culture and Anarchy Club. Mr. Mycro purchased a ticket of a young woman who sat at a table near the entrance; Macbeth, being of the press, did nothing of the sort.

A very large audience had gathered to hear a famous lecturer from Boston, but seats were still to be had. Mr. Mycro, however, stood in the rear of the lecture room, placing his satchel on the floor behind him.

Presently a tall, lank gentleman, with long reddish hair and pale intellectual face, came out upon the platform and be-

down the something from the window ledge, screwed a cover on it, and put the whole back in his satchel. Then he clapped on his hat and left the room. Macbeth followed suit. And to this day neither of them apprehends the poetic possibilities of the banshee in the Celtic Renaissance.

From the Beaux Arts Building they



MR. MYCRO LOOKED FURTIVELY ABOUT HIM

gan a discourse on "The Poetic Possibilities of the Banshee in the Celtic Renaissance."

Mr. Mycro looked furtively about him, and assured that he was unobserved, reached for his satchel and stealthily took something from it; this something he placed on a window ledge above his head. Macbeth watched him with the tail of his eye.

In about ten minutes Mr. Mycro took

went to the Art Temple, close at hand. There was a new exhibition on, and the galleries were well filled. Ascending the marble staircase, Mr. Mycro made his way to what was known as the "Old Masters' Room." This contained many of the best canvases in the Temple; nevertheless a great many people were admiring them. In the middle of the room was a settle with a very high back, and on the top of this Mr. Mycro placed another (or it

t be the same) something from his
iel.

must have a look at that," thought
beth; but he was intercepted by Miss
on, a young woman of his acquaint-

How do you do, Mr. Macbeth!" she
vivaciously. "Aren't you awfully
of the Dutch school?"

All schools look alike to me," Macbeth
ed frankly.

wish my tastes were as catholic,"
Miss Legion, fetching a sigh; "but
are some schools I simply can not get
ested in. That Whistler nocturne in
ext room means nothing whatever to

don't think much of night schools
lf," said Macbeth.

The Dutch are so different," said
Legion. "Isn't that a lovely Franz
on the south wall? I perfectly adore
iz Hals: don't you?"

indeed I do," Macbeth replied. "Un-
I can see a Franz Hals every so often
positively unhappy."

Oh, there's a new Corot in the Barbi-
Room!" cried Miss Legion. "You
come and see it.

Delighted, I am sure," murmured
beth. "I am very keen for Corots."

s the Barbizon Room neighbored the
Masters', he hoped to keep an eye on
Mycro. But Miss Legion was so in-
ted by his criticism of the new Corot
she insisted he pass judgment on an-
r which hung in the north wing. And
at last they returned to the Old
ters' Room, Mr. Mycro was gone.

excusing himself, Macbeth hurried
ugh the galleries on both floors of the
ple; but the man with the old black
nel had vanished.

III

n the following forenoon the *Chroni-*
sleuth revisited Joyous Pleasaunce,
rmined to "get Mr. Mycro off Mrs.
gg's mind" without further waste of

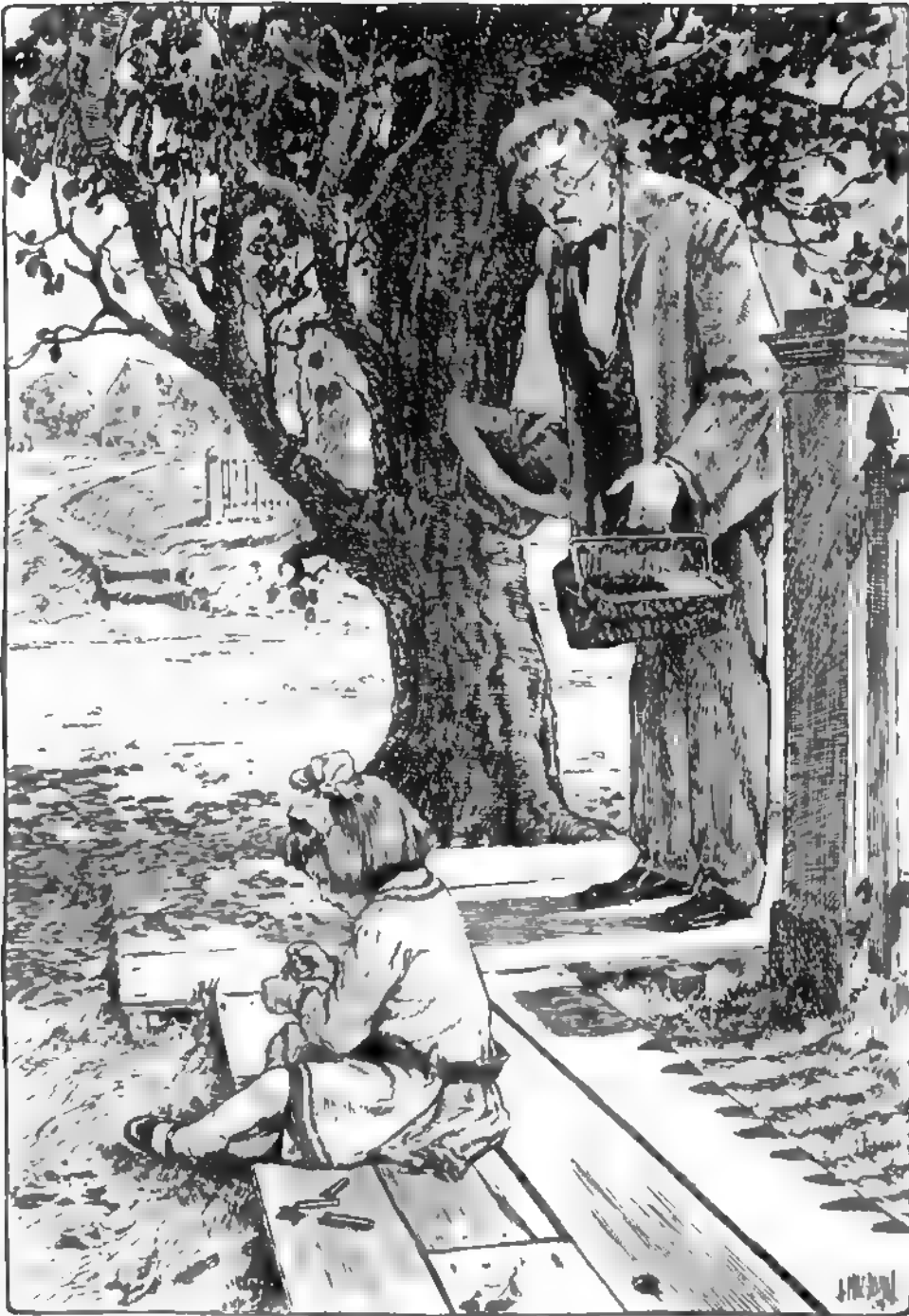
As he drew toward the Hutchinson
house smoke was wreathing from the
chimney, and Mr. Mycro was taking in
his milk bottle. These facts advised Mac-
beth, marvelously swift at deduction, that
the owner of the old black satchel was
preparing his initial meal.

Some fifty feet from the house, across
the road, grew an evergreen tree. Other
trees were nearer, but they were decidu-
ous, and had not yet put on their leaves.
Macbeth established himself among the
branches of the evergreen, and fired up his
bulldog pipe.

It was a warmish spring day, and the
upper windows of Mr. Mycro's residence
were open. The front room was large,
with windows on three sides; and by the
ample light thus let in Macbeth discerned
a rather bare interior. He noted a table,
littered with bottles, which stood by the
window facing him, a chair or two, and a
few shelves of books. It might be the
laboratory of a chemist, the studio of an
amateur photographer, the "den" of a
counterfeiter.

Macbeth, being a newspaper sleuth of
experience, did not expect to find the coun-
terfeiting plant that one sees on the
stage—a furnace large enough to awaken
the fire department to activity, to say
nothing of the United States Secret Ser-
vice; a smoking kettle of molten metal; a
worktable covered with dies and engrav-
ing tools; and a group of scowling men
with pipes, who whispered a hoarse
"Aha!" and "Curses on them!" Macbeth
knew the ways of counterfeiters. The man
that makes the die and the man that pours
the metal may be separated by a thou-
sand miles; and the habitation of neither
would disclose suspicious objects to a cas-
ual glance.

Mr. Mycro drew a chair to the table by
the window, and set to work, with what
might be an engraving tool, upon what
might be a die. The tool he dipped fre-
quently in one or another of what seemed
a row of vials, sometimes holding the tip
a moment in the flame of a candle end.



HIIS FACE TAKES ON AN EXPRESSION OF DISMAY

ish I had an opera glass," mut-
e sleuth in the evergreen tree. "A
my business ought to carry one
tly."

Mycro worked for about an hour.
ie rose, shut the windows, and
brew the shades.

have to search the house," thought
1. "But in order to do that I must
l Mycro goes out. Meantime, to
another of Mrs. Mogg's excellent
ns."

Mogg house was not far away, on
ie street. As Macbeth turned in
e he remarked that the wind had
to the east, and was beginning to
gale.

ish you would tell my husband,"
s. Mogg, when they had finished
n and repaired to the sitting-room,
uring all the time you were here I
nce mentioned the name Mycro.
es me dreadfully about not being
keep a secret."

re's little secret to keep thus far,"
cbeth. "Hello! there goes my man
th his old black satchel."

hat has blown off, and he's run-
ter it!" cried Mrs. Mogg.

eth reached for his own hat, and
from the house, almost capsizing
a Mogg, aged four, who was play-
r the gate.

e expected to find, both front and
ors of the Hutchinson house were
but he easily effected an entrance
1 the kitchen window, which was
ned. Burglary was unknown and
d in Joyous Pleasaunce.

while—what is this that Veronica
nd in the road before her home?
ll see presently, for Veronica has
hild's delight in exploring bun-

o! Glass tubes, half a dozen of
artly filled with a thickish, greasy
nd neatly corked with cotton. Ve-
its down, and proceeds to pull the

And here comes Mr. Mycro back again,
his old black satchel gaping. It must have
opened when he made his first wild plunge
after his hat, which he is now brushing
with his coat-sleeve. He seems much dis-
turbed about something. His eyes are bent
down, and are searching every foot of the
road.

Ah! he sees Veronica. He notes the de-
struction she has wrought. His face takes
on an expression of dismay, which quickly
changes to one of horror. He advances
toward the child, as if to snatch her from
some dreadful fate; but suddenly he
clutches his forehead, and with a low cry
skurries down the street.

"Veronica!" calls Mrs. Mogg. "What
are you playing with? Come into the
house, child; the wind will blow you away.
Where did you get those glass tubes?
Mercy! you've got the stuff all over your
hands and dress. It may be poison.
Faugh!" Mrs Mogg flings the tubes into
the road, and marches Veronica into the
house.

When William Mogg reached his office
on the morning following, he found a
brief report from Macbeth.

"Your 'counterfeiter,'" wrote the
sleuth, "is only a buggy old scientist, who
wouldn't know a 'phony' currency lay-out
if he saw one. I rummaged his house thor-
oughly, and found nothing contraband.
He is writing a book on 'The Microbe:
Its Past, Present and Future.' While I
was reading that title on a pile of manu-
script the old chap returned, and—exit
Macbeth left upper window. Shall draw
on you to-day for a box of cigars."

IV

"William," said Mrs. Mogg, "I wish
you would get tickets for the symphony
concert this week."

William dropped his newspaper, and
gazed at his spouse in amazement.

"What put that idea into your head?"
he inquired.

"Why—I don't know," replied Mrs.

Mogg, with a confessional air. "I simply feel an irresistible desire to go, that's all."

"But you wouldn't enjoy it, or understand it, would you?"

"I guess I'm just as intelligent as Mrs. Atwood, and she *never* misses a concert."

"Mrs. Atwood goes in for culture and—all that," said William vaguely. "Do

allel in the natural history of the American intellect.

By the third week the railway people had to put on an extra coach to accommodate Joyous Pleasaunce patrons of the symphony concerts; and of all the coaches this was the most popular. People from other suburbs crowded in and stood in the



DEVOTED HIS EVENINGS TO MAKING SANDWICHES AND PULLING CORKS

I understand that you too are going in for culture?"

"You can understand all you've a mind for," replied Mrs. Mogg, with unnecessary severity.

"Very well," said William meekly. "We'll go if you really wish to."

"I do," said Mrs. Mogg.

Which settled it.

And that was the beginning of the famous "Joyous Pleasaunce Culture Epidemic," a mushroom growth without par-

aisle; for during the forty-five minutes' run to the city it housed a Program Study Class, for which the compositions to be played by the orchestra were analyzed and "explained." Miss Anna Tate, who prepared the program notes for the orchestra association, conducted the class; and, as Mrs. Mogg remarked, "she made Stross and Brams and Humptydineck just as clear as Sousa."

Bowling languished, and the Ladies' Bowling Club became the Ibsen Society.

Sewing Circle gave up stitching for foreign heathen, and took up the r of "The One Hundred Masterpieces of the World's Artists." The Singing ol disbanded, to reorganize as the leur Musical Society.

cture talent was imported as fast as acts could be signed. On Monday ng, for example, Mr. Rufus Locks i whom we made scant acquaintance e Culture and Anarchy Club) deliv- his stimulating discourse on "The c Possibilities of the Banshee in the : Renaissance." On Tuesday evening Edgar Dawdle, the fashionable por- painter, explained "How to Tell a r Color From an Etching." On Tuesday evening Herr Alsosprach con- d "Some Aspects of Friedrich sche, Particularly the First and l." On Thursday evening Miss Ann e, of Boston, interpreted "Pélléas ande," which Mrs. Mogg persisted alling "Pélléas and Maeterlinck"; gh personally, she said, she preferred rmann's "Maggie." On Friday even- Dr. Criticus Flub-Dubbe, the famous ssologist, gave his illuminating lec- "Richard Strauss: Should He Have a Pamphleteer or an Astronomer?" Saturday evening everybody went to ymphony concert.

nday was observed as a day of rest. rs. Mogg's house became a salon. am read his newspaper on the train, levoted his evenings to making sand- s and pulling corks, and "fielding," : phrased it, questions about Turge- and Tolstoi. In Mrs. Mogg's salon first performed, from the original uscript, Mr. Adolph Rausmittem's a for piano and violin, "Zeitgeist Weltschmerz." Mr. Rausmittem him- was at the parlor grand; and Mrs. y (former president of the Ladies' ing Club, with an average for the n of 152) made a deep impression e composer by asking if he "wrote iano part, too."

England points with pride to the won- derful half-century that witnessed the flowering of the English Renaissance. The Joyous Pleasaunce Culture Mush- room shot forth and flowered to perfection within fifty days.

In the old times the name Joyous Pleasaunce seldom or never appeared in the newspapers; now it was seen almost daily, and on almost any page. People flocked to Joyous Pleasaunce in search of homes. Only one person moved away.

"I always thought that Mrs. Atwood simply pretended to care for culture," remarked Mrs. Mogg.

Mrs. Atwood's opinion unfortunately is unrecorded.

V

Macbeth was ranging the City Hall on a "story," when he came face to face with Mr. Mycro, who was emerging from the laboratory of the city bacteriologist.

"How are you?" exclaimed the sleuth, forgetting for the moment that the acquaintance was one-sided.

Mr. Mycro returned a blank look. "Pardon me," said he, "I do not seem to recall you."

"No more you do," said Macbeth, smiling. "Nevertheless, I spent a couple of days, here and in Joyous Pleasaunce, following you about in the hope there was a story in you."

"A story in me?" repeated Mr. Mycro perplexedly.

"A newspaper expression," Macbeth explained. "You see, the gossips of Joyous Pleasaunce were quite sure you were a dangerous character, and I—investigated you."

"I see." A grim smile settled around Mr. Mycro's mouth. "And you decided I was not a dangerous character."

"I sized you up for a harmless scien- tist," replied Macbeth.

The smile on Mr. Mycro's face ex- panded. He even chuckled.

"But I *am*, or rather I *was*, a danger-

ous character," he said. Then he suddenly bethought him that he spoke to the Press, and with a curt bow he offered to go on his way.

"Wait a bit," interposed Macbeth. "If the joke is on me I should like the details. If there is a story in you, pray let the *Chronicle* have it."

Mr. Mycro hesitated, then laid his hand on the knob of the laboratory door. "Come back here," he said.

Macbeth followed him to a quiet corner.

"Tell me," said Mr. Mycro, "have you noticed the remarkable outbreak of culture in Joyous Pleasaunce?"

"Culturine, I call it," replied Macbeth.

Mr. Mycro smiled.

"For a number of years," he said, "I have studied, in a semi-scientific spirit, these sudden eruptions of culture in naïve communities in various parts of our land, more particularly in the Middle West. I have known women, and occasionally a man, to be stricken as suddenly as by the plague, and seemingly without referable cause. Being a bacteriologist, accustomed when in doubt to refer to the microbe, it suddenly flashed upon me one day that there must be a bacillus of culture."

"Ah!" exclaimed Macbeth, beginning to see a light.

"I might say," continued Mr. Mycro, "that I had but recently located in Joyous Pleasaunce, which I chose for its quiet and its undistracting atmosphere, as I was engaged upon a scientific monograph and laboratory experiments, and desired to be wholly free of interruptions. But my new discovery, if discovery it was to prove, put a stop to my literary labors for the time, and I went in quest of the hitherto uncatalogued bacillus.

"I visited the city, and exposed four culture plates—"

"The term in this case having a double meaning," put in Macbeth.

Mr. Mycro nodded. "I exposed one

plate in the rooms of the Culture and Anarchy Club, a veritable hotbed of culturine, as you call it; another plate in the Art Temple; a third in the rooms of the Amateur Musical Society; a fourth at the symphony concert. Then I returned to Joyous Pleasaunce.

"In the morning I examined my plates, and was disposed to cry 'Eureka!' For among the hundreds of germ colonies I discovered a bacillus new to me. Whether it was the bacillus of culture remained to be seen.

"Like the bacillus of typhoid, it occurred singly; it was thicker than any other bacillus I knew; and it *occurred on every plate*. Not to be tedious in technical detail, I isolated the strange bacilli in a broth medium, in half a dozen culture tubes—"

"Oh, that was what you were doing," Macbeth interrupted. "I was watching you. But pray go on."

"Instantly began the marvelously rapid work of reproduction," continued Mr. Mycro. "In an hour I had enough bacilli in any one tube to infect an entire community. I started for the city again, to consult with my friend the city bacteriologist, but in some way lost the culture tubes in the road near my house. Judge of my dismay when, returning in search of them, I discovered them in the hands of a child, who had pulled out the cotton stoppers and scattered the bacilli to the distributing winds."

"The little Mogg girl," said Macbeth. "The culture craze started in the Mogg household, and still rages there like a pestilence."

"Just so," said Mr. Mycro, wiping his spectacles. "You see, my dear sir, there *was* a story in me, such as it is; but I doubt very much whether the world will believe it."

"Trust me for that," Macbeth replied, with easy confidence.

SEX AND THE UNIVERSITY

By Annette Austin

THE recent action of Chicago University in voting for "segregation," and the conspicuous provisioning in certain Pacific coast institutions against overattendance of women, with the succeeding rushing into print of opinions from various middle West and Eastern coeducational colleges, have clearly demonstrated the fact that a wave of reaction against coeducation as a system has set in over the United States. The East, always conservative, does not often inaugurate a new movement—be it even a reaction *against* a new movement. It has been reserved for Chicago—that "bad" town, which a very good lady remarked ought never to be taken as a model in any phase of conduct—to set the style. The East has always felt opposed to coeducation—and quite properly, since the East is very closely in touch and under the influence of European ideals and customs. To an Easterner the ideal of college life for a man is exemplified in Oxford. Likewise, his ideal of social life—consciously or unconsciously entertained—is the continental system of sex isolation, differentiation, separation and aloofness until after marriage. Consequently, his attitude toward coeducation—except where it is modified by experience—is one of disapprobation not unmingled with fear, and reflects his training and environment. The influence of frontier life, the various situations concurrent with new conditions, economic and social, have forced the West to adopt new forms of government and education; and where these have worked well, the East has accepted them—slowly. Such is the status of coeducation. But the reaction manifested so positively in the West and

middle West has started the East to thinking, revived anew the smoldering opposition, and called forth sundry discussions, reflections, denunciations, pleadings, and considerations. This is a consideration.

Without a doubt, the causes working together to bring about the changes in Western universities are many and complex, and in several particulars not at all to be considered in the general question of coeducation. For instance, it is hinted that an overwhelming desire to "cut a larger social figure"—to attract the sons of men of wealth and fashion—and to throw around the university the atmosphere of old and seasoned culture (altogether incompatible with its extreme youth) is a paramount reason for the action on the part of Chicago. This feature, while necessary to an explanation of the individual action of a particular university, is circumscribed in importance, and not a factor in the consideration of coeducation *per se* as an ideal system. Such selfish interests, therefore, are here dispensed with, while we confine ourselves to the reasonable and practical objections to coeducation.

Barring sporadic eruptions in orthodox religious magazines and country newspapers, the majority of educated opinion has disposed of that phase of the subject relating to the higher education of women. Likewise, the question of coeducation in secondary schools has been practically settled by universal acceptance. Graduate study for the few women who desire it in universities is not objected to. The bulk of opposition, therefore, concerns itself with the undergraduate life of a large class of girls who desire to go to college either for economic,

social, or purely intellectual reasons. Moreover—to narrow the subject still further—the question of the expediency of her receiving this training in the same institution with men is not the same as “Shall she receive identical instruction with men?”—for she does, and ever will, select her own studies; and, as a matter of statistics, these subjects are usually of one class. That is, girls devote themselves mainly to the liberal arts, in preference to exact sciences and technology. The economic reasons for this are plain: the only professions fully open to women are teaching, medicine, and—with limitations—journalism. Where her reasons are not economic, public opinion and hallowed tradition (sometimes, it is called native taste) force her to an exploration of the subjects which are often imagined to be intrinsically feminine in character. The dominantly masculine courses of engineering and scientific research are seldom invaded by timid “co-eds.”

Nevertheless, although but one school in the university, the arts course, may be considered infested or overburdened with women students, the mere presence of women in the domains of the university, on the avenues of the campus—in the atmosphere of the life—creates a strong feeling of animosity. Some of these feelings are distinct and well defined; others are less easy to formulate. Discriminating persons say that the presence of girls at a university has an influence upon intellectual standards, as well as upon social standards. The inference is that she lowers both. In the first class of influences come certain well-known objections.

First and foremost, an indispensable requisite for a vigorous and uninterrupted pursuit of knowledge, is a clear and rarified *academic atmosphere*. This conduces to serious work and a high standard of excellence. Like the classical model for an epic, we are familiar with this atmosphere only in one form—as we find it in the German universities, in Ox-

ford and Cambridge, in Yale and Harvard. These constitute our only ideal of college life for men, and it is heresy to depart from the old, established standard. The presence of petticoats on the campus and in the classroom dissipates this ideal, and we have—what?—a “feminizing” of the university.

Closely allied to this thought is the objection that girls destroy the college spirit—whatever that may be. She divides honors with the interests in football, baseball, and track athletics, and absorbs to herself some of the sentimental regard which was hitherto reserved exclusively for the institution—or in which the institution, at least, was included. A similar complaint—that they have broken up the *esprit de corps*—has been lodged against the secret societies; but coeducation is regarded as much more to blame than fraternities.

Not at all related to the above objections, yet intimately concerned with the influence upon intellectual standards, is the contention that the presence of girls in the classroom hampers the professor's liberty of speech, and puts a restraint upon the men. The girls are seldom backward in discussion, but the men are less frank and outspoken in recitation. And this applies to all subjects—especially in classes where little or no embarrassment need be anticipated from the nature of the subject. Strangely enough, where the subject might well admit of uneasiness—as, for instance, in biology and the courses in medicine—there is the least self-consciousness—in medicine none at all.

Professors interpret their limitations differently. One professor of economics maintains that he would present a subject differently to feminine minds than he would to masculine minds;—not that he would be less chaste in language to men, nor that he would consider himself talking down to a lower order of intelligence in women,—merely, he would ap-

o a different set of ideas. For in-
to illustrate an economic principle,
uld point to examples for the men
and steel, for girls in kitchen sup-
and seal-skin coats. He considers it
tion, not of mental capacity, but of
s of sympathetic appreciation.

other professor of history considers
ie is more able to draw a true pic-
f the times and characters by dwell-
pon stories and customs not alto-
compatible with the presence of

1. As a writer in one of the campus
papers, seeking to score the history
tment for ruthlessly smashing ide-
resses it,—“If it were not for co-
tion, there is no telling what we

hear of the private life of the
le Paul.” This construction of ped-
cal liberty, exclusive of coeduca-
s susceptible of discussion.

s excusable, though not less ap-
ble, is the feeling that obtains
g some in the faculty that the pres-
f girls in mixed classes tends to cre-
double standard of excellence, and
by splitting the ideal, lowers it.

her he knows it or not, the professor
rigorous in his demands of women
its than of men students. He is
more prone to excuse their mistakes
eviations from a model. This state-
however, is violently objected to by
professors. Quite as large a body
dence may be adduced in support of
posite view, that girls tend to raise
andard, do better work than the men
ake it possible for the professor to
fectly impartial.

: another charge, though preferred
a smile, reflects not a little odium
the girls. To put it as lightly as
le—they are not altogether obli-
the fact that their sex gives them
ill” with the faculty. Especially
true in the department where there
many young instructors who know
rls socially. A pretty young medi-
udent was heard to remark that she

played her instructors “off upon each
other.” When she cut laboratory with
one to go skating with another, she took
pains to even off by cutting a lecture
with this last to go walking with the first.
That instructors are not entirely blame-
less for this relation is to be seen in the
general feeling that prevails among the
girls that it is dangerous to refuse any
social attention from instructors, since
they have it in their power to retaliate by
“making class life miserable.” It would
be a totally wrong idea to imagine that
such a state of affairs exists in many de-
partments. As a matter of fact, very
few of the instructors know the girls so-
cially, and their desire to favor them—
if they have any—is a more or less indis-
tinct feeling of sympathy for “the weaker
sex.” The girl who tries to “work” the
professor when she is in danger of being
“busted out,” is not uncommon. Neither,
however,—to be perfectly fair,—is the
man of the same caliber. Still, one dear
old professor, who likes the girls very
much, admits that the girl is more apt to
get her way in the end. One finds a
large percentage of professors who scorn
the very idea that they make any differ-
entiation in their students. Work is work
—and there is no question of sex in the
judging of it. They will repudiate such
an imputation as a perfidious attack upon
their integrity.

A fourth objection makes the large
majority of girls in the arts course re-
sponsible for a damaging report that is
circulated about the standard of work in
that department. If, it is argued, girls
crowd to classes in languages and litera-
ture, men will be influenced to avoid those
courses, and thus the impression is cre-
ated that the work in those courses is less
serious and of low grade. Hence, a uni-
versity famed for its technical courses,
may become—from the mere preponder-
ance of men in those departments—
scorned for its arts. If it were true that
men looked upon the classes to which girls

flock as requiring less mental exertion than other courses, it is safe to say those classes would not long have a preponderance of women in their attendance. There are quite as many college men out for "snaps" as college women. Any one who has been to college knows the type, and knows that it is not an unusual one. The real factor to be considered in this unequal balance is an economic one. The tendency of the times is toward the essentially practical,—for the men this means technical courses. The conditions urging women into the arts have been mentioned.

While the foregoing objections comprise the main body of well-formulated objection to coeducation from the point of view of its effect upon intellectual standards, there remains to speak of two classes of objections that are vague and unexplained, yet, nevertheless, prevalent. There are professors—and they are in the majority—who are opposed to coeducation, not on account of any particular disapproval or disapprobation of its effects upon girls or boys, nor for any distinct feeling of antipathy to the girls. They would quite as readily instruct girls as boys; they would feel quite as much at ease with either, but—they prefer them separate. They can not explain their preference except by the general feeling that there is a distinct difference which asserts itself by the arrangement of each sex to itself on opposite sides of the classroom, after the manner of the old-fashioned church meetings. The very vagueness of this objection puzzles an outsider and prompts him to declare it trivial or of temporary importance.

There is the other class of men who do not hesitate to say they merely "do not like girls around." They do not want to "bother" with them. They do not like their low voices and their mincing ways, their timid and repressed air, their idiosyncrasies, or their assertiveness, as the case may be. Their presence introduces a new set of methods and mannerisms

which must be taken into account at every turn. In other words, two distinct personalities are to be considered in the college schedule, instead of the one at a man's or a woman's college. These professors not only do not want the extra exertion, but they object to the presence of the woman *per se*—because she is *in the way*.

This brings us to a consideration of the other form of objections—those closely related to the students themselves, in their life outside the class-room. What influence has coeducation upon social standards?

The old-fashioned idea that girls run a great moral risk in going to a coeducational college, as well as the hackneyed argument that the presence of girls has a beneficial effect on the manners and morals of young men, may alike be dismissed as futile. The manners of both men and women at a coeducational institution are exactly those of the various classes of society from which the students individually spring. That is to say, the manners of young men and women of eighteen are usually formed before they enter the university, and, taken as a whole, they show little change or differentiation from those of men and women in the same social surroundings either at home or in other colleges. True, the slang a girl picks up at Cornell differs from the slang she absorbs at Bryn Mawr, but it is none the less slang, and apt to be quite as objectionable in either case to her horrified grandmother. Occasional instances of silly and reprehensible conduct not in accordance with reasonable social proprieties have come to light, in which men and girls are equally at fault; but cases of out-and-out immorality are so rare that they are unnecessary of mention. The heaviest charge that can be laid at the door of the coeducated girl is flippancy and a too free interpretation of independence. Over against this is the counter-charge that she is too strenuous—

point of uncomeliness and slipshod

While the former type of girl—as “the society girl”—is often at coeducational colleges, the latter is much more rarely seen than at men’s colleges. In a four years’ residence at Cornell a man is likely to see a hairpin on the college walks; and a lynx-eyed professor, who is conscious of “co-eds’” costumes, could but fifteen jackets that sat awry the shoulders, and two pairs of that needed blacking. The atmosphere of this college may not be the corded academic atmosphere, but it is an atmosphere highly charged with a superintendence of sharp and stringent criticism and to those to whom a strict adherence to conventionality is the strongest guard against social anarchy, coeducational etiquette is amply satisfactory. Finally, the propinquity of men and women students results in an amount of reserve, and indifference that is the reverse of the lax intimacy it is supposed to foster.

The opinion of some social critics that the mingling together of men and women in intellectual pursuits in the same institution is preëminently unnatural, is no other relation in life similar to that they say,—not excepting any of the interests, economic, religious and so on—that draws them together over independent of sex. Others hold the contrary opinion that coeducation by its naturalness recommends itself as the ideal system. The university, they say, is only one of the many schools of life, of which the home, the church, and the society stand equally important in the upbuilding of a perfect balance of character.

And that men and women should be segregated only here in these four formative years of their life, means that they lose a valuable opportunity to learn from each other by association those not only but necessary virtues—gentleness, modesty, consideration, delicacy,

self-abnegation on the part of the woman; boldness, firmness, determination, magnanimity, chivalry, and a high sense of honor on the part of the man.

For economic and political reasons, also, coeducation is regarded as the ideal system of education. The state finds it advantageous to provide equal instruction for its boys and girls in the same institution, and sees in the arrangement a policy highly democratic.

To women collegiate coeducation will ever appeal as offering equal advantages to both sexes for first-hand instruction under men who are preëminently the best in their subjects. Where the same men teach separate classes of boys and girls in different institutions, the feeling will always obtain that the boys are getting just a little the better of it. That is human nature—as long as the woman feels she is struggling for equality. As for women’s colleges—even where they can secure men professors, they must of necessity be satisfied with “second best,” or submit to a constant changing, since no man professor of the highest attainments is going to regard a position in a woman’s college as the acme of desire. As for women professors of collegiate rank, they are rare. Women fitted intellectually to impart the dry facts of mathematics, physics, and political economy, are not hard to find; but women combining this intellectual attainment with the broad culture and beauty of character that makes them influential personalities in the class-room, are exceedingly few. Constant application to one subject has too often unsexed the woman, and she is merely a pedagogue—not a college professor. The influence of such a one upon young girls is apt to be away from that ideal, which should be the ideal of every college—that the true aim of education for women, as for men, is to fit them, not to cope with each other intellectually, but to live with each other harmoniously; and its real test comes in social service. The

man professor, by his very position as a man among men—living the ideal life of an American citizen—exemplifies this broad culture, and wields a power for good that the woman professor can never wield.

In conclusion, one's individual opinion of the value of coeducation will be—at least, for a long time to come,—a matter

of feeling—the outcome of early association and training. If this has been from the first pervaded by the idea of sex isolation and differentiation, he will cling to the old ideal of separate colleges; if he has been brought up in the more democratic coeducational secondary schools, he will look upon university coeducation as a matter of course.

TWO FIRES

To H. W. B. S.

By Paxton Pattison Hibben

YOU know the fire that dead leaves make,
 And twigs that twist and break
 And grow gray in the flame
 That the wind whips, wild—
 A passionate, short-lived child,
 Ravenous and untame,
 Till the rain comes;
 Then the quick patter and hiss
 As each drop touches the heart of the fire, and numbs—
 So, often, Love is this.

But also there is the warm glow
 Of red coals, smoldering, slow,
 Banked in a furnace throat—
 Unhungry, potent, waiting demand
 And the confident hand
 To shake them free of the white dust-coat
 That holds them choked and asleep;
 Then, when the hour comes, the Need to strip
 This pall of ashes, ere the fire burn deep—
 So Friendship.

READERS AND WRITERS

ILLUSTRATED NOTES OF AUTHORS, BOOKS AND THE DRAMA

For many delays, and a change of scene, the new play of Stephen Phillips, "In of David," appears upon a market somewhat stale in its interest from waiting. It is not, as might be inferred from the title, the scarlet tale of Scripture, modernized and, by comparison, rather a revision of it. A Puritan commander of the nineteenth century is the hero; a stern colonel takes the rôle assumed long ago by Uriah the Hittite; and the colonel's usual wife is the latter day replica of Deborah. Mr. Phillips has contrived to put a good deal of morality into a story which has its barbaric splendor and becomes the most honest and most treacherous sin when it is applied the whining excuses of those who, having trained consciences according to Puritan ideas, lack the fortitude to live up to their ideals. David of old, half-mad with genius, with power and drunk with the wine of life, the first of his tribe, barbarian and poet, is no longer; a Puritan breaking his vows, condemning himself into a hypocrite and devising a plan for himself, is quite another. Christianized man may not cloak himself with the extenuations which are accorded enough to the barbarian. It is, of course, impossible for Phillips to avoid an air of sophistication. He understands modern sophistry, conscious religion and hypocrisy. He has made, therefore, not a tale of the half-gods who dwelt on the old hills and flung out their cries of praise to their poems of praise of a present visible God, but a sorry story of sin, shallow characters and false psychology. So it remains of that lyric talent with which he enraptured us all in those happy days when he wrote "Marpessa" and added beauty of the world which Keats had dreamed. These were in the days before he knew Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and had not the shining shekels of the box office.

If ever the spirit of prosperity which is abroad was accountable for disaster, it has been so in the case of Stephen Phillips, some time since a singer of beautiful songs, now a trimmer and fitter to the machine-made stage. So Mammon has us all by the throat—the most stupid and the most wonderful of us! But, after all, there is always the miracle of youth to comfort us; and there is, for remembrance, the miracle of Phillips' youth, when from his pen came lines as classic in their beauty and as glowing in their fire as any Tennyson wrought with patient care, or Shelley flung upon the page in his days of flaming dreams.

ANN Hartley Gilbert, the inimitable and lovable comedian, for over half a century a favorite on the American stage, passed mercifully and swiftly to the rest of all good artists, the other day, in Chicago. One says that she passed mercifully to her rest, because Mrs. Gilbert was playing what was meant to be her last engagement, and to have lived in idleness would have been to her an acute pain. The daughter of an English Methodist clergyman who was profoundly opposed to the theater, Mrs. Gilbert was nevertheless born with a distinct passion for the stage. She began as a ballet dancer, but her abounding humor and her keen intellectuality made it impossible that she should continue in a branch of the dramatic art which could not, in the nature of things, give scope to her higher qualities. Mrs. Gilbert was born in Manchester, England, in 1821. She came to America in 1849, being then the wife of her former instructor, George Henry Gilbert, of Her Majesty's Theater, London. In 1851 she traveled with her husband and baby son, in an open cart, from the East to Milwaukee, where she made her debut in Rice's Opera House. Mrs. Gilbert has played heavy tragedy, but society comedy was her forte, and she was for many years the *sauce piquante* of the

Daly companies. A quiet, kindly, keen and permeating wit was her chief characteristic. The stage was the breath of life to her, and it is not improbable that, human and sympathetic though she was, mimic life had for her a deeper interest than reality. She was making her farewell tour in "Granny," a play written for her by Clyde Fitch. That she dreaded the conclusion of her tour, which must of necessity close her long and brilliant association with the stage, her friends well knew. If, somewhere, in the chilly vast above this winter world, the jesting spirit of good Mrs. Gilbert hovers, let it accept our congratulations that she shuffled off a weary body from her bright spirit before enforced inactivity came upon her! The epilogue that she recited the night be-

fore she died seems almost prophetic. It began:

Dear friends in front, the curtain must not fall
Until a grateful woman says good-by to all.

And closed:

For wealth, for fame, for goodness, I don't
care a filbert:
If only, in your hearts, you'll keep old Mrs.
Gilbert.

A SECOND edition was needed before the first issue of Ruth McEnery Stuart's book, "The River's Children." Mrs. Stuart is such a hearty story-teller that she sweeps her readers along with her; and in these tales of the folk—both black and white—who live "long side" the Mississippi she has a subject quite to her taste.

MR. Richard Le Gallienne finds himself unable to endure the climate of England, and is obliged to live in New York, separated from his family. He is doing journalistic work there and finding little enough time for more fanciful writing. It may not be generally known that this capricious, often charming writer endures with fortitude a life of fearful ill health. His facile and whimsical pen deals with the lighter phases of thought and life, but the man behind the pen is neither light nor whimsical, but endures with little complaint the weight of sleepless nights and distressing days, separated by hard circumstance from his young wife and his beautiful children.

MRS. George Madden Martin, identified in the regards of thousands with "Emmy Lou—Her Book," found a warm reception awaiting her first novel, "The House of Fulfilment." She has, evidently, taken great pleasure in the preparation of this love story, and she has shown as intimate a knowledge of the vague dissatisfactions and aspirations of grown folk as she did in the first sketches of the wayward and fanciful hearts of little children.

Mrs. Martin is a Southern woman, whose mother parted from this life when her daughter was still of very tender years. George Madden—for such was Mrs. M—



MRS. GILBERT
Reciting the epilogue in "Granny"

maiden name—grew up under the affectionate if erratic tutelage of a negro woman, and of her childhood she has only very recollections. Her feelings toward the black race are sympathetic, and she is free of the rancor and pessimism with which certain despondent persons regard the colored people.

Mrs. Martin's father was a New York City bookseller, who, moving to Kentucky, married a Southern woman. Mrs. Martin was born about the time of the war, attained her first independence by attending school. That she enjoyed the episode is evidenced by the Emmy Lou stories, which can not, surely, be all the work of the nation. "The House of Fulfillment" is, however, pure creation, and not, as some have suggested, the picture of actual persons and the relation of real incidents. In the life of George Madden Martin is Mrs. George R. Martin.

A reflective person inclined to philosophize upon the subject of American history may find food for thought in the extraordinary career of General Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur." This book was published in Harper's in 1880, and for a year or two attracted very little attention. Then, slowly, its popularity was accelerated. Libraries bought it, Sunday-schools considered it an addition to their book collections, public readers declaimed selections from it, and almost every one talked about it. It suited—very well—the American people. They liked the subject, liked the tone of the book, were impressed with the historical, and what may be called the instructive features of it, they were enamored with the characters, and perfectly entertained with the dramatic quality.

The whole thing fitted in with what was believed, and hoped for, and had been expected. It formulated their visions in relation to Jesus. The mystery and solemnity of the first chapter, and the exaltation of the vision, were in accord with their most cherished ideas and fancies. They have gone on buying it and reading it with unabated interest. No cheap edition of the book has appeared. On the contrary, in addition to the ordinary selling edition, fourteen luxurious editions have been published, with illustrations and various other enrichments.



MYRA KELLY

Author of "Little Citizens." From a photograph by Vivian Burnett

Perhaps a million copies of it have been sold, and its popularity does not wane. The chances are that it will continue, for the next quarter of a century, to sell enormously. It has been said that it is the most widely read novel of modern days, and this is not im-

probable. The loving and reverent care that its author expended upon it has met with a rich return. The great favor which the book enjoys is a tribute to the sincerity with which it was written. The most faultfinding of all the critics must accord it a place among that small class of books written in genuine good faith and in the spirit of devotion. It is the custom to refer to Americans as a secular people; but there is an unmistakable significance in the fact that the book with the winning record is, in subject and in spirit, profoundly Christian.



ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," etc.
Courtesy of The Century Company

MR. Paul Kester, the playwright, lives in Virginia on the banks of the Potomac in a fine old Southern manor house which Washington built for Nellie Custis. Mr. Kester rescued it from decay, restored the crumbling wings, and preserved, in its original dignity and simplicity, the beautiful residence. Here he entertains his friends as lavishly as did the original proprietors, the visiting gentry of another régime.

IT is a pleasure to see that the critics are giving appreciative comment to that remarkably sincere and lovely tale, "The Reaper," written by Miss Edith Rickert. It is a story of the Shetland Isles and of the folk there. The hero is a humble man who found out beauty in silent places and whose knowledge, like his great physical strength, increased by natural means. His life of sacrifice, and his relations with his friends, his dreams never realized and his mystic gaze into the future, are the elements of a simple and beautiful tale.

The author of this well-balanced and moving book is still in her youth. She has led a curious and an independent life, and she seems to have the faculty of getting what she wants. It may be that she possesses, to an extraordinary degree, that old-time and durable virtue known to the homely as "gumption." Perhaps it is known to the elegant by the same graphic word. At any rate, the present writer can think of nothing that will precisely take the place of it.

Miss Rickert was born at Canal Dover, Ohio, got a degree at Vassar, a Ph. D. "magna cum laud" at the University of Chicago, is a Beta Phi Kappa, a traveler, a teacher, and an experimenter with life. For example, when she desired to know about the country people in the middle west, she bought a basket of needles, thread, elastic and other convenient trifles, and traveled through the country selling them. When she desired to learn about the Shetland Islanders, she lived there, mingling with the fishers, the crofters and the sheep farmers. She got their stories, their sentiments, their prejudices and enthusiasms from their own lips, and it may be said with gratitude, that she has not abused this confidence, but has written a story so moving and fine that any group of people might be proud to have it written concerning them.

THERE is a difference in the quality of egotism of different nations even as there is in their other traits. The egotism of Americans is bombastic, gay and childish, with, often, an infusion of religion, as if the possessor believed himself to be of enormous ethical importance. The egotism of the English is a tremendously concentrated affair, lacking in vivacity but carried

off with a really magnificent hauteur. The egotism of the French is triumphant. It believes in its own charm, its own wit, its own success. It entertains no doubts. It is mature, utterly sophisticated. It has a historic quality about it. And it is, to the egotists of other nations, the most irritating thing imaginable. An example, par excellence, of Gallic self-conceit, is to be found in the memoirs of Mme. Adam, the second volume of which has appeared and been published under the title "My Literary Life." The book is an intimate one, and the lady confesses, in detail, her domestic infelicities. She makes herself the central figure of all her stories. She informs her readers carefully concerning her own acquirements, accomplishments and charms. The style of the book is discursive and marked by vivacity. Madame Adam has known a great circle of distinguished persons, and of more than one generation. But the reminiscences, which should have been valuable, are marred irretrievably by the insistent self-celebration.



W. W. DENSLow

The famous illustrator of juvenile books



MISS MARGARET WYCHERLEY

BY producing three plays by William B. Yeats, the Irish poet, at the Carnegie Music Hall, in New York, Miss Margaret Wycherley, a young actress, formerly associated with Ben Greet's company, has been winning applause and fame. Miss Wycherley is now touring the country and giving Irish and other plays of a distinctly literary character to good-sized audiences. Several of the universities, following the new academic custom of encouraging the drama, have invited her and her company to appear before them. The Yeats plays are new to most of her audiences, though one of them, "The Land of Heart's Desire", was given several years ago with Browning's "In a Balcony", when Mrs. Le Moyne and Mr. Otis Skinner played a spring season together. It is an exquisite poem, but, dramatically, the least interesting of the three works. By far the most dramatic is "The Hour Glass", in which Yeats symbolizes the present-day reaction from scientific agnosticism to the old simple faith. Though Yeats is himself of Protestant Irish stock, this piece is saturated with the Roman Catholic spirit. "Kathleen ni Hoolihan" proved to be an effective little work, depicting the triumph of the young Irish patriot's

love for country over love for his intended bride. In Boston Miss Wycherley has also given the "Cup of Broth", a fragile sketch of Irish manners, which represents Mr. Yeats in lighter mood. For an Irishman Yeats has comparatively little humor; but he has the gift of presenting the simple life of Ireland with sympathy, insight, and poetry. Miss Wycherley is a good actress and has surrounded herself with uncommonly intelligent players, and her venture, which has begun auspiciously, is likely to pave the way for other productions out of the theatrical rut.

THE readers of the United States are nothing if not ethical, and can not take even so keen a story as "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, without discussing the morals of the tale. The story is one dealing with the confusion of identity between two men, unrelated to each other. One is a member of parliament, a man of wealth, married to a beautiful wife, and happily situated in all ways save that he is cursed with an appetite for morphia. He desires nothing so much as to be released from political, social and domestic obligations and allowed to indulge his fearful appetite. The other man, a gentleman by birth, bitterly poor, living in a retired spot, full of energy which he has no opportunity to utilize, meets with the first man. Their marvelous resemblance startles them both. They become acquainted with each other's capabilities and desires. The member of parliament offers inducements to the impecunious man to exchange places with him now and again. His offer is accepted. The poor man recreates the parliamentary reputation of the degenerate, wins the affection of his wife, who has been something more than indifferent to her husband, and makes a host of friends. In time the miserable life of the morphine-eating wretch ends, and the other man steps into his place. He holds his seat in parliament, assumes his title, and becomes master of his fortune and husband of his wife. All this has about it a large poetical consistency. But the scrupulous American public desires certain civic and religious ceremonies, which would, from a dramatic point of view, be impossible. It is difficult to know how to placate

these particular ones. But it may restore their confidence in the morals of the story somewhat when they reflect that it appeared in three high class periodicals at once, and that one of these was a ladies' magazine of such unimpeachable respectability that for even a ribald sentiment to appear in it would be to give it a cast of respectability. Other arguments might be offered, but are not. The *New York Times* permitted the subject to be discussed at length in its columns, but finally closed the debate with the courteous reminder that "The Masquerader" actually had no ethical purpose. "It is just a good story," writes the editor, worn with the reproaches of persons careful of legal niceties. "And we should as soon think of assigning moral motives to its characters, or of blaming them for immorality, as we should think of so treating the characters in a Restoration comedy or a contemporary detective story. These things, differing greatly in quality and spirit, are alike in this, that they have no relation to the actualities of life."

IN Rudolph Dircks' keen monograph on "Auguste Rodin," that virile sculptor is compared to certain democratic masters in other lines of art—to Tolstoy in fiction, to Ibsen in drama, to Walt Whitman in poetry, and to Wagner in music. Like them, he has "brought into art a new spirit, and, in some respects, a new form." And the writer goes on to elucidate, saying that "the tendency of the work of these various artists was to lift art out of a certain parochialism, to give it an intellectual impetus, and to bring within its influence, not only those who cared about art, but also those who cared about life in its more profound aspects, or about philosophy."

This comparison is very understandable. We are all of us ready to admit, now that Mrs. Atherton has been belaboring us, even if we were not before prepared for the confession, that our literature is nothing if not parochial. Our painting has been almost as cautious, and not until the St. Louis Exposition brought to the generality of us a sudden revelation of the newly awakened spirit of American architecture, did we have any hope that we were getting beyond mere propriety in that regard. It appears, however,

that we have three or four men of imagination and of liberal views. They are seeing the world about them with eyes which are anything but provincial. Perhaps a catholicity of spirit may arise here which will affect the sister arts. The cogitating, independent, inquisitive, adventurous spirit of Whitman may come among us again, to inspire to originality of utterance some of our cautious novelists and our glucose tellers of short tales.

THE critical condition of Henrik Ibsen, who is suffering from a difficulty of the heart which threatens to prove fatal, brings the world face to face with the debt it owes to this extraordinary man. The grasp he has had upon the imagination of his contemporaries has been powerful—perhaps terrible. An artist with melancholy themes and with one predominating tragic idea, that of the spell of heredity and environment, he has kept the thoughts of the higher intellectual world fixed upon his murky studies. He has been a literary insurrectionist from the first. He never felt himself bound by tradition. He opened up his stories where he pleased, and dropped them when it seemed to him that he had presented his philosophic or psychological proposition, leaving the observer to draw his own deductions. Ibsen has been the child of his age. Those vague yet terrific questions which relate to the independence of the soul, to the responsibility of the dead to the living, to the relations of man and man, and of man and woman, have been given his fervid consideration. Whether or not he is to be called an individualist the present writer can not say. He is not, however, to be regarded as a philosopher with formulas, but as a dramatist with stories. And his stories have been of the efforts of enslaved souls to liberate themselves. One may search long through the stock tragedies of convention, without finding themes so pregnant and so essentially tragic. Ibsen has, with fine appreciation of propriety and of the essential elements of tragedy, divorced himself from all the old grandiose, tawdry paraphernalia, and set his characters down in common modern homes, surrounded them with domestic objects, and forced them, in the midst of the issues of life and death, to talk about the

usual affairs of life. By following this policy he has made his characters as familiar as next door neighbors. Their homely lives seem to be lived out in our very presence, and the terrible responsibilities that weigh upon them, become, as by the stroke of a wizard's wand, our own responsibilities. Their sins are our sins, potentially if not actually; their sorrows are vicariously borne by us; their struggles for a liberty dreamed of, but not realized, are such struggles as we know with inarticulate grief. Never has a glance of more accusing scrutiny been turned upon the fallible human heart than that with which he has pierced our disguises. Dante himself could not have conceived a more sinister thought than that of "Ghosts", and Calvin's stern theories pale their ineffectual fires before a truth so unescapable. It can hardly be claimed that Ibsen has invariably understood himself. He began by gaping at life in amazement; he set down facts as he saw them; he perceived the inner spirit of perplexed human lives, and divesting himself of conventional ideas, he was enabled to present these things as they were and not as tradition asserted they were. He may well have been without definite conclusions. Perhaps he has never attained to a condition of formulas—certainly he has not committed himself to any dogmatism. It is not theories that he has offered, but the extraordinary—that is to say, the ordinary—facts of life, but he has presented them in heroic size, set against a background which throws them into arresting relief. Ibsen worked at first with the Titan ability of a genius struggling up out of chaos. He was not intellectually conscious of the thing he had done. He uttered his cries of protest and of revolt without being aware of that which he desired. He found himself at last utterly divorced from conventional idealism. He stood in opposition to current ideas of nobility. He, by insinuation, accused society of hypocrisy, and curiously enough society began to examine itself to discover to what extent such an accusation was justified. May society conclude that its debt to Ibsen is large? The question may be answered with more intelligence a quarter of a century from now than it can to-day. The fact remains, however, and is incontestable, that Ibsen has encouraged

ideas which belong to and are an essential part of high civilization, in which rules and laws will not be framed for the many, but in which judgment will be adapted to specific cases and to individuals. He is a realist, is Ibsen, and sees things as they are.

Ibsen has served his time well, that he has dealt with realities, and that he has strengthened the power of men and women to act according to the dictates of their reason, and not by the rules of mediæval formulism.



THE READER MAGAZINE

BLISS CARMAN

Vale & Weyde Photographers

His "The Friendship of Art" reviewed in this number

He has, like an Ingersoll of another sort, torn down the drabbed curtains of tradition, and revealed the nude statue of truth beyond. There are those who can look unabashed upon this creation and others who must needs turn away their eyes. But the consensus of opinion is likely to be that

THOSE who watch with gratification the marvelous increase in this country of the interest in libraries can not but be pleased at the development of the Home Library movement. Boston started it sixteen years ago. Pittsburg, Buffalo, Cincinnati and New York followed, and now Chicago is to es-

the Home Library upon a generous idea is to place a portable case in the homes of children who have irritation from good books, and whose minds are formed by what they see upon the streets. For some time past, the Library Club of Chicago and the Associated Charities have separately, been in the habit of doing this kind of thing, but they are now uniting their efforts and are planning for the extension of the movement. One of the little Home Libraries consists of about twenty carefully selected books, with one or two of the standard juvenile periodicals. These are placed in a box with shelves, which is put out in some home which can be used as a neutral meeting place for the children of the neighborhood. It is also the desire of the Library Club to have a group of "friendly friends" who are willing to spend one evening a week talking to the children, telling them stories, or reading to them from the books which have been placed in their hands. The idea is, in having such a library, "to arouse the interest of the boys in the books, and to awaken in them a love for ideas, rather than for the excitement of life in packed neighborhoods, where the patrol wagon and the fire engine are the greatest spurs to interest. Some libraries are, of course, traveling libraries also, and when one collection has been pretty well gone over by a group of children, a new collection is sent to them. There are stirring stories of awakening brought to certain bright but much deprived children by this happy method, and it may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that of all the movements for the betterment of the race, the reading of books and their influence, is finer than this one.

WILLIAM DOUGLASS has any book set forth so many of the nineteenth century portraits as Mr. D. C. Conway's "Recollections," from the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Mr. Conway has lived, from childhood—he was born in 1832—to the present time in the society of men who have the initiative in thought. Few men of intellectual effort have failed to interest him. An amazing mental vitality kept him alert to new ideas, to moral movements, to the beginnings of movements.

And he has known intimately many of the most distinguished men and women of his times on both sides of the Atlantic. The faithfulness and power of his descriptions of certain personages seem to summon them back out of the shadows into which they have passed. Here is an etching of Lincoln, done with swift strokes. "The face had a battered and bronzed look, without being hard. His nose was prominent and buttressed a strong and high forehead; his eyes were vaulted and had an expression of sadness; his mouth and chin were too close together; the cheeks hollow. On the whole, Lincoln's appearance was not attractive until one heard his voice, which possessed variety of expression, earnestness and shrewdness in every tone. The charm of his manner was that he had no manner; he was simple, direct, humorous." And he quotes, as descriptive of Lincoln, Brown- ing's words concerning a German professor, "three parts sublime to one grotesque."

He had an interview with the democrat Whitman, and was taken to his home in the purlieus of Brooklyn. "It was a small frame house," he writes. "He took me to his little room with his cot and poor furniture, the only decoration being two engravings, one of Silenus and one of Bacchus. What he brought me up there to see was the barren solitude stretching from beneath his window toward the sea. There were no books in the room, and he told me he had few, but had the use of good libraries. He possessed, however, a complete Shakespeare and a translation of Homer. * * * We passed the day 'loafing' on Staten Island, where we found groves and solitary beaches, now built over. We had a good bath in the sea, and I perceived that the reddish tanned face and neck of the poet crowned a body of lily-like whiteness and a shapely form."

MRS. Rebecca Harding Davis has offered to the public her own distinctive reminiscences, entitled "Bits of Gossip." Under this unpretentious caption appears a book full of stirring as well as pleasing and trivial memories. Of the latter sort is one connected with James G. Blaine. Blaine was a law student at Washington, Pa., when Mrs. Davis was a

school-girl there. He was an ungainly collegian, she writes, lazy, amiable and showing nothing of the hall mark of success. One of his old companions told Mrs. Davis this story: "I remember that one day when I was a child I was bidden to draw some fresh water. I was in a rage at leaving my book, and finding the pail nearly full, threw the water out of the door just as Jim was passing in his Sunday suit on his way to a party. He was drenched from head to foot. I stood aghast and dumb; he turned and went home. Presently he came back dry, but in his old clothes. He stopped and nodded gaily: 'Don't worry, Will, I didn't care to go to the old party, anyhow!' stopping my stammering apologies by sitting down to joke and laugh with me."

This was the man who, later, understood very well such matters as retaliation and reprisals, and whose sensitive hauteur made him the alert guardian of national dignity. But he was, evidently, one who knew how to take motives into consideration.

THE literary agent has become a factor in the modern world of book and magazine making. He is, as befits him as a cog in the vast machine of his time, a labor-saving device. To say that he is popular with editors would be, perhaps, to overstate the truth. But he is adroit, suave, and he is conscious that, month by month, his importance increases, as more and more authors, tired of conducting their own business affairs, place their marketable wares in his hands.

But though he is, like the steam car, modern and convenient, his rise marks the decline of certain well-established and pleasant things, even as the steam engine compelled the decadence of the excellent, ambling stage-coach, that vehicle inductive to friendly encounters and leisurely sightseeing. The literary agent has interrupted those courtly exchanges of compliments between authors and writers which used to add zest to the days of a hard-working writer. There was a delicate flavor to such exchanges; one beheld one's personality as in a flattering mirror. An accepted manuscript—toward which no author can ever be indifferent—appeared in an atmosphere

yet more radiant than that created by the wonderful fact of acceptance, and this glory beyond a glory was the editor's compliment. Nor was the returned manuscript without its compensations. That perfect note of regret and appreciation which accompanied it, and which set forth the hardy resisted temptation under which the editor labored on reading it, was a compensation for much disappointment. That the public should go unedified, the author unrewarded, appeared light things in view of the fact that the editor had had the privilege of perusing a paper which he was, by unfortuitous circumstances, prevented from sharing with his subscribers.

But these amenities are passed. The literary agent is brief, business-like, unemotional and to the point—and to the per cent. A sturdy abruptness has taken the place of old-time courtesies. The minuet is over—aye, and the jig. It is a commonplace pace that the literary agent sets for us. Not even his ready check—minus his well-earned percentage—can quite make up for the ceremonious, old-time pleasures of polite correspondence.

AN interesting combat of minnesingers is to take place in Chicago next May, on the hundredth anniversary of the death of the poet Schiller. The affair is to be under the management of a central committee formed by the co-operation of the American Institute of Germanics and the Schwabenerverein of Chicago. The prize competition is open to all writers in the United States, and the poems desired are two prologues in verse, to be recited during the days of the festival, one in German, the other in English, neither of which shall require more than seven minutes for expressive recitation. Prizes of \$75 each are offered for these poems. The contributions offered in competition must be in the hands of the corresponding secretary of the committee on the Schiller Commemoration, 617 Foster street, Evanston, Illinois, on or before March 1, 1905. The poems must be sent under an assumed name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name and address of the author. The right of publication of the accepted prologues must be given to the committee.



MISS JULIA MARLOWE

ITS are not rare, but in a day impatient of poetry, few poets go so far as to write their lines for publication. Many, however, do not even arrive at the point of publishing their rhymed thoughts upon the page.

It is gratifying to find, now and then, a busy man, who, for mere love of the art, fills his leisure with the fine diversion of poem-making.

One of these is Mr. Charles Erskine Scott, an attorney of Seattle. He has written a "Masque of Love" in three parts. The first part develops a passionate idyl in the twilight of the world, when man and woman met in the first forests, and meeting,

The second part reveals love chained by law, and breaking law and meeting the penalty. The third part discovers love at its best, when passion is modified by friendship, and disinterestedness has taken the place of the most selfish aggressiveness of the emotions. There are many and even pages of great beauty in the work.

This can not be forgotten even in the disappointment that the reader feels

in finding the third part lacking in the simplicity and dramatic interest of the two preceding portions.

Mr. Wood writes, of course, as an amateur. That is a thing that requires no apology, but quite the reverse. For it is from the amateur, regardless of the markets, filled with the impetus of his delight in work, that the strong, swift and naive ideas are likely to come. Mr. Bliss Perry may well be recommended for his recent book, setting forth the place and power of the Amateur in Art.

THE excellent results of bringing two stars together in repertoire is seen in the invigorating work of Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn. And when the playwright is Shakespeare, one is almost certain of a deep human tragedy or a whole-souled exuberance of comedy. "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing", and "Hamlet" show the varying excellencies of these artists. The new feature in their "Hamlet" is the emphasized romantic feeling that

added much to the "get thee to a nunnery" scene. This side, with the delightful banter of her Beatrice, and the flashes in her Juliet, mark Miss Marlowe's happy return to material that is worthy of her. While Mr. Sothorn's "Hamlet" has taken away from his light effects as Benedick, it has likewise influenced the somberness of his Romeo. But withal, there is vigor in the acting and health in the dramas, and that is what the stage is most in need of.

THE McCutcheon family continues to keep in the fore. Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's "Beverly of Graustark" is already counted one of the year's successes in fiction. Some time ago it was announced that he had acknowledged the authorship of "Brewster's Millions", a novel published anonymously over a year ago. It was said that he put it out without his name on a wager that a novel so published would not sell. Now comes the story that it was not written by George Barr at all, but is the work of Benjamin, another member of this indefatigable family. Not content with writing "Brewster's Millions", Benjamin has now written a second book, which Dodd, Mead & Company have grabbed at voraciously, but he is doomed to anonymity, for the firm has decided that there are too many McCutcheons in the field. John McCutcheon has published several books of cartoons and a calendar, not to mention his interest in the dramatic version of "Bird Center."

THERE is something particularly pleasing about the appearance of a book by an old writer. The same almost tender interest is felt when a well-loved actor reappears in venerable years, to reveal to a new generation some hint of the glory known to their fathers. The reappearance of Clara Morris as the religious in the "Two Orphans," brought not only applause lasting many minutes, but tears by way of tribute. Many of those who welcomed her had known of her only as a tradition, but the greater part of her audience held associations in common with her. She had, perhaps, first given them an insight into the deeper recesses of the sinful human heart. That poignant genius of her, which withheld nothing essential to its full and pas-

sionate expression of love and grief, had been a revelation. And it was with peculiar and reverent sympathy that she was again greeted.

A number of veteran writers have, this last year or two, returned to their public with a child of their old age, in the way of a book. It will be remembered that Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth did so; so did Miss Rosa Carey. And now comes Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the favorite of our mothers, the author of that esteemed juvenile classic, "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," with a new book. It is entitled "Biddy's Episodes," and is bright, young in spirit, loving in tone and full of that good-will and simplicity which have recommended Mrs. Whitney's books to the "pure in spirit" and to the young.

THE industry of these authors who turn out one or two books a year, is certainly amazing. It is true that they do not produce so much material as a writer of special articles, or the editorial writer upon a daily paper, but these latter writers are not under the necessity of prolonged concentration as is the writer of a good novel. Among those of the younger writers who can be counted upon to produce a studious, well-balanced and copious novel each year is Margaret H. Potter, or Mrs. Black, as she is known in private life. Her recent production, "The Flame Gatherers," revealed extraordinary study, a luminous and tragic imagination, and an ever-growing facility in expression. The reception of this book is not yet cold, yet she has another ready for the press.

Another writer of marvelous fecundity is Charles G. D. Roberts. His latest novel is entitled "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle," which any one will admit is a charming title. He must have written it somewhere in his Canadian wilds. Mr. Roberts is one of those men who seek out the earth's end to write in, and finding it, preserve seclusion. Which is quite a trick in itself.

MR. William Davenport Hulbert, whose animal stories have attained popularity, has lived all his life up in the Sault Sainte Marie country. His knowledge of the wilderness comes at first hand. He has

t from necessity and played in it
erence. The past summer he has
h his sisters, cruising about the
f Lake Superior, and camping,
mood directed, in the pine woods
he quiet beach. Mr. Hulbert has
ethods in his story telling, rely-
actuality rather than fancy for
of his work. He never creates
and improbable situation, as tell-
imal tales are prone to do. His
direct to the last degree, and the
his work is, largely, the outcome
ple and ingenuous way of putting

gnal failure of Mr. Fitch's "The
et and the Duchess", together
ack of dramatic force or idea in
, again makes one question the
e drama as an American product.
a type of home-made play that
our working class and calls itself
uch is "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cab-
tch", which, including "Lovey
as totally unfit for dramatization.
these two took the popular fancy
tain epigrammatic snap that was
dable and as readily remembered.
bins and Miss Hazey, the Pessi-
age characters, exact fine mimicry,
gh at a red handkerchief, and a
rn or quizzical expression will not
velop American drama.

Charles Klein, in his "The Music-
so superlatively and subtly played
l Warfield, ignores the national
d works his plot into a Leipzig-
atmosphere. Our dramatists, when
not using continental morality and
ecome too local in their use of
traits. Augustus Thomas's "The
il", clever as it is, could hardly be
outside of a radius of a hundred
n New York City. Our managers
d, as much as they are inclined, to
e foreign products that are at least
n their foreign national tone; they
o this because, artistically, America
ealized her dominant note. Henry
e encourages George Ade, and the
"Fables in Slang" has no less than
s running. But the energies of this
have been exerted on a creditable

desire of giving an English version of "Par-
sifal", rather than fostering home drama.
The experiment is interesting; it familiar-
izes audiences with the Wagnerian music,
and it shows how unfit English is for opera,
especially when the libretto is so unfeelingly
and vulgarly translated. But the American
dramatic impulse needs an American chan-
nel running through and into the heart of
American life.

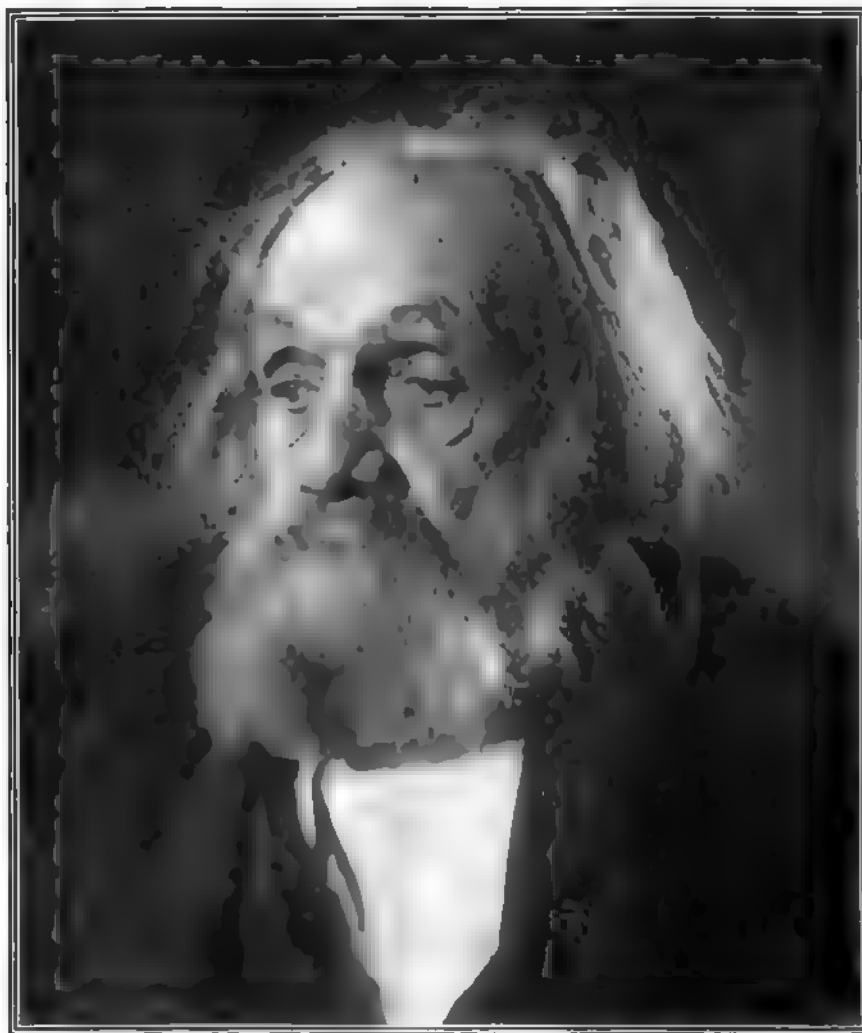
MISS Isabel McDougal has succeeded
in performing a difficult literary task.
She has prepared a number of historical
stories for children in such a manner that,
inevitably sad though they are, they con-
tain enough of jollity, adventure and charm
to hold the childish mind. The pathos of
the tales has been mitigated, and where the
recountal of tragedy has been unavoidable,
it has been done in a manner to give the
young reader that impression of remoteness
which is so truly comforting to the sympa-
thetic mind. "Little Royalties" is the title
of the book. The brief histories are of
Edward VI, of Balthasar Carlos of Spain;
of Napoleon's sad little son; of the chil-
dren of Charles I of England; of Richard
II's child wife, little Isabelle of Valois; of
Empress Mathilda of Germany, of young
William II, and that tortured son of Louis
XVI of France; of Henry of Navarre in
his boyhood, and of those betrayed royal
children of the London Tower.

Miss McDougal has a happy faculty for
simple and beautiful English, as well as
a trick for graphic words. Her tales have
been told in a manner at once picturesque
and truthful, and her young readers will
acquire faithful pictures of the times she
has portrayed. The book is illustrated
with reproductions of old portraits of these
young scions of great houses.

ALTHOUGH there has grown up in the
United States a sincere interest in
chamber music, inspired and sustained by
such organizations as the Kneidel Quartette
of New York, the Boston Symphony Or-
chestra and the Chicago Orchestra, never-
theless until now no work on the subject has
ever appeared in the English language.
Germans and Scandinavians, Italians and
Frenchmen, have had works and discussions

upon the subject, but Englishmen and Americans—though they have contributed not a few dignified and fine works to the chamber music of the world—have taken what came to them with no more of criticism

form of the musical art, and gives detailed accounts and descriptions of compositions in the forms of duets, trios, quartets and other larger combinations for the stringed instruments.



THE READER MAGAZINE

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Vander Weyde, Photographer

See "The Awakening," American Literature, Page 267

than might be verbally expressed. There now appears from the pen of N. Kilburn, conductor of the Middlesborough, Sunderland and Bishop Auckland Musical Societies, a book entitled "The Story of Chamber Music." It is devoted entirely to the history and criticism of this most intellectual

THE story of early exploration and travel in America is receiving a thorough exploitation, and the republication of old and scarce volumes relating to the opening up of the country goes on apace. The bringing out of the "Jesuit Relations" series by Burroughs Brothers of Cleveland has been

owned by A. H. Clark & Company of that with "Early Travels," to be completed thirty-one volumes. About a third of the is already on the market. There have a dozen reprints of the Lewis and Clark "Journal" in the past two years, and several works relating to the expedition, all which are made pertinent by the St. Louis Exposition of this year and the Lewis and Clark Exposition of next year at Portland. Clark firm of Cleveland also published

ories of society and government were expounded first in his own books, and, to a greater or less extent, carried into effect when he had risen, with swiftness and brilliancy, to hold the highest political position under his Sovereign. It is not now the fashion to read the novels of Disraeli; but stilted and artificial though they are, they are nothing if not intellectual. The ambitious Jew made them the vehicle for his ideas. He filled them with personages who had their



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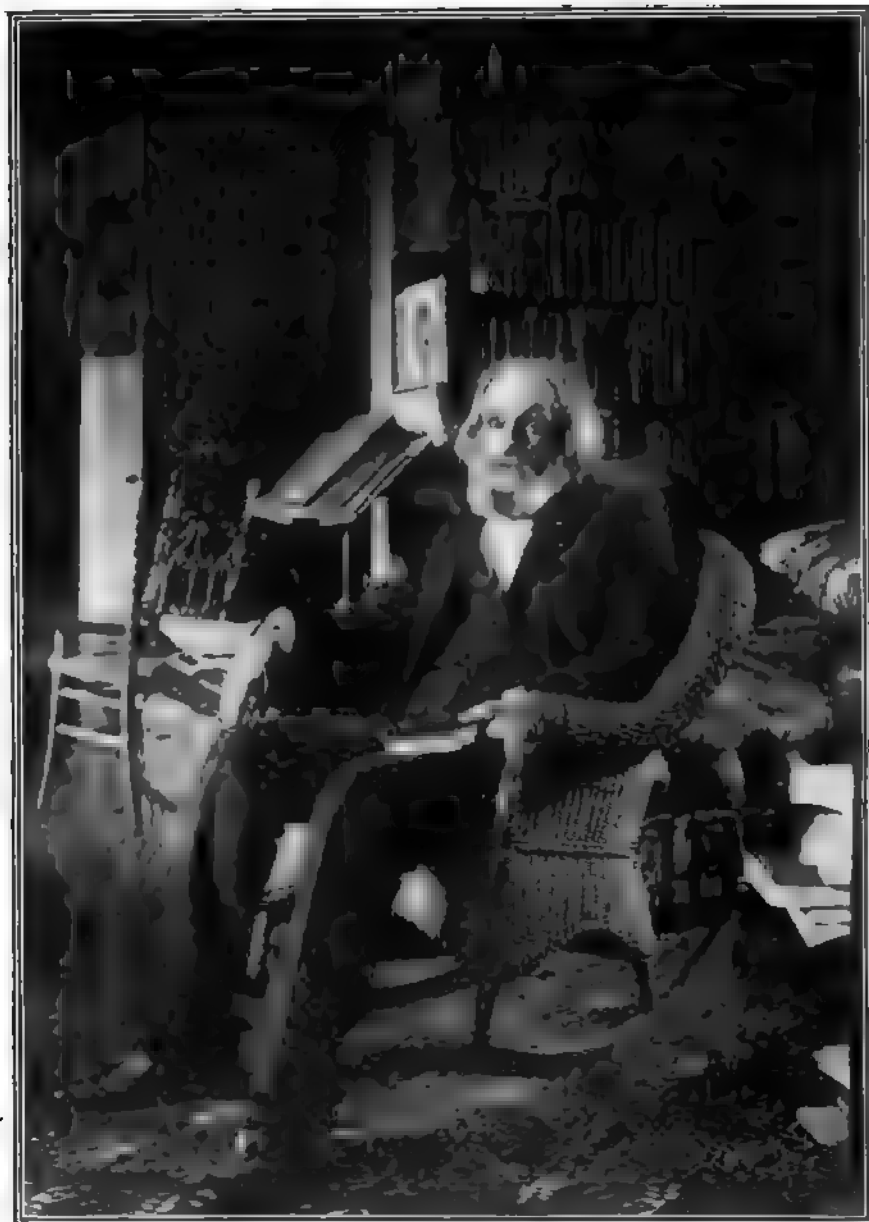
Vander Weyde, Photographer

THE HOME OF MR. HALE, ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

historic "Roads of America," and A. S. Barnes & Company of New York are to the with the "Trail Makers Series," stories of the journals of the great explorers, from the time of Coronado down to that of Lewis and Clark.

BEACONSFIELD: A Romance of the "Reign of Queen Victoria," is the title of a novel soon to be published by A. C. McClurg & Company of Chicago. The name of the author does not appear, but he is said to be one who watched, at close range, the career of this remarkable Jew, whose the-

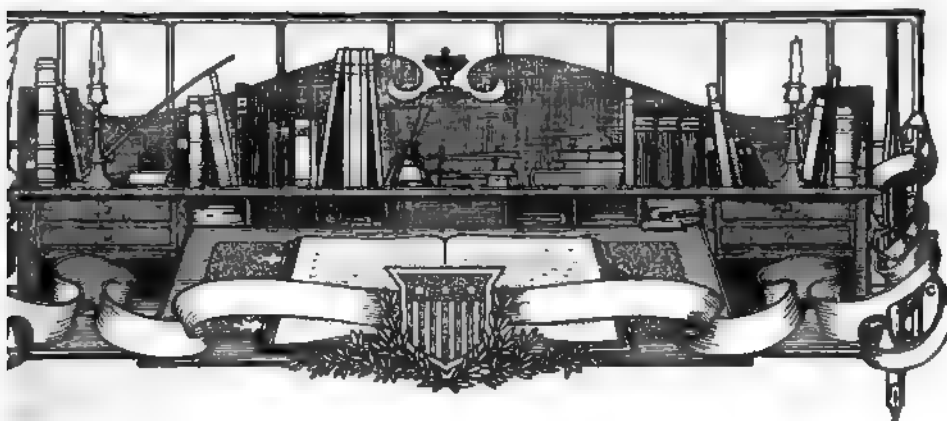
prototypes, and sometimes their easily-recognized originals, in high English society. He gave an atmosphere of excessive luxury to his books, and chose to depict society in its most emphatic phases. He was a man of courage—perhaps of bravado. Determined to succeed, he beat down opposition with his talents, his assiduity and the logic of his political philosophy. The author of "Beaconsfield" has, it is said, written sympathetically of the premier, who, whatever his vanities, placed his Queen before all other considerations, and was to the last her loyal, fierce, if not entirely disinterested, servant.



THE READER MAGAZINE

Vander Weyde, Photographer

MR. HALE IN HIS STUDY



THE READER'S STUDY

Conducted by Will D. Howe, Ph. D.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. IV—THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS

WAKENING, *by Edward Everett Hale*

AN IMPRESSION OF EMERSON, *by H. W. Boynton*

THE AWAKENING

It is impossible to write the literary history of America for the first half of the nineteenth century without definite reference to the theological advance which was in progress. The reader of to-day finds it difficult to believe that the readers of a century then were so dependent on foreign books as they were. Even those printers who were elected what they thought the best books for reproduction were under the domination of the Presbyterian and the Episcopal churches in the selection of what was published. For instance, no printing in New York dared reprint Miss Norton's sequel to "Frank," because the Nortons were under the ban for supernaturalism or other infidelity. When the American Revolution came in a new view of man's relation to God and with man than had been tolerated before. This may be said of all the states, however their ecclesiastical history. In England, whenever the lines were drawn, from the time of Whitefield's visit in 1735, it had appeared that the college at Cambridge and the leaders of opinion in England had already wholly outgrown that

Calvinism which is now universally abandoned. At the same time the new wealth of the country was producing the natural results of wealth in the higher education of everybody. To a certain extent as soon as Europe was open for travel the habit was formed among young men of going to Europe for improvement in education. At home Boston was naturally the center of a larger and broader literary life than had left any trace before the century came in. And the manifest advance in spiritual, scientific, and in literary training really meant an enlargement of religious ideas, while it meant higher cultivation in the literature of the world.

The best date to be given in the advance in New England in literature and science and theology is the establishment of the Boston Anthology Club in 1804. The list of the members of the club begins with the names of seven clergymen. Then there follow physicians and eminent lawyers. The first name on the list is Dr. Gardiner's, who was the minister of Trinity Church. He took a few pupils in his own house. He had had an education in England, and his clas-

sical scholarship was always respected in Boston. From 1805 to 1811 he was president of the Anthology Club. I suppose he is, best remembered after a hundred years by his version of Milton's hymn of the Nativity. And I suppose that there are ten persons who know the hymn "No war nor battle sound" for one who remembers the verse beginning, "It was the winter wild".

The club list ends with the names of three young men of whom Alexander Everett graduated at Cambridge in 1806. George Ticknor's name is the very last on the list.

But I should say that the inspiring leader of this really distinguished club was Joseph Stevens Buckminster. He died at the early age of thirty, but had already made his mark as the spiritual and intellectual leader of the little town.

The Anthology Club was founded by Rev. William Emerson, the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who called together an association of young gentlemen. They assumed the conduct of the magazine called the *Monthly Anthology* or *Magazine of Polite Literature*. The club was made up of accomplished scholars, of leaders of the little town, and, above all, of men who had the courage of their convictions. Before a great while they established the Boston Athenæum, and the *Monthly Anthology* became the *North American Review*. The Boston Athenæum is now one of the largest libraries in America, admirably equipped in the domains of history and other literature.

Let the reader of these lines understand that at that time in the prosperity of its commerce, in the advance of its wealth, in the traditions of its past, Boston regarded herself as inferior to no city in the world. To be a gentleman of Boston was an honor of which any man was proud; and they really meant that their city was to be a "City of God." They meant that every advance which was possible in the government of a city or a town should be made real in their own life and history. Now, such a purpose as that asserted itself in the study of history, in technical theology, in sociology, in all arts and science, in every line of life which makes life larger. Those men had no fear in their intimacy with God. They had full courage for "accepting the universe." Theologically they started with a very cordial and affectionate faith in Jesus Christ,

equaled by a very firm determination to take his counsels at first hand. If the reader will spend some Sunday afternoon in reading the Four Gospels and in noting on a bit of paper at his side the instructions as to God and Heaven and Human Duty which the Savior of Men presented, there will be found on it no reference to many of the points of what are called Christian theology which were developed afterward, perhaps by Saint Paul, perhaps by older theologians like Augustine of Hippo, perhaps by John Calvin, or John Knox. In the sort of theology developed in such study of the Gospels, most of the people who heard the clergymen preach, and most of the young men who began to devote themselves to literary life, were bred. What followed was an entire freedom,—altogether new, in intellectual or literary inquiry; and a range as wide as England and the Continent of Europe could give in matters of philosophy and literature and religion. Such men as William Ellery Channing, as Buckminster himself, as Kirkland, soon to be president of Harvard College, were in the pulpits. Such men as William Cullen Bryant began to write for the *North American Review*.

These are the leading titles in a series of Channing's sermons extending over thirty years. Contrast them in their practical import with the titles in any collection of sermons for the same decades of the century before. War, Piety, Christ, The Great Purpose of Christianity, Likeness to God, The Christian Ministry, Honour All Men, The Slavery Question, Labor, The Gospel of the Poor, Prayer, God in the Universe, The Universal Father, Practical Life, The Universal Church, The Present Age, The Duty of the Free States.

The printing offices of Boston and Cambridge were trained to admirable precision and skill in reprinting editions of the classics. Under Buckminster's direction Griesbach's New Testament was printed in Cambridge in 1809 from the Leipsic edition of 1805. William Wells and William Hilliard are named on the title page as the publishers. Wells was the head of the firm of Wells and Lilly, who reprinted in 1817 Ernest's and Oberlin's edition of Tacitus in three volumes. Both these books are good working editions to this day.

Young men began to go to Europe for

their studies. Bancroft, Hedge, Edward Everett, and many others were welcomed as pupils in Germany. Bancroft was there as early as 1817. Lothrop Motley made the somewhat intimate acquaintance with Bismarck in Göttingen as late as 1835. All this meant absolute alienation from the Calvinistic theology of the Presbyterian Church. That alienation subsists to this hour. The Episcopal Church of New England was never Calvinistic. As a distinguished prelate of the Episcopal Church put it, their churches are full of Unitarian cranks; and it would be quite safe to say that whether a man's church is what is called Orthodox or what is called Liberal, in Boston, not one man or woman in five knows what is meant by the words predestination, total depravity, vicarious atonement, or original sin.

In a community thus trained, whether in the schools, in the churches, or in the wilder literature of the time, it was almost a matter of course that there should gradually assert themselves the broadest conceivable views of man's personal relations with God. More and more thoughtful people accepted the extreme views of Jacob Boehme, of George Fox and the other Quakers, of Swedenborg, and the New Church, of the Four Gospels, among other sources of information, as to the presence of God with man and man with God,—that is to say, all that Paul called the witness of the Holy Spirit. William Ellery Channing was established in his pulpit in Boston as early as 1803. Such a man as he and Buckminster and Kirkland were steadily enlarging the religious convictions of the people who heard them. The men who heard them;—such laymen as Josiah Quincy, as the Appletons, the Lowells, the Jacksons and T. H. Perkins, whose names are still current in Boston history, were accepting these views and trying to carry them out in their houses of reform, in their Massachusetts Hospital, in the institutions for the deaf and the blind, and in their schools.

As early as 1819 Channing was asked to go to Baltimore to the ordination of the Unitarian minister there. Of the sermon he preached there some one has said that he walked calmly down between the idols of Calvinism, struck them all in the face and walked back doing the same thing,—all as

if he had no suspicion that they were still worshipped by anybody. Happily we have lived to a period when they are worshipped by nobody. I think it is fair to say that before the century was half passed the people of Eastern New England of whatever church, Episcopal, Evangelical, Methodist, Unitarian, or Universalist, had in their own way drunk of the eternal waters, had begun to learn what is meant when it is said that men are children of God. Certainly this living sense of the Divine Presence appears in all the new literature. At that time the Roman Catholic Church was hardly established in New England.

Waldo Emerson, who resigned his pulpit because the ecclesiastical chains cramped him, was recognized from the period of his return from Europe in 1833 as an apostle of the largest life. The text of his life is in that sublime passage from his journal written on shipboard as he returned from Europe in 1833.

"The highest revelation is that God is in every man. Milton describes himself in his letter to Diodati as enamored of moral perfection. He did not love it more than I. That which I can not yet declare has been my angel from childhood until now. . . . I believe in *this* life. I believe it continues. As long as I am here, I plainly read my duties as writ with pencil of fire. They speak not of death; they are woven of immortal thread." God with man. Emmanuel. That is the religion of such men.

Under such religion such men as William Cullen Bryant, as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, as John Greenleaf Whittier, as Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Gorham Palfrey, George Bancroft, Daniel Webster, both the Everetts, Lydia Maria Child, John Lothrop Motley, not to mention a thousand men and women less distinguished, were trained. It is a matter of course that with such foundation for their lives there should have arisen a different school of literature, history, philosophy and sociology from any which existed in the United States in the beginning of the century. It was this which distinguished the Boston publishers from the New York publishers,—such men, as I said, who were afraid to publish the Edgeworth works because the Presbyterian Church did not like the Edgeworths. All

such subserviency to the ecclesiastics, thank God, is now at an end. We find no difficulty in New York or in Philadelphia in publishing what would be called the most radical books in the high criticism.

I have written these lines simply as historical. I tried in my memoir of James Freeman Clarke to give some idea of the intellectual ferment which existed in Boston,—say between 1840 and the Civil War, as men were adjusting themselves to the relations which the larger life and the broader thought of God brought into the physical affairs of men. New England was by this time a great manufacturing state. The richest men in New England found themselves, therefore, stigmatized by the name of "Cotton Whigs", as the men on the other side were called "Conscience Whigs" because they were opposed to the invasion of southern slavery. In a somewhat smaller circle a similar controversy arose between the total abstinence men, on the one hand, and the rich distillers, whose business it was to burn the forests of New England while they made the molasses of the West Indies into rum.

On yet another stage a similar controversy arose whenever the real democracy of New England asserted the necessity of the uplifting of the public schools, so that one child of God should have the same chance as another for the nearest approach to God which science, literature, or, in general, education can give to him. You might say that everything was in a caldron and that every voyage of discovery and every invention of the men of science fed the flame.

The result is that people outside of New England speak of the Transcendental Movement in New England in those decades which are nearest the middle of the century. The phrase is not much used in New England itself. What people elsewhere call the Transcendental Movement is considered here as a matter of course. Man is a child of God. God is omnipotent. If man controls nature, it is all in the family. God's kingdom is at hand; he means that men shall work with Him and men mean to work with God. This is the religion of New England. You may call it Transcendentalism or you may call it Christianity, as you please. What you call it is of no great consequence,

so that the Real Presence of the Living God asserts itself in men's affairs.

THE new movement toward idealism and independence deepened and broadened into various phases of a new life of the mind and the spirit. The philosophy of Kant and Fichte and Cousin, the poetry of Goethe, the prose of Carlyle and Coleridge fed the flames of enthusiasm for plain living and high thinking. This modern search for a holy grail meant the seeking after the things of the spirit and after the high truths which cannot be encompassed by the processes of logic.

Channing led in the reaction against Calvinism that had cramped the souls of men for two centuries. Parker gave a more eloquent and more liberal expression to Christianity. Ripley attempted to put into practice the scheme of reform in the Brook Farm community. Margaret Fuller interpreted the new movement in a social way. Thoreau is a member of the transcendental group rather because he joined in the protest against convention and superficiality. Hawthorne, if so great an artist may be called an interpreter, represented that spiritual subtlety that pervaded the transition from New England Puritanism to American Transcendentalism. Out from the group of enthusiasts, often carried away by wild extravagance, arose one man marked for his serenity, his calmness of temper, his insistence upon the worth of the individual man, his clear call for intellectual freedom and his unrelenting belief in idealism—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

AN IMPRESSION OF EMERSON

WITH the centenary celebration of Emerson's birth a matter of such recent memory, the presence of his name in periodical literature must in the nature of things have become less frequent and less conspicuous. On such an occasion as that the world, always graciously disposed toward any person whose name supplies an excuse for a feast-day, does its utmost; and, having got its great man effectively born again, is inclined to reflect that after all he is now dead. In sixty years, perhaps, the date of his decease will make news of him once more, and our grandchildren will see to the

speeches and odes and eulogies and statues and all the rest of the apparatus of a self-respecting celebration. In the meantime he will be of little value to the press as "copy." His value in other ways, to be sure, will not be the less for that. These stated occasions, these deliberate ceremonies of "appreciation," can hardly be productive of measured speech. Some of us may have come away from the Emersonian "function" a little bewildered or a little bored. If we chanced to bring with us any first-hand impression of the man, we may have found it obscured rather than clarified by this profusion of compliment, this almost superhuman effort at veneration. Such homage Emerson was the last man to exact or to desire for himself. He was one of the few great men who have not been given to some minor vanity. And even the major vanity, "that last infirmity of noble minds," seems to have had the smallest possible hold upon him. He honestly desired that men should be themselves, not that they should be his subjects or his disciples. On the other hand, if we happened to be upon no terms of intimacy with him, we may easily have perceived small cause in all this adulation for desiring such intimacy. We found this man talked about as if he were a god or a "classic"; phenomena with which we have no desire to come into close contact. The tone of this talk was determined largely by persons who knew Emerson in the flesh, or who remembered the impression which his work had made upon them at the moment of its production. Such impressions are valuable but not conclusive; they but wait to be qualified or supplemented by very many later interpretations. In venturing to give here a frankly personal impression of Emerson, I may perhaps hope to be speaking in some sense for the second generation of his readers.

Emerson first meant to me a great force for good which appeared to be, miraculously, on my side. I had grown up, like Emerson, in that Puritan tradition which so unqualifiedly relegated all questions, whether religious, moral, educational, social, or what not, to authority. In the course of a generation there had been some limbering up of the strict old codes, but they still kept their ascendancy in New England. We were still

being goaded to the conviction that everything delightful must be wrong and, conversely, everything right a bore. "Be good and you will be happy," was a formula which served for conversational purposes by the hearth, as well as in the pulpit. Privately we might draw a sharp line between what was proper and a nuisance, and what was improper and more or less worth while. Hence we derived an eager appetite for expressions of insubordination. We sang about our strong preference for being nothing but broken and empty vessels, and retired to our "closets" to pore over Byron, or to read such whimsical declarations of independence as Stevenson's "Apology for Idlers" with, as it now seems, an absurd ferocity of approval. It was for Emerson to suggest to us the existence of a freedom unaccompanied by bumptiousness or by any sneaking sense of guilt—of a form of goodness which was also a form of pleasure.

We had heard of such a form of goodness, but always as connected with the rigidly informal observances of our sect. We had observed few manifestations of delight in virtue among the members of that sect. "Thou shalt not," was the refrain to which life really moved; and everything encouraged us to feel that it was necessarily a pain and painfully a necessity that we should do what certain other persons held to be right. The argument of penalty was the convincing one: that of reward meant little to us; and we doubted whether our neighbors actually looked forward with enthusiasm to an eternity of crowns, harps, and triumphal songs. Those things had nothing to do with our notion of a good time, or with anybody's, so far as we could see.

Emerson did not try to make us see anything of the sort. He did not ask us to be good in spite of useless troubles or in hope of useless rewards. He was content to advise us to do as we liked; and, for the rest, to warn us that it was only by trying to like the best that we stood a chance of getting our full share of pleasure out of life.

The other day I came upon a note scribbled on the margin in a little volume of the first series of Emerson's essays. It stood against the title of the essay on Compensation, and read: "Stumbled into acquaintance with Emerson July, '88, while in camp.

This essay was my letter of introduction." I don't remember when the note was written, but recall very clearly the incident it records. It was a sophomore vacation; we had brought no books into the woods, but one day an odd volume of Emerson turned up in a neighboring camp; and one of us fished no more that day. It was one of those intense experiences which must have given many persons, as it gave me, their first inkling of what religious people mean by "conversion." Conversion, I perceived, was like the delicious shock of a plunge into some icy mountain pool, followed by the tingle and glow of blood properly spurred to its work. I "stayed in" a long while—a month or so. I forgot whether, on coming out, I rubbed down with Rider Haggard or with Kipling; no matter. For three weeks I had been blessedly beside myself, beyond myself. Was it a dream or a battle in which I had by miracle been given a part? No doubt I was a transcendentalist at the moment, though the word meant nothing to me then and does not mean very much now. I count it one of the fortunate chances of my life that I became a sophomore a few weeks later and ceased to be a sophomore a few months later, with those ringing sentences about self-reliance, compensation and heroism still strong upon me. Since then I have learned many things about Emerson,—what kind of man he was in the flesh, what money he made by writing and lecturing, what he thought of the civil war, what he had for dinner. None of these bits of information, somehow, had served either to supplant or to supplement that early impression. The mountain pool is still there and from time to time moments still come when that fine shock is for me an experience keenly to be desired, though no longer, perhaps, the one experience needful.

To have spoken so far personally will be taken, I hope, not as a mere exercise of egotism, but rather as a confession of my inability to discourse of an abstract Emerson, a "standard author" whose work it is considered virtuous to peruse, a person who once formed it and scribbled it in Concord, and who represented this or that tendency in American letters or life. What moves me in him seems to be as timeless as what moves me in Job or Dante; upon him among all

the noted men of a bustling century the mantle of Elijah indubitably fell. Our consciousness of this supreme fact appears to have been a little obscured by a recent preoccupation with data of minor relevance. Not that in our enthusiasm for the seer we need be indifferent to his respectable character as a gardener, a citizen, a lecturer, a man of his time. Undoubtedly Emerson did speak for his contemporaries, for their inner life, at least. His attitude toward the practical issues of the day was, in the nature of things, often impractical; and his judgment of men, as of Thoreau and Bronson Alcott, seems often to have been merely superficial. Thoreau, he fancied, had no soul; and Alcott was quite right in ranging himself beside Plato and Socrates! Such lapses, as we must regard them, are engaging indications of that fallibility in matters of every-day judgment which prophets notoriously share with the rest of us. Dante had his political prejudices and Milton his domestic heresies; and Goethe produced a Werther as well as a Faust. Yet it would hardly be claiming too little or too much for Emerson to suggest that the "transcendentalism" to which he in his day gave most resonant utterance, had its aspects of common sense; represented, indeed, a kind of sublimation of common sense applied to themes in the conventional treatment of which common sense is the least important factor. Life as a whole he perceived without the intervention of any "clothes-philosophy"; and it is not to be wondered at that he failed, where the ordinary citizen often succeeds, in divesting familiar events and persons of their shrouding integument.

It was common sense on the larger scale which inspired many of his most startling pronouncements. In "compensation" he takes issue with a preacher, "a man esteemed for his orthodoxy." "He assumed," says Emerson, with that serene indignation which was possible for him, "that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offense seemed to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. . . . Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the

her mean by saying that the good are able in the present life? Was it that s and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, y, are had by unprincipled men, whilst uments are poor and despised; and that a ensation is to be made to these last fter, by giving them the like gratifica-another day,—bank-stock and doub-venison and champagne? This must e compensation intended; for what

Is it that they may have leave to pray raise? to love and serve men? Why, hey can do now. The legitimate infer-the disciple would draw was: 'We are e such a good time as the sinners have or, to push it to its extreme import: sin now; we shall sin by and by; we l sin now if we could; not being such, we expect our revenge to-morrow.' "th social conventions as well as res-ventions he took issue in terms of asonable as opposed to the unreasonable f common sense as opposed to accepted rtificial theory. Here we approach hat too near the concrete and the cal to find our seer at his best. In ers the conventional seems to most of ily better than the spontaneous. We e to shrug our shoulders at such an ation as this: "Instead of the gong for r, let us hear a whistle from the Sparfe. Let us never bow and apologize

A great man is coming to eat at my . I do not wish to please him; I wish e should wish to please me. I will here for humanity, and though I make it kind, I would make it true. is affront and reprimand the smooth rity and squalid contentment of the and hurl in the face of custom, and and office, the fact which is the up-f all history, that there is a great re-ible Thinker and Actor working wher-man works; that a true man belonged other time or place, but is the center ings. Where he is, there is nature." s the prophetic way of speech; against may set off such Emersonian dicta as eat man is always willing to be little." Thinker and Actor will not, at least, d for his effectiveness upon his skill ronting those who approach him. Cer-

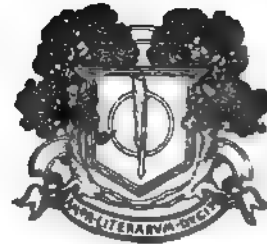
tainly Emerson did not. Unconventional as he was, his natural courtesy is one of the remembered traits which enrich our sense of his dignity.

I can have little to say of Emerson as a writer of verse, because he does not seem to me to have been a poet at all. Poetry I take to be something perfect, not something approximate; and "poetic feeling" or "poetic imagination" no more exists for me as an inarticulate impulse than musical feeling or imagination exists for me apart from the faculty of musical composition. Emerson fatally lacked what is called "ear"; which means, if it means anything, not the ability to keep to a tune or a metre, to be normal in the management of rhymes or intervals, but the instinct for harmony, for rhythm, for the interpretation of human life by way of musical notation, or of versification. There never existed a mute inglorious Milton, for Milton was glorious precisely because he was Milton, precisely because he was not mute;—and one might make as many transpositions in that sentence as in the third line of Gray's *Elegy*. Emerson had a noble imagination, but it was not a poetic imagination, or it would have produced poetry; he was, like Whitman, a seer but not a "maker".

It is a writer's fate to be judged by generations subsequent to his own in accordance with standard of present utility. Emerson's centenary celebration may be taken to have signalized, in a sense, the close of his first period of influence. His surviving contemporaries grow lamentably fewer with each passing year; and with them must depart all but the tradition of what he was or was not to his own day. But of the type of genius which he represents the world will continue to stand in need as long as there is a world to stand in need of anything. It seems probable that into whatever abeyance a general recognition of his secondary merits may fall, his primary excellence is in no danger of oblivion. If he was not a Plato, or a Marcus Aurelius, or a Milton, he was a possession hardly less precious to the smaller posterity which will be his: a true prophet of intellectual sincerity, of serene moral independence,—that is, an Emerson.



REVIEWS



ELLEN AND MR. MAN

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

IN "Ellen and Mr. Man," Gouverneur Morris atones for past literary transgression. It is the story, first, of a motherless and unhappily fathered boy, second, of a sweet and lovable cousin who discovers him, brings sunshine into his life, lonesome but not too desolately pictured for healthy boyhood, and at last, in France, comes herself into a heritage of love. "Mr. Man" is left alone again thereafter, but full of strength, returns to America and a career of wholesome labor. Description can name, but not make distinct, the tenderness, understanding, and healthiness of thought and feeling that render "Ellen and Mr. Man" a story that dwells with happy persistence in the memory.

The Century Company, New York
Price \$1.25

THE TRUANTS

BY A. E. W. MASON

"THE Truants" is a departure from two established canons of art: that the heroine must be interesting, and the motif adequate. Here a woman lingers on the edge of moral ruin—a woman of such slight quality that a push, or puff, would send her over—yet, to regain the love of this poor creature, an average man suffers exile and hardship, relinquishes fortune, wins rewards, and finally incurs disgrace to rescue his wife from the dishonor with which she dallies. There is an infidelity of the spirit, as well as an infidelity of the flesh; of the one Millie is plainly guilty, her involuntary salvation from the other is the pivot upon which the plot turns. The reader's protests are forcible, the story provokes as well as stimulates, the assurance of Millie's innocence is not susceptible of proof, her creator wastes no pains upon her; yet the pivot holds, the nar-

rative moves easily, the author is vindicated of his choice.

The development of character under the obsession of a fixed idea—a character of which obstinacy rather than intelligence was the groundwork—is carefully traced through endurance and persistence, to heroism, and finally to self-surrender. The process is interesting, if not usual; it compels an unwilling admiration. If Tony's reward seems insufficient, that, after all, is an external matter. The fine, strong girl who supports the weak wife, the true lover who serves for her hand, are drawn with what Mr. James would call "a close, firm, living line." Swift changes of scene throw up the people into high relief. London society and the Riviera, hunting in the shires and fishing in the North Sea, the sand dunes and wells of the Sahara, the city of Fes, and a ride through Morocco, demand and receive full justice. Bits of description cry for quotation, and such felicities as "a ship at sea is not merely a thing alive, it is a thing satisfied," or "the Foreign Legion is the nation of the unhappy," stick in the memory. The provincialism that "Tony had always set store by his wife" is a crude expression of a great passion, and the negro song that so frequently recurs will have ludicrous, not sentimental, associations for Americans.

The author's style has distinction, color and restraint; his product is fiction to be read, not fiction manufactured to be sold.

Harper and Brothers, New York
Price \$1.50

THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

THE undercurrent of Mr. Grant's title is the tendency that is carrying our democratic society beyond the reach of a merely formal and priestly control in mat-

ters of social import; common sense, the justice of the individual case, and the needs of the social body, must be the final standards when the church—as with divorce—lays claim to absolute authority. The social body, and not the clergy, will judge.

The timeliness and much of the interest of "The Undercurrent," however, lie not in the establishment of this tendency, but in the discussion of the problem of divorce through which it is developed. As a carefully considered, well-rounded, unimpassioned treatment, this book deserves attentive reading and deep pondering. In conclusiveness, it far surpasses the recent "He that Eateth Bread with Me"; it is, indeed, one among the most notable of stories having this theme since Dickens' special pleading. The abstract arguments of academic disputants it turns into concrete cases by creating situations in which the issues become vital questions in the lives of characters in whom our strong interest has been roused.

The legal clearness with which Judge Grant has analyzed the question, and the thoroughness and skill with which he has embodied all its aspects in the individual characters and the action of the story, make "The Undercurrent" a constructive masterpiece. For different characters, different problems—moral, spiritual, or merely worldly—are involved; and with absolute clear-sightedness, the action is made first to reveal and then to work out these separate problems, until at last their solution becomes an answer to the main question. "The Undercurrent" is a bodying forth, in characters and action, of a plot and situation as logically developed as a legal brief.

While, however, it is this combination of logical clearness and imaginative concreteness that gives the book its effectiveness, it is not this which gives it its chief interest. "The Undercurrent" appears while opinion is alert and yet undecided concerning divorce, and at a time when practically all that has been spoken or written has been spoken or written on only one side, and with the dogmatic arrogance that assumes there is no other side; it comes from one whose belief in American romanticism of spirit is sanely tempered by belief in the necessity for classical restraint and discipline of practice—who, because of this balance has been able

to employ a search-light criticism upon our social tendencies; and it represents mature, dispassionate consideration of a vital question. Its interest is timely, therefore, rather than literary, and its value practical and ethical, not artistic. Neither of these facts, nevertheless, derogates from its literary importance: Euphues was such a book, and Pilgrim's Progress and Gulliver have held places in literature for many decades. "The Undercurrent," to be sure, will never rival Pilgrim's Progress or Gulliver, but it does stand, and should continue to stand, as a notable literary expression of conviction among the books of its day.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York
Price, \$1.50

THE HILLS OF FREEDOM

BY JOSEPH SHARTS

THE public recognizes that the author is a new-comer, and the publishers let it be known that his manuscript was rewritten six times. "The Hills of Freedom" bears out neither fact; for it lacks the awkwardness of a maiden effort, and the seams and patches of a labored attempt. It is easy, spontaneous, and all of a piece; and it occupies that "Flodden field of fiction," the period of the ante-bellum, slavery agitation, where so many ambitious tales have come to dire defeat. Not satisfied with this showing of prowess, the author tempts fortune still further, by using a bow-legged hero, a red-haired heroine, the underground railway and John Brown. Doubtless the snappy dialogue, the amusing contretemps, the old general's irascibility, and his veteran colony, the farcical impersonation of the heroine in the would-be elopement, the idyllic flavor of the true one, help out the author's audacity; for succeed he does, in spite of predecessors and conventions.

The reader that does not find the lovers delicious, the old warriors amusing, Beulah quaint, and its inhabitants individual, must be a mental dyspeptic, or one of those odiously virtuous persons who reads only to improve his mind. The author has a delicate touch, as well as a sprightly manner; not all of his effects are broad. The atmosphere of the small town could belong to no other decade than the fifties, no other place than the southern bank of the Ohio; surely no

other people wore such coats and gowns, quoted such sentimental verse, or vibrated so evenly between the North and the South. The long, silent courtship between Miss Agatha and Gabriel, who tried eleven times for admission to the bar, has the fragrance of hoarded rose leaves. Dr. Blodgett, with his conscientious scruples, who told a lie to save a woman from slavery, suffered but never repented, deserves a place in the gallery beside Dr. Lavendar.

The author has a pretty turn for epigram, which he uses with becoming discretion.

Doubleday, Page & Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE REAPER

BY EDITH RICKERT

A NEW field, and a new strong writer in that field—to these we come when we open "The Reaper." Miss Rickert's novel might be called a study of life in the Shetland Islands, if by that word one understands no lack in finish of treatment. Miss Rickert knows and loves the simple fisher-folk of the northern seas, and she makes us know and love them, too. The title of the book, somewhat vague, somehow, unfortunately, suggesting Death, one gathers is applied to Terval, who reaps in late love a harvest sown in sorrow and patience. There is much quiet power in this story especially in the drawing of Terval's character. Terval resembled the god Thor, from whom his name descended, but fate defined the scene of his prowess as a tiny, humble Shetland village and his mother's cottage home. Guarding that mother from herself, shielding her name from taunts, was all his heroism. But was he not heroic? For the call of the sea—the wild sea that had crippled his father and drowned his brother, the sea that his ancestors back to the Vikings and beyond had sailed, was ever in his ears. Since he could not be like the Vikings, Terval minded his mother's house and read about them. In the eyes of many of the village folk he was poor and spiritless, a man doing woman's work. But some knew better, and none knew so well as homely, steadfast, kind Meggy-Betty. Of the two denouements possible, Miss Rickert has chosen the quieter, and the last picture that she gives us is one of pure domestic joy. Over all the story

hang the softening sea mists, imparting glamour and romance.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston
Price \$1.50

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ART

BY BLISS CARMAN

BOUND in wood brown, embossed in leaf green, relieved by gold, with an excellent presentment of the author as a frontispiece, and an exquisite prose poem as an introduction, Mr. Carman's new volume belongs plainly in the division of gift books. But it is a book to keep as well as to give, to dip into at leisure half-hours, to use as an appetizer when the palate is jaded.

As the essays number thirty-seven, the volume is octavo, the paper and print goodly, it follows that the individual essay must be short. In this case, brevity does not hinder polish, or abridge sweep. Art, nature, literature, education, are lightly touched here and there, and always some fruitful thought, quaint conceit, or poetical turn, clings to the point of contact. The spirit is notably Greek, the expression that of a master of English, the outlook that of an artist. The changes are rung on the need of physical well being, the equality of mind, body and spirit. "We shall never be as happy as angels until we are as healthy as animals." A man must be greater than his work, therefore a good artist must be athlete and philosopher also. Preachers are professional fault-finders because of over-much mental work, and the college athlete is equally far from Mr. Carman's ideal. He contends that physical training should be an agent in the culture of character, that "well-groomed ruffianism" gives neither grace nor poise, and begs all men and women to be physically coherent. The modern specialist incurs disapproval as a variant from the normal type, for "a man should wear his profession as lightly as a flower in his buttonhole." There is a delicious sketch of the ideal critic—unassuming, sedulous, kindly, sensitive, exact, impartial, flexible, open, filled with sweet eagerness and great, patient humility. What mortal man could embody a day dream that has clearly followed the law of contrariety?

To stop with these quotations would be to overlook the sunny side of the author's viewpoint. Joy is a duty, "the tiny increment

keeps life sane and happy"; the brave people are in the majority, a ophy which is cheering if not proven; he definition of contentment as "the of still currents which have joined in uperb sweep of force," presents that virtue as an active one. Like Haw-, Mr. Carman believes that every house s inheritance of atmosphere, that the nant must share the experiences of the ies. Therefore, in house-hunting, shut eyes and consider, not the plumbing, ie subtle effect upon your mind. If ere all as sensitive as poets, what a of impressions would afflict the flat-r! The advice that street-car gongs it of tempered bell metal, each made ke its own musical note, opens heaven-ibilities.

s dainty fabric can not be presented eal upon the pen-point. Each one await the proper mood, and then in-it for himself.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston
Price \$1.50

PLAYERS AND VAGABONDS

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO

T of nine stories in Viola Roseboro's "Players and Vagabonds", only one is That one, unfortunately, is the first, e longest, "Where the Ways Crossed." ig this as a too literal transcription of isode scarcely worth telling, we come he Embroidered Robe," meet for tears ughter both. Most of Miss Roseboro's mingle comedy and tragedy thus, 1 "The Clown and the Missionary" is rumor and "Potent Memories" almost pathos. All of them are human and ing and tender, full of a changeful, ful quality that fascinates, brightened ef triumphs, darkened by long poverty sappointment, warmed by self-forget- lping of others. Without exception the are based on real incidents in the 's life, often so dramatic as to require n the way of presentation. "A Bit of aphy," the touching yet amusing story n-year-old boy who ran away from his d home to go on the stage, is a simple of fact more entertaining than much . Best of all the stories for grace and and what is truly revelatory of hu-

man nature, is "Her Mother's Success," which many readers will recall with delight from its magazine appearance some years ago. Whoever likes the players will like these unpretentious, sympathetic records of their life.

The Macmillan Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE LITTLE GREY HOUSE

BY MARION AMES TAGGART

A TALE of three bright, pretty sisters, of three nice brothers of carefully balanced ages, with an extra girl thrown in for good measure, promises a sufficiency of interest. But to clench the matter, the author has lavishly supplied minor people—eccentric, amusing, lovable—charming surroundings, the shifts of poverty, the joys of a competency, and a couple of incipient love affairs.

The little grey house, or the little grey house, as you choose to place the accent, was built in colonial times, stands in a Connecticut village, is filled with heirlooms, in the shape of pewter, silver, china, mahogany and antiquated garments, that would make a collector's mouth water. It strains the credulity to believe that such a treasure-trove exists undisturbed within two hours' ride of New York! The magic dye-kettle that evolves furniture coverings from discarded gowns, and winter coats out of parlor curtains, the delicious repasts that cost next to nothing, belong in the same category with Mrs. Whitney's charming, but impracticable, domesticities. She, too, sets her girls to sprinkling clothes with their adorers, as the Grey sisters cut the grass, shell the peas, and build the fires, with the helpful college boys.

If real drudgery were only so idyllic, if real young folks sparkled with such reparatee, or rhymed so aptly, if critical relatives were ever so delightfully illogical, and mistaken, in the flesh, how rosy this dull world would be! But the author deserves praise, not blame, for throwing the glamour of romance over small domestic duties, and daily deprivations, for endowing her girls with her own brightness. If the structure of the story is after a familiar pattern, if the characters are mathematically arranged, the

book, at least, bears the stamp of "Made in New England," which is a guarantee of breezy freshness.

McClure, Phillips & Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE COMMON LOT

BY ROBERT HERRICK

THE criticism of some novels begins and ends, perforce, with a survey of the plot; others throw a strong light on familiar questions, start new trains of thought, and land the reader far from his beginning. "The Common Lot" has great intrinsic interest as a story, but its mission is something higher, more vital, than one of entertainment.

The romanticist may object that the business tricks of a young architect eager to get rich, the social views of an unlucky book-binder, or the scientific ones of a slangy doctor, the piece taken bodily out of present commercialism, is not the stuff out of which literature is made. If this were all, if the author had stopped with photography, his contention would be right; but the slow crumbling of character, the desperate malady of a mortal soul, has dignity and meaning, be the adjuncts what they may. The temptations of a vulgar contractor may drag a soul down, as surely as those of Mephistopheles. He who has lived "the empty life of spending and getting," who has known the burden of superfluities and been goaded by the lash of competition, who has seen the slow stifling of the better self, the growth of "the spirit of greed, that in the world is dignified by the name of enterprise and ambition," will feel an uplift, as well as a wound. And surely fiction has no nobler work than that of moral surgery,—to lay bare, to excise, and to heal, dangerous growths.

Hard conditions will seem less galling, for the author points to a way out of bondage. Not so much an escape, as an adjustment; a return to the old admonition, to do our duty in that station of life to which we have been called. Few of us are elected to greatness, most of us must live the common lot,—and its acceptance, the faithful performance of daily tasks, lessens heart-burnings, and does not destroy, but ennobles, ambition. The author emphasizes "living

for work and not for money," relief from the tyranny of things, the right of each worker—not to crowd into the class above—but to possess "more sanity, more joy, and human interest."

There is little humor in the story, for it is too earnest to stop for dalliance by the wayside, but there is tragedy, hope and absorbing interest. Sordidness is handled without shrinking, but it has abundant offsets. If the decadence of the young architect is shown to the uttermost, there is inspiration in the noble woman who desires to be "a worker and molder of life," instead of a creature of idle, material luxury, who holds her husband to his expiation, and leads him back to his early purposes. The gist of the philosophy lies in the concluding sentence: "Fortunately there are few things that do make any great difference to real men and women,—and one of the least is the casual judgment of their fellow men."

"The Common Lot" is not only a strong protest against materialism, but one of those serious studies that critics will lay aside toward the preparation of the representative American novel. A few more such books will carbonize the crude ore of literary material into the enduring steel of a masterpiece.

The Macmillan Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

"SENTIMENTALITY" is a word which has suffered loss by the years. It is now, for the most part, a term of reproach. "Sentiment" we will have, but we frown upon the word's slight and graceful relative. The thing itself, however, in books or out, has a sweet and winning preciousness, entirely distinct from sentiment, one we are quick to recognize and which is pretty sure to bring popularity in its train. Preciousness of this sort is exactly the quality which gives its distinctive flavor to "The Eagle's Shadow," Mr. Cabell's fascinating little comedy of love that plays itself out in an old Virginia country house. The book is saturated with sentimentality, with the sweet, light, delicious, tinkling airs of love. It is as sentimental as Mr. Thackeray himself, who, more than any one else, is Mr. Cabell's

And Mr. Cabell is not without other es of his master,—the most noticeable the abominably inartistic, according critic, and yet perfectly delightful of a continuous duet between the story he author's philosophical and senti- comment thereon.

plot is agreeable and lively. The concerned are sketched with an apt isurely touch. And, behind these peo- d their doings, is the magic of the Vir- background, possessing a charm which service in story-telling seems not to out. A gay and winning story, tem- by a sweetly worldly philosophy, a from the fragrant gardens of senti- lism,—to these the fortunate reader e Eagle's Shadow" falls heir.

Doubleday, Page & Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE HOUSE OF FULFILMENT

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

ORGE Madden Martin, whom we remember with real gratitude for the y Lou" stories, has undertaken in "House of Fulfilment" something of larger proportions. In "Emmy Lou" ave us a series of delicately true es into a child's heart; in "The House filment" she gives us a completely peo- novel, with a plot of unusual depth, th and coherence. There are two sto- eally, artistically interwoven, one of ust budding, the other of love full . The reader's age and temperament ecide for him which he likes best. In es prefixed from William Morris we e key to the enigmatic title:

is enough: ho, ye who seek saving,
further: come hither: there have been
who have found it,
hese know the House of Fulfilment of
craving.

: working of heredity is the theme of
ovel which, in consequence, carries us
he lives of two generations. In the
f these we are introduced to Harriet
the daughter of stern, reserved par-
f Vermont stock; her brother Alex-
, much like herself, and the brother's
Molly Randolph, the child-faced de-

scendant of a long line of careless, pleasure-taking Southerners. As these characters retire into the background, the child of Alexander and Molly steps forward, almost a twin to Emmy Lou, but gayer, for Alexina has inherited not only her father's sterling sense but her mother's lovely face and art- less, joyous ways. Called on to choose between money and her child, Molly chooses money, and so Alexina goes to her father's family where, barren as the soil is, she blossoms like a rose. Destiny reunites Alexina and her mother in a call to duty to Alexina that her Blair blood instantly responds to. Meanwhile, lovers for both Alexina and her handsome Aunt Harriet have come forward, the daintiness and shyness of the young people, as like a strange, new flower their love unfolds to them, perfectly offsetting the deeper, stronger love of their elders. Seldom does a novel possess in such measure as does this one, both strength and charm. We have here a penetrating psychologic consideration of the effect of a marriage between people as widely apart as the North and the South in tastes, habits, environment and character and yet there is not a heavy, dull nor gloomy page in the book. The plot has a running lightness, and even those scenes in which frivolous Molly unwillingly faces death are lifted out of depression by the presence of a bigoted minister whom no one but himself takes seriously. To those that enjoy good art as well as a good story, "The House of Fulfilment" may safely be commended.

McClure, Phillips & Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE MASQUERADER

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

THE popularity of "The Masquerader" has a universal quality. The mob likes it, the critic likes it, and it is nice to see everybody saying grace before the same literary dish. The book chronicles a rare adventure and the taste for adventure never dies. The quality of this particular adventure is delicate and perilous and the book's evasion of pitfalls is not less admirable than its more positive qualities.

Two men, strangers, stopped by a London fog, chat together and, in a sudden lifting of the darkness, discover that each is the counterpart of the other. One is rich, a

member of Parliament, the husband of a beautiful, alienated wife; more than these, he is an opium-eater. The other is a man of ability to whom fortune has given the go-by. The opium-eater, sensing a failure of his powers, suggests a temporary change of parts. And the story which follows retails the oddest of situations, a situation, by the way, not in the least possible but carried off with an astonishing confidence and plausibility.

Nothing illustrates so well the author's title to the good old name, "Story-teller," as her ability to play her game with the critical sense of the reader. The story is beyond common-sense. If one stops to think, one can pick more than several flaws in the plot. But one does not stop to think. Why waste the time to be spent much more agreeably over the story? The critical sense of the reader is stilled by the hypnotic and engrossing nature of the narrative. One is delightfully deluded and beguiled. "The Masquerader" will not be condemned to suffer immortality. It won't live forever. It is safe to predict for it a short life and a merry one.

Harper and Brothers, New York
Price \$1.50

STUDIES OF A BOOKLOVER

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS MARC PARROTT

IT is a pleasure to come upon an essayist who brings to his business something more than conventional judgments and stock phrases. Professor Parrott really has ideas, and he expresses them with independence and vigor and often with grace and charm. Our sympathy is awakened at once by a page to which we open at random, where our booklover writes: "Too often, I think, the critic reads out of the poet only what he has first read into him." We shall hardly go wrong in heeding the words of a writer who is willing to let his subjects testify in their own behalf, so we turn back to the beginning in a mood of cheerful expectancy. We know of nothing better on Arnold's poetry than Professor Parrott's discussion of it in the initial essay of this volume. It has been the fashion to praise Arnold's verse a trifle timidly, but Professor Parrott gives excellent reasons for liking it cordially. He does not pretend that Arnold maintained an even level of performance, but he finds that his note

was almost unfailingly pure and lofty. We recall no apter description of Arnold's message than this essayist's phrase, "Moral dignity and manly fortitude." We like particularly, too, the paper on Gray, which is marked by scholarly discrimination and candor. The essential vitality of Browning he discusses freshly and simply. He is disposed to do justice to Scott's poetry, of whom he writes as "the last minstrel," in a vein at once suggestive and reasonable; and he sends us to the shelf eager to rediscover for ourselves the undeniable charm of Goldsmith. Other subjects are "Old Edinburgh and Her Poet-Laureate"; "The Autobiography of Milton"; and "The Personality of Dr. Johnson." We commend these critical papers for their seriousness and earnestness. They aim at the heart of the matter and are unmarred by cheap flippancies. Here is a booklover who is honestly intent on making literature the helpful servant of all who seek the things that are more excellent.

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John Lane, New York
Price \$1.50

THEIR WORKS LIVE AFTER THEM

A Chronological List of Literary Men and Women Who Have Died During the Last Month
Compiled by Howard S. Ruddy

NICOLSON, MRS. VIOLET, at Madras, India, October 4. Anglo-Indian poet known as "Laurence Hope." Author: *The Garden of Kama*; *Stars of the Desert*.

CLARK, MISS KATE ELIZABETH, at Elizabeth, N. J., November 3. Author: *The Dominant Seventh*.

DE COSTA, REV. DR. BENJAMIN F., at New York, November 4, aged seventy-three. Author: *From Canterbury to Rome*; *The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen*; *The Rector of Roxburghe*; *The Christian Year* (with Bishop Potter); and other works.

PRINSEP, VALENTINE CAMERON, R. A., at London, November 12, aged sixty-six. Author: *Imperial India: an Artist's Journal*; *Virginie*; *Abibal the Tsourian*. Also plays.

WALLON, HENRI ALEXANDRE, at Paris, November 13, aged ninety-two. "Father of the French constitution." Author: *Historie de l'esclavage dans l'antiquité*; *Jeanne Darc*; *La vie de Jesus*; *La Terreur*; *Histoire du tribunal revolutionnaire de Paris*, etc.

NORTHBROOK, EARL OF (Thomas George Baring), at London, November 15, aged seventy-eight. Author: *The Teachings of Jesus Christ In His Own Words*.

DROWN, DR. THOMAS M., at Bethlehem, Pa., November 16, aged sixty-two. President Lehigh University. Editor first eleven volumes "Transactions" of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

CHENEY, MRS. EDNAH DOW, at Jamaica Plain, Mass., November 19, aged eighty. Author: *Handbook of American History*; *Life of Dr. Susan Dimock*; *Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa M. Alcott*; Rem-

iniscences; *Patience* (a manual of solitaire).

HUSS, GEORGE JOHN, at New York, November 19, aged seventy-six. Author: *Pedagogical Piano Studies*.

CESNOLA, GEN. LUIGI PALMA DI, at New York, November 21, aged seventy-two. Director Metropolitan Museum of Art. Author: *Cyprus: Its Cities, Tombs and Temples*; *Folio Atlas on Cypriote Antiquities*.

LYMAN, DR. HENRY MUNSON, at Chicago, November 21, aged sixty-eight. Author: *Artificial Anæsthesia and Anæsthetics*; *Insomnia and Other Disorders of Sleep*; *A Text-book of the Practice of Medicine*.

NORTH, DR. NELSON L., at Brooklyn, N. Y., November 23, aged seventy-four. Author: *The Theory of Cause and Course Treatment of Inflammation*; *A Résumé of Epidemic Cholera*.

DENSMORE, MRS. HELEN BARNARD, at Brooklyn, N. Y., November 26, aged seventy-one. Author: *The Maybrick Case*; or, *English Criminal Law*.

MACKEY, FRANKLIN H., at Washington, D. C., November 26, aged sixty-two. Author: *Mackey's Practice*.

BARNES, GEN. ALFRED CUTLER, at Brooklyn, N. Y., November 28, aged sixty-two. Author: (in collaboration) *Barnes' Brief History of the United States*.


RANKIN, REV. JEREMIAH EAMES, D. D., LL. D., at Cleveland, Ohio, November 28, aged seventy-four. Author: *Auld Scotch Mither, and Other Poems*; *Hymns Pro Patria*; *The Aversion of Young People to Christianity*, and numerous other books.



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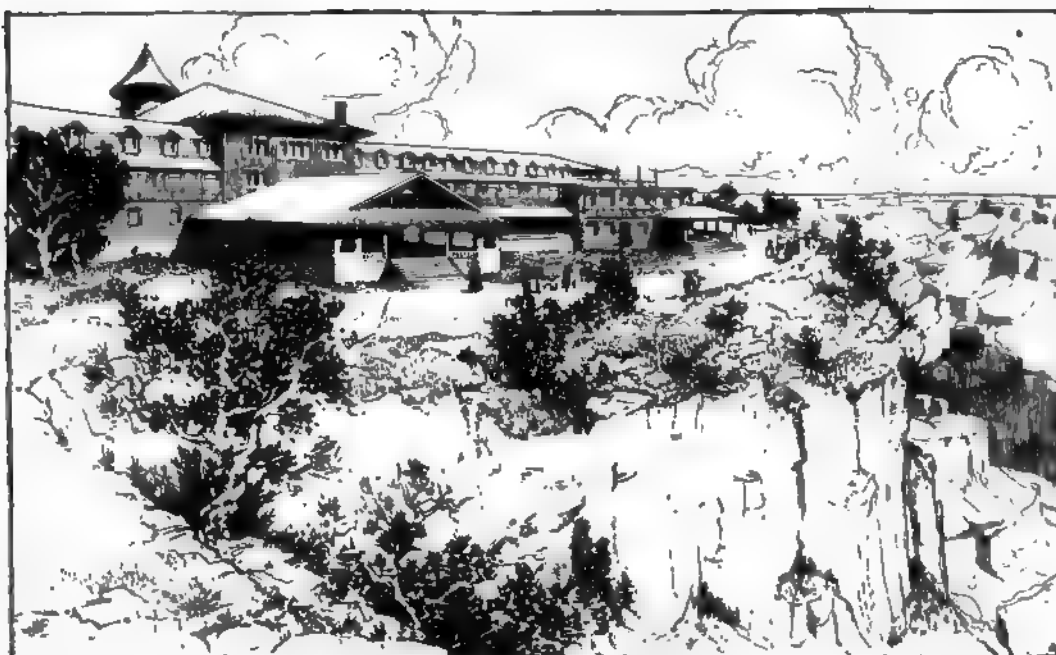
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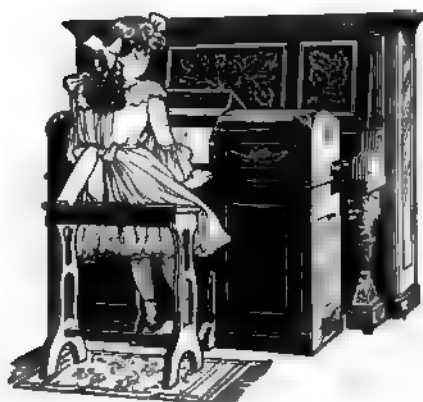
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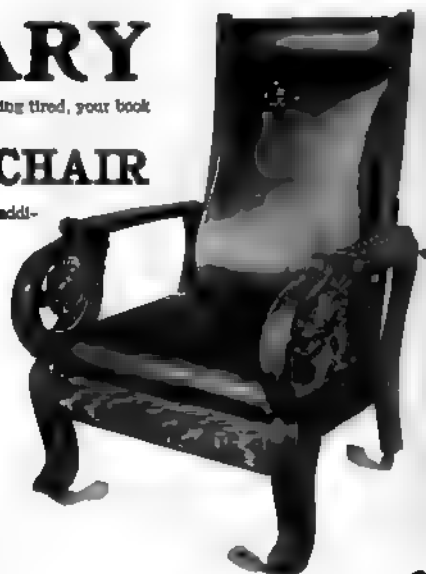
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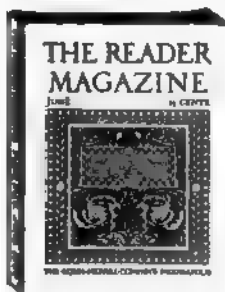
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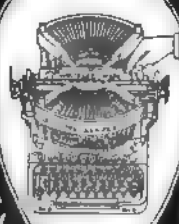


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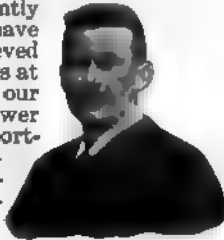
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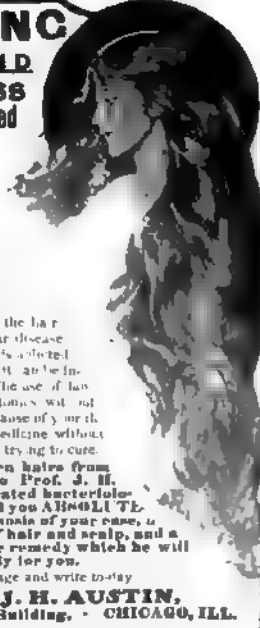
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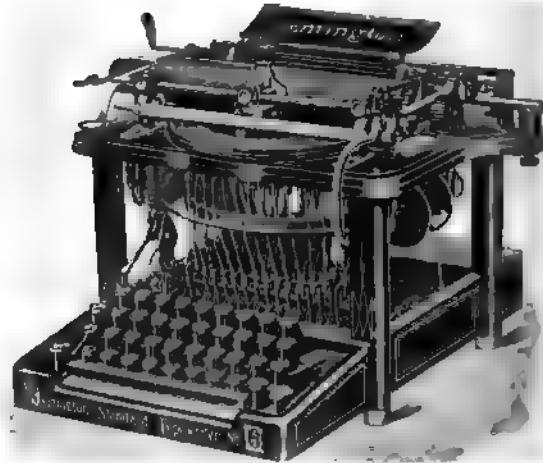
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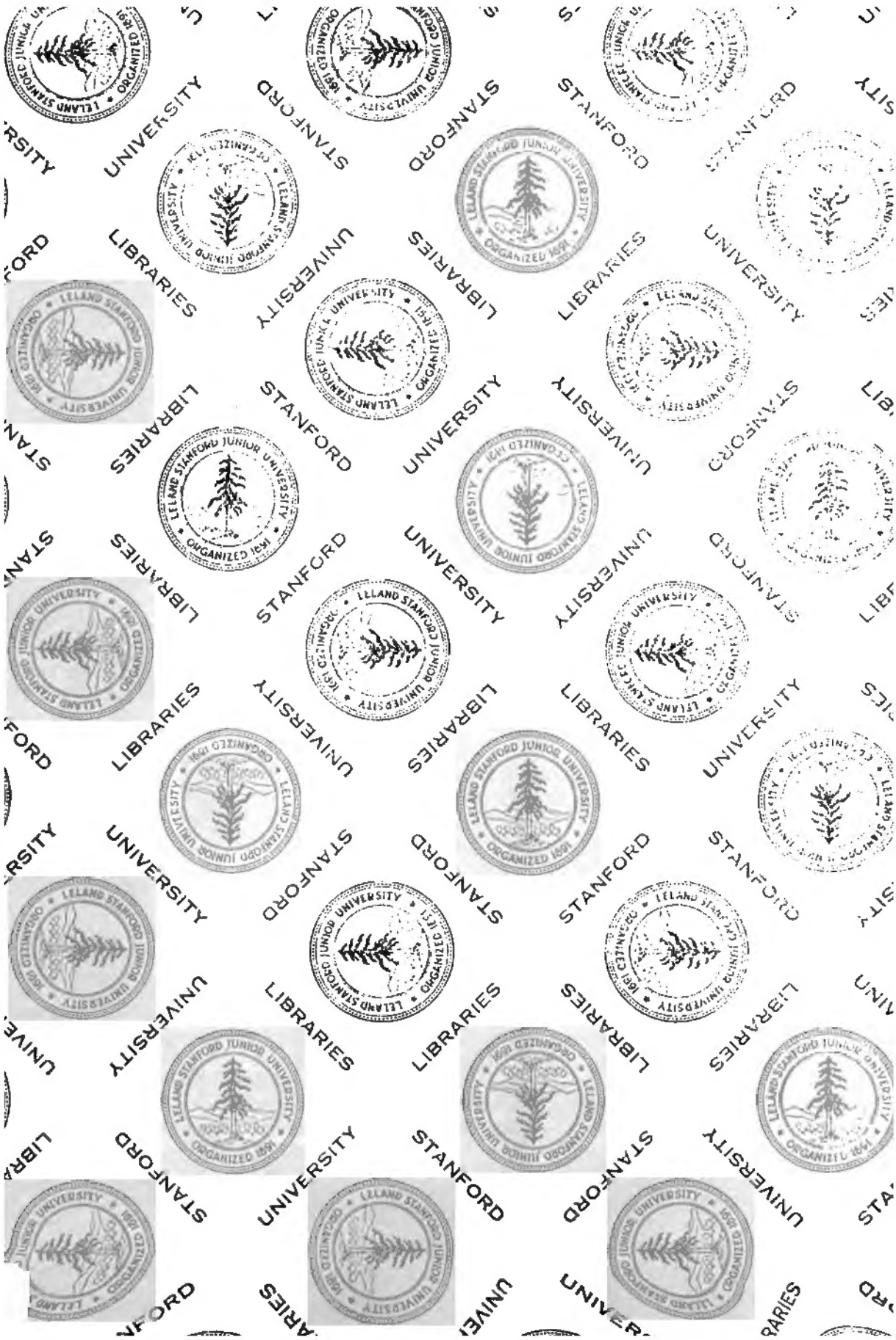
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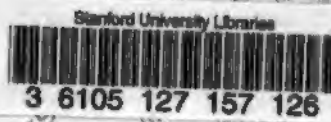
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